

SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY.

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No. I.

JEREMY TRAIN—HIS DRIVE.



It was Jeremy Train who sat down to his tea
In his holiday clothes, looking prim as could be.
The cravat on his neck had a marvellous tie,
And his boots were as bright and as black as his eye,
And his whiskers and hair, which were turning to gray,
Had been colored and curled at the barber's that day;
And forgetting a little bald spot on his head,
And a stoop in the back, any one would have said
That the hearty old drover had seen less of life,
By a dozen of years, than his sad little wife.

Mistess Barbara Train sat and served him his toast
As polite as a princess, but pale as a ghost.
There was fire in her eye which her tears could not quell,
And a pain in her heart which her tongue might not tell;
For she loved the old drover too well, and she knew
She had ceased to be charming and he to be true;

And she saw at a glance, as she handed his tea,
That his dress was for somebody younger than she,
And was not for a man. Alas! who could it be?

Naughty Jeremy Train, you had better refrain,
For the wind has turned east: it is going to rain.
It is cruel to harness your delicate mare,
And expose her to-night to this terrible air.
Oh! the night will be fearful: the night will be dark:
You will come to some evil, believe me: and hark!
How the storm-wind comes on through the woods with its roar!
How it buffets your windows and bangs at your door!
How the sky gathers blackness from minute to minute!
Forbear! There are mischief and misery in it.

"Every drover must look for his bargains, you know;
"And Mackay has a heifer, as clean as a doe
"And as plump as a partridge. He wishes to sell,
"And the evenings are long, and perhaps it's as well
"Just to fasten the trade when one finds him inclined;
"For our farmer Mackay often changes his mind."



'Twas a truth that he told to the questioning eye
Of his wife, but it artfully covered a lie.
Well she knew that old Train was a slippery chap;
But she brought out his dreadnaught, and fastened his cap,
And she held to the window her flickering light
As he passed o'er the threshold out into the night.
Then the dear little soul, with a sigh and a groan,
Hurried back to her knitting and thinking alone.

Ay, the evenings were long, but her thoughts were, the same,
With their griefs and regrets and their anger and shame;
And they brought her too soon to the merciless keep
Of a pillow that knew not the secret of sleep.
She remembered the days when her features were young,

And when Jeremy wooed with his smooth-going tongue ;—
 When her form was as bright as a fay's in the dance,
 And the thrill of her voice and the light of her glance
 Called her suitors around her, with hearts in their hands,
 And with feet swift to answer her lightest commands.
 Well-a-day! That was past, and could ne'er come again
 To the desolate lot of old Barbara Train!

Then she reddened with anger to think that the charms
 She had borne, pure as snow, to her Jeremy's arms,
 And had held for his own, in the truth of a wife,
 Till they faded away in her vanishing life,
 Were the sum and the substance of all he had sought ;
 While her delicate soul, with its feeling and thought,
 And her heart, with its loyal affection and trust,
 Like the husks of sweet fruit, had been trod in the dust.



Then her eyes filled and flowed with the tenderest tears
 As she called back to mind all the beautiful years
 When her children were round her, a clamorous brood,
 And when she like a bird-mother brought them their food,
 Until one and another spread wings for their flight,
 And were wafted away from her nest and her sight,
 Some to build other nests in the world, or to share,
 And the rest to fly upward: her heart told her where.

But in all of her musings, whatever their hue,
 She was haunted that night by a face that she knew,—
 By the mischievous face of sweet Maggie Mackay—
 Which returned every time that she drove it away,
 And persisted in coming till, vexed with herself,
 Dear old Barbara Train laid her work on the shelf
 And her hand on the Bible, and started to read ;
 But the first words she said were—"a heifer indeed!"



What is selfish old Jeremy doing meanwhile?
 He has passed down the garden and leaped o'er the stile,
 He has mounted his gig, and has given the goad
 To his bonny brown mare, who remembers the road,
 And, with eyes that are faithful and feet that are sure,
 Climbs the hill and strikes out on the shelterless moor,
 Where she hurries the wheels with a swash and a hiss
 Through the ruts that are full, and each miry abyss,
 While the jolly old Jeremy, muffled and warm,
 With a genuine joy in a horse and a storm,
 Takes the wind in his eye, as a sailor would say;
 And so chuckles and talks to himself by the way.

"Pleasant night!" says old Jeremy: "pleasant for me!
 "Ah! you gossiping geese! Don't you wish you could see
 "Who it is that rides by at this thundering pace?
 "Don't you wish that you knew what a pretty young face,
 "And a pretty young hand, and a pretty young lip
 "Are awaiting old Train at the end of this trip—
 "Not to speak of the fire and forgetting the flip?"
 Then he laughs a "ha! ha!" with his nose in the air,
 And he shouts a "hi! hi!" to his bonny brown mare.
 (Have a care, drover Train, with your rollicking boast;
 It were wiser to reckon to-night with your host.)

He has passed o'er the moor and descended the hill,
He has crossed the long bridge, and gone up by the mill;
And his mare tries her prettiest paces again
As she picks out her path o'er the desolate plain;
And his features expand in a blossoming smile,
For he sees through the storm, at the end of a mile,
A beacon more bright to his heart than the day,
In the fire on the hearth of young farmer Mackay.

Now the mare dries her flanks in the farmer's warm shed,
With a robe on her back and a hood on her head,
And, as wet as a sea-horse and red as a beet,
Drover Train pauses stamping and scraping his feet
At the door which flies wide at his knock and his shout;
And behold the young wife of Mackay, looking out!



"Oh! if here isn't Jeremy Train, I declare!
"What a wonderful, vigorous person you are!
"And how kind to come out in this terrible rain!
"And how brave! Deary me! I've a mind to be vain;
"But you havn't come here to see me—that is plain!"

Then she took off his muffler and hung up his cap,
And she hit his wet cheek with a delicate tap
Of her pretty warm fingers, and drew him a seat
In the ample old chimney's most cosy retreat,
And went chatting and laughing and rattling away
Like an innocent, frolicsome child at its play,
Till old Train—made a fool by her flattering tongue—
Rather thought, on the whole, that his face was as young
As the face of her husband, who stood with a grin
That was meant for a smile, but was cunning as sin.

Well, and what did the jolly old Jeremy say
 To the sugary words of dear Mistress Mackay?
 He was chipper and chatty, and frisky and sweet,
 And he praised her plump figure and delicate feet,
 And he said he would ride any number of miles
 For the sound of her voice and the light of her smiles.
 Then he turned to the farmer, and talked of his stock,—
 Of his Durhams and Devons, and then of the flock
 Of Merinoes that clipped such a wonderful fleece,
 Coming down by degrees to the turkeys and geese,
 And declaring, at last, in his gallantest tone,
 That Mackay should be proud as a King on his throne
 (And he gave the young wife an affectionate look),
 For the queenliest creature he had was his cook.
 Then he laughed at his wit till his eyes filled with tears,
 And she said he deserved a good box on the ears,
 Which he begged her to give in her spitefullest measure,
 As the touch of her hand was as good as a treasure,
 And the stronger the touch, why, the greater the pleasure!



Then his tongue very artfully took a new tone:
 He declared he was living as good as alone;—
 That his wife was an excellent woman, he knew,
 But her health wasn't good; and, the weaker she grew,
 Still the closer she clung to her chamber, of course;

And so he, who was active, was driven perforce
To go out in the world, and pick up as he might
Such refreshment, in fact, as they gave him that night.
It was all very well for good people to scold,
And to say that a man, just because he is old,
Is a rake and a scoundrel, in choosing to roam
For an evening away from his wife and his home;
But he knew his own business, and paid his own bills,
And they'd find they had got the wrong fish by the gills
If they thought they could manage old Jeremy Train;
And he walked the long kitchen again and again,
And he brandished his arms in a terrible rage,
And he talked very loud for a man of his age.

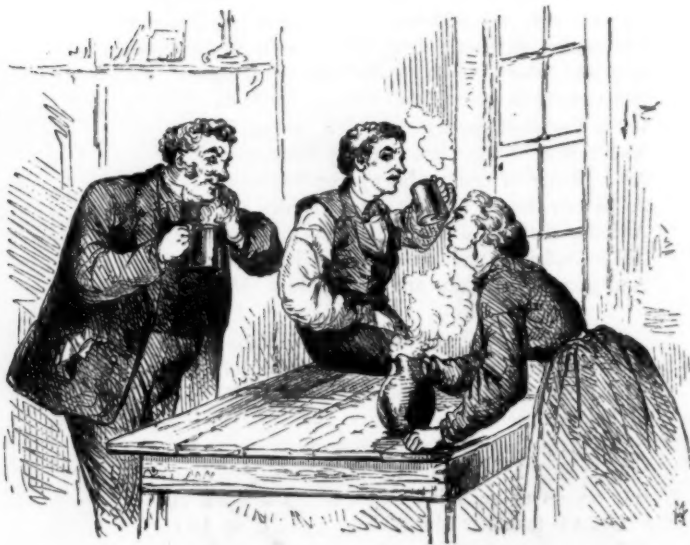
"But you know, Mr. Train," said dear Mistress Mackay,
"That we never have talked about you in that way;"
And the kind, sympathetic young creature besought
The old man to sit down, and not give it a thought.
There were envious folk who were sure to condemn
Any man who in calling called not upon them.
It was very disgusting and vexing, no doubt;
But a thousand good people were gossiped about;
And a man of his wealth and position must bear,
As a matter of course, his appropriate share.
So she swallowed his bait, or pretended she did,
And she flattered and coaxed him, and soothed him and chid,
Till he softened and sweetened by happy degrees,
And grew jolly again, and was quite at his ease.

"By the way!" said old Train—shifting off with a shock
From the grief of his soul to the matter of stock—
"I have heard, but just where I don't think I can tell,
"That my friends have a very fine heifer to sell—
"Very large—quite a monster—and ready to kill;
"And, as I have a difficult order to fill,
"It occurs to my mind that perhaps she will do,
"And I'll take her along when I go, if we two
"Can agree on a price, which is easily made
"When a pair of good fellows are ready to trade.
"It will harm nothing surely to look at the beast."
And the wife said: "Oh! certainly! not in the least."

"Bh-o-o-o-h!" shouted Mackay, with a shuddering shrug,
"It's a horrible night: Maggie, bring me the jug,
"And the flip-iron too, and the mugs and the beer.
"I can never go out at this time of the year,
"And this time of the night, without taking a nip
"At a flask of old rye or a noggin of flip.
"Maggie, bring out the lantern and see to the lamp—
"(Yes, we'll have something steaming to keep out the damp).—

"And my boots and my hat and my overcoat too,
 "While I pour out the beer, and attend to the brew."

Now young farmer Mackay was as sharp as a knife,
 And a quiet, cool fellow, who worshipped his wife,
 And who trusted her wisely, and keenly enjoyed
 The performance that night, as she frolicked and toyed
 With the gallant old Jeremy's passion and pain;
 But he knew that the man was as cruel as Cain,
 And he hated him roundly for daring to come
 With a thought in his heart that dishonored his home.
 So he tipped to his wife an intelligent wink
 As a hint that her hand should deliver the drink,
 And her feet should stand by while his customer quaffed
 A respectable dose of the savory draught.



It were good to have seen the old Jeremy then!—
 The politest, the blandest, the grandest of men!
 He insisted, at starting, that never a sip
 Or a look would he take at her noggin of flip,
 Till the brim had been kissed by her beautiful lip!
 So she kissed it, and tasted, and laughed in his face,
 And he kissed with a taste at the very same place;
 And he laughed with a roar as the vapor arose
 And enveloped his head and invaded his nose.
 Then he tossed her a kiss from his fingers by stealth,
 And he slapped young Mackay as he proffered his "health;"

And he drank very deeply, and drank very long,
For the flip was not only abundant, but strong;
And with cream on his mouth, at the end of the swig
He fell back with a smack and a grunt like a pig.

But Mackay had drunk lightly, and, lantern in hand,
He stood quietly waiting the drover's command;
Though, of course, there were many things still to be done;
For old Jeremy Train had his coat to put on,
And our Maggie Mackay had his muffler to tie,
Looking up, as she wrought, to his wicked old eye,
And completing the task with a delicate tweak
Of his ruby-red nose, and a tap on his cheek.

'Tis a dangerous path you are going to tread,
With a sin in your soul and the flip in your head,
Drover Jeremy Train! Keep your eyes open wile,
For the man so polite and so cool at your side
Bears a fire in his eye that has mounted to flame
Since he learned that your heart would delight in his shame.
And that wife, whom you covet so much, is too true
To be fooled by a silly old fellow like you.
But the word comes too late, for the drover is daft
With the beauty that muddles him more than his draught.

They are out in the rain: they are breasting the wind,
While the farmer before and the drover behind
Make their way to the stable, and into the stall,
Where the heifer awaits them, as comely and tall,
And as keen in the eye and as clean in the shank,



And as broad in the back and as fat in the flank—
So old Jeremy sees—as a heifer can be.
“And, now, what will you take for the creature?” says he.

But our farmer Mackay hadn't made up his mind;
And, to tell just the truth, he was rather inclined
To reserve her till Spring, as the market for beef
Was improving a little, and she was his chief—
Nay, his only—reliance, so far as he knew,
For the taxes and interest then to be due
On the farm that he held. He would see: he would think:
In the mean time, he thought that a little more drink
Would perhaps give his slow calculation a jog,
For in smoothing a trade there was nothing like grog;
And he wished to accommodate Train if he might,
After coming so far, on so stormy a night.

So they took a good look at the heifer once more,
And went out of the barn and refastened the door,
And returned to the fireside, where Maggie (kind soul)
Was prepared with a flip-iron red as a coal,
And the mugs and the beer and a newly filled flask
To refresh the cold night-farers after their task.
Then they doffed their wet wrappings, and toasted their feet,
And they sipped at their mugs till their bliss was complete;
And old Train, as the vapor so gratefully curled
Round his nose, was the happiest man in the world.

Then they talked of the weather, the news, and the crops,
Of the relative profits of barley and hops
(Sucking slow at the compound, and licking their chops);—
Of the different plans of the farmers around
For reclaiming their swamps and enriching their ground,
And the policy—then very much on the gain—
Of expending in fodder the most of their grain,
And restoring the crop, in that way, to the plain.

“By the way!” said old Train, coming back to his trade,
“We shall have to be lively, my man! I'm afraid
“We are making slow headway. Come! tell me the price
“Of your heifer, and have the trade closed in a trice.”

But Mackay hadn't made up his mind to sell then;
And he thought that perhaps they would go out again,
And look over the heifer. His fortune was slim;
And the price was a matter of moment to him.
So they went out again, and came in as before,
And—to tell the whole truth—half a dozen times more;
And they drank when they went, and they drank when they came,
Till the moment arrived when the price was the same
To old Jeremy Train, whether little or large,



And he bought the man's heifer at last at a charge
Which involved a dead loss to his pocket, no doubt,
Though he never would know how the trade came about.
Then he pulled out his wallet, and counted his cash,
Throwing down the amount with a swaggering dash:
And he rose to his feet, and paraded the floor,
With a step just a little unsteady, and swore
That he did his own bizzens and paid his own bizz,
And the farmer would get the wrong fiss by the gizz
('Twas a favorite figure of speech with the fellow
When his mettle was up, whether sober or mellow),
If he thought in a trade of that sort he could gain
The advantage in dealing with Jeremy Train!

"By the way!" said old Train, with a staggering shock,
"Id's a-gettin' quite late! id's eleven o'clock!"
"And Mackay! as the heifer is mine now, suppose
"That you take an old halter, and fasten her nose
"To the tail of my gig. She will lead, I dare say."
Then he gave an arch leer to sweet Mistress Mackay.
As a hint that when he was well out of the house
The old cat would be gone, and the dear little mouse
Would be free to indulge in her frolicsome mood;
And she nodded to show that she quite understood.
But Mackay was alert, and had noticed the hint,

And he said to himself: "I will fix his old flint;"
But he turned with a countenance simple and bland
As he went to the door, with his lantern in hand,
And remarked that the drover had better stay there;
He would fasten the heifer, and bring round the mare,
And would see to the blankets and harness and all;
And when all was prepared for the drive, he would call.

Now old Jeremy Train had advanced a degree
Past the dubious line that, half over the sea,
Marks the spot where a poor fellow's senses have sunk,
For, to speak the truth plainly, the drover was drunk;
And our Maggie Mackay had the courage and tact
To encounter a dozen such persons in fact,
And to keep them as proper and quiet and good
As a lamb by its dam, or the Babes in the Wood.

So it happened that when the young farmer had left,
The old drover grew sad, like a person bereft
Of the lovers and friends and delights of his life;
And he poured out his griefs at the feet of the wife
Of his fortunate neighbor, who soothed him and smiled,
While the dismal old Jeremy wept like a child.
He declared that he felt himself ready to die;
And that but for the light of her beautiful eye
And the warmth of her presence, the world would be cold,
And he wondered if she would esteem him too bold
If he asked for her hand, just a moment, to hold!
So she gave him her hand, and he blubbered his grief
On her pretty plump fingers, but found no relief;
And the sorrowful minutes went speeding away
Till he jumped at the summons of farmer Mackay,
Snatched a blundering kiss from the charmer, and tore
His sad eyes from her face, and rushed out of the door
With the lunge of a whale, and the speed of a rocket,
Into darkness that closed round his head like a pocket.

Well for Jeremy Train that the passage was straight
That conducted his feet from the house to the gate!
For the lantern was dead, and the storm at its height,
And the voice that was calling him into the night
Was assailed by the tempest and tossed in the air,
Till it came to his ears through the billowy blare
Of the blast, from above, from below, from around,
With a strangely confusing, bewildering sound.

So he paused for a moment, then luckily chose
To go straight from the doorway and follow his nose,
Which he did, till it struck on a wheel, and the drover
(Though hurt) thought the worst of his troubles were over;

For his mare was the trustiest creature alive,
And had borne the old wanderer home to his hive
Many times when his burden forbade him to drive.

Then he mounted his gig with a swell and a surge
That projected him quite to the opposite verge
Of the seat; but he rallied and straightened again,
Took his whip from the socket and gathered the rein,
Saying gruffly: "Go 'long!" but the beast wouldn't budge.
So he twitched at the rein, and he gave her a nudge
With the end of his whip. As the gig failed to start,
Indignation rose high in old Jeremy's heart,
And he muttered: "Oh! ho! we will see about this!"
And the long, snaky lash cleft the air with a hiss,
That came down with the sting of an asp to a back
That was tender and touchy. It answered the crack
With a snort and a plunge, and set off on a run;
And the drive of old Jeremy Train was begun.

"You'll be sober enough in a minute or two,"
Growled the spiteful old drover. "I'll hammer you through;"
And the lash went aloft in the darkness and rain,
And descended in anger and vengeance again;
But the answering leap of the hurrying feet
Nearly threw the old drover back over his seat.
There was that in the plunge which half-sobered the man;
And with such of his wits as he held, he began
To observe a strange motion—a swing and a roll
He could neither explain to himself nor control;
For he stiffened his back, and he pulled at the bit,
Which the furious beast answered never a whit,
But went leaping and lunging and tearing along,
Till he said: "There is something about it that's wrong."
"Can the creature be drunk? I should judge by her pace
"That Mackay had been careless and breathed in her face;
"While I stuck like a fool to that beautiful elf,
"And neglected to see to the matter myself."

It is vain, drover Train, to go back to the fault
Of yourself and the farmer; so come to a halt
With your drunken surmises, and stick to your seat;
For you dare not leap off and you cannot retreat.
And the danger and darkness are doing their work,
For you stare with wild eyes at the horrible mirk
That is cheating your sight of the demons that lurk
In the bosc by the way; and by careful degrees
You are finding the floor of your gig with your knees.
And still faster and faster the animal flies,
Like a devil that hurries away with his prize;
And your staggering wits have awaked to a scare



That puts lead in your bosom and thorns in your hair,
And you promise and pray with a passion as wild
As if, under the rod, you were only a child.

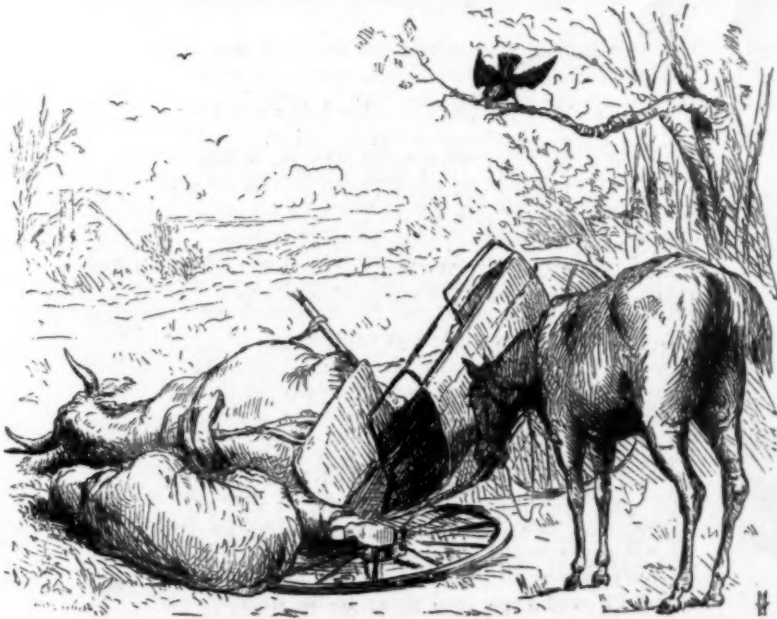
"If the Lord will assist me this time to escape,
"With a neck that is sound, from this terrible scrape,
"I will never go visiting out at Mackay's
"In the evening again, till the end of my days.
"I will drink no more flip for the rest of my life,
"And I'll stay in the house, and attend to my wife,
"And I'll try to be good, and I'll do what I can
"To become a respectable sort of a man.
"I'm a stingy old scoundrel, I know and confess ;
"But my wife shall have plenty of money for dress,
"And I'll take her next summer away for a tour ;
"And I'll do something handsome for feeding the poor ;
"And I'll get the new linen she wants, and the dishes,
"And the Dorcas shall come to my house when she wishes ;
"And" (just then the old gig gave a threatening lurch)
"I will go—now and then—of a Sunday—to church.
"I can't promise to join ; but I'll pay for a pew,
"And I'll send some good things to the minister too."

He had done what he could : he had offered to trade,
And had promised his remnant of life for the aid

That he needed so sorely. It failed to appear,
And he gave himself up to the sickening fear
That his wicked old soul was at last in the clutch
Of the demon of death he had dreaded so much.

There's a light just ahead, at the edge of the path,
But the creature sweeps by like a besom of wrath,
Giving Train but a moment to gather a glimpse
Of the devil himself, or of one of his imps,
For he peeps o'er the dash-board as well as he may,
And perceives by the glint of a fugitive ray
Just a rough pair of horns! "There's the devil to pay!"
'Said the frightened old drover, and fainted away!

The next morning a passenger, early abroad,
Saw a crow on a sapling that fluttered and cawed
In so crazy a mood that he hurriedly went
Through the field to find out, if he could, what it meant.
And oh! what do you think that the gentleman found,
But a heifer as dead as a nail on the ground,
And, beside her, rolled up in the shape of an egg,
Mr. Jeremy Train, with a break in his leg,
And a snore in his nose, and the smell of a keg?



And his gig was a wreck, and the harness was—where?
It was not in the gig: it was not on the mare,



Who was nibbling the bar where her halter was fast ;
 And the curious gentleman found it, at last,
 On the heifer herself ! Well, he stood quite aghast,
 But not long : there was much of importance to do :
 So he woke the old man with a touch of his shoe,
 Who, on seeing the horns lying close to his nose,
 Muttered : "Curse that Mackay !" and sank back to his doze,
 That was broken at last by the gentleman's toes.

How to get the old man to his home was a question,
 That was settled at length by the happy suggestion
 To arrange a good seat on the back of the mare,
 And to place him upon it, and fasten him there,
 Though it proved, in the trial, no easy affair.
 Still, the plan was accomplished ; and Jeremy Train,
 With a leg that was swinging, and stinging with pain,
 And the man at his side, with a hand on the rein
 And another in his, started homeward again.

Oh ! the joy that leaped up in old Barbara's eyes
 When her Jeremy came ! 'Twas a happy surprise
 To the wicked old man, but he peevishly said :
 "Get me down from the mare, and then take me to bed,

"And go swift for the doctor. I've broken a limb,
 "And I've taken a cold, and I feel pretty slim."

So they bore him up stairs, and took off his wet clothes
 (To the tune of his cries and the time of his oaths),
 And they laid him as straight as they could on the sheet,
 With a rag on his head and a brick at his feet,
 And they covered him well, and surrendered their post
 To his wife, who came in with the coffee and toast,
 And a steak of the cut that delighted him most.

Well, the surgeon came soon, and the member was set,
 And arrangements were ordered for keeping it wet
 (As they do in such cases). Then counselling quiet,
 And prescribing warm drinks and a nourishing diet,
 He went tiptoe away, with a hint to the wife
 That the drover would have a hard struggle for life.

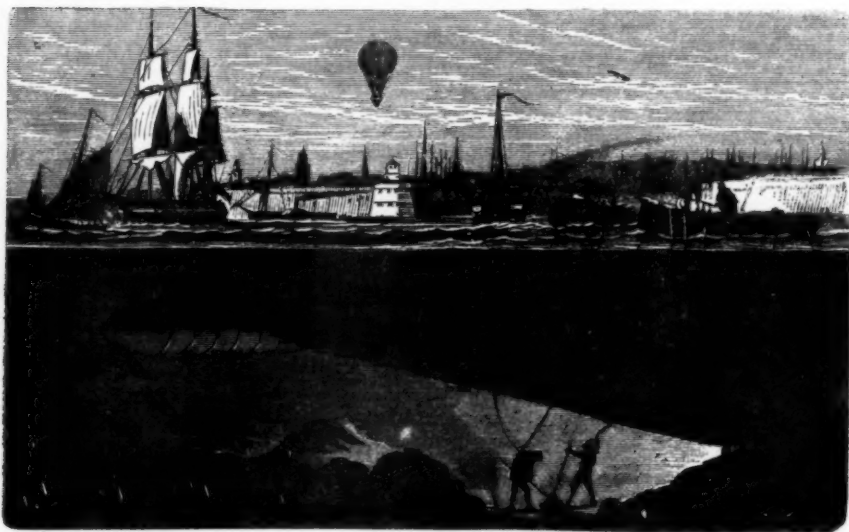


What a pleasure it was to dear Barbara Train
 To attend the old man in his sickness and pain!
 She was with him by day, she was with him by night;
 She was with him through all of that dangerous fight
 Which the surgeon predicted, and helped him to win;
 And was happier far than she ever had been,
 And grew fat every day while the drover grew thin.

He was long on his bed; and, away from his drink
 And his wicked pursuits, he had leisure to think;
 And the stone in his bosom grew tender and sore
 Till it felt like a heart, and responded once more
 To the delicate motives of honor and truth,
 And the love of the dutiful wife of his youth.

It is Jeremy Train who sits down to his tea
 In his wrapper and slippers, as pale as can be;
 But the old man is happy, for, close at his side,
 In her prettiest clothes, sits his charming old bride,
 With the light in her eye and the flush on her face,
 And in all of her motions the exquisite grace
 That enchanted his youth; and he pats her gray hair,
 And exclaims: "What a lovely old woman you are!
 "Here's a bargain between us: come! give me a kiss,
 "And I'll give you a pledge in return. It is this:
 "I will never go hunting for heifers again
 "In the night, when it threatens an easterly rain;
 "Never drive a strange beast in a family chair,
 "But look well to my harness and stick to my mare."

 THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA.



MAN'S CONQUESTS OF NATURE.

THERE remains very little of the dry land which has not been explored by the traveller and the naturalist; but of the ocean, which covers the greater part of the earth's surface, our knowledge is as yet comparatively limited. We are, however, impatient to know more, and the recent results of deep-sea soundings and dredgings are so truly wonderful that some of the leading naturalists and physicists are giving special attention to this line of investigation. It seems already probable that

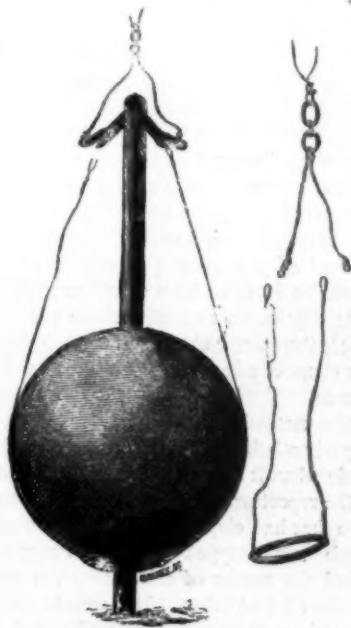
our ideas of geological epochs and time will shortly undergo serious modifications, in consequence of the nature and abundance of the life discovered at great ocean depths. Physicists are also making many valuable additions to our knowledge of the temperature and currents of the sea; and now that the Darien Canal project is again agitated, questions in regard to the effect of the two oceans upon one another, through this artificial communication, are also much discussed. As com-

mercial and political, as well as scientific interests are influenced by these investigations, they claim the attention of every liberally educated and thoughtful person. We have consequently attempted in the following pages to present briefly matter to be found in certain late English and French memoirs and popular treatises bearing on the physics and natural history of the sea, and are especially indebted to Mr. L. Sonrel's recent very interesting work.

The plummet is the oldest and simplest instrument in use for ascertaining the depth of the ocean. It consists essentially of a cylinder of lead, suspended by a cord attached to one of its extremities, while the other is tallowed in order that some portion of the soil at the bottom of the sea may adhere to it. It is simply dropped into the water, and allowed to fall suddenly to the bottom. The imperfection and uncertainty of such an instrument are obvious. If the sea be calm and of slight depth, it may prove equal to its work, and report correctly. But how often is the lead pulled up without anything adhering to it! The sea, in fact, is seldom or never at rest, and at all times there are currents below the surface, which may carry away in a bight hundreds of yards of the line, without indicating that the lead has reached the bottom.

Various attempts have been made to improve the plummet. The object has been to make sure that it shall bring up to the surface a sample of the soil at the bottom of the sea, and to diminish the effect of currents, so that no error may be occasioned by the length of line carried away out of the perpendicular. The lead used for making the soundings preparatory to laying the first Atlantic telegraph cable is the invention of an officer in the United States Navy, and is known as "Brooke's deep-sea sounding apparatus." This consists of a cannon-ball perforated so that a rod or cylinder may be passed through it. The ball is supported a certain distance up the rod, on which it slides freely by means of a sling, the ends of which are looped on to the movable ears at the top of the rod. To these, also, the line is attached by which the apparatus is lowered into the ocean. The weight of the shot, being sufficient to resist a current, carries

the line down perpendicularly; and when the protruding end of the rod strikes the bottom the line slackens, the movable ears drop, and the loops of the sling are disengaged. The shot then slides down the rod, and the latter, no longer encumbered with the weight, can be drawn up with ease. At the lower end of the rod there is a cup-shaped depression armed with tallow, or the barrel of a common quill takes its place. By either contrivance specimens of the sea-bottom may be brought up from great depths. Every time this apparatus is used the shot and sling are of



DEEP-SEA SOUNDING APPARATUS.

course lost, the rod alone being recovered when the line is pulled in.

The sounding apparatus now most generally used was devised by Commodore Sands, and may be considered as a modification of the one we have described. It has the advantage over Brooke's in detaching the weight more certainly, and admits of the use of a larger and better specimen cup.

Methods have been proposed for sounding the ocean, in which the line is dispensed with; one is by detaching a float at the bottom when



MEASURING DEPTH OF SEA BY MEANS OF A BOMB.

the lead strikes, and watching for its return to the surface, and computing the depth from the time required in the experiment. But, unfortunately, there is no material applicable, on account of the great pressure, which condenses bodies to such an extent, even at moderate depths, as to render those specifically lighter than water at the surface, heavier than this element after being subjected to its influence.

The method has also been suggested of letting a bomb fall into the sea, which would explode when it struck the bottom. The noise of the report would reach the surface, and the time that had elapsed from the moment the bomb was dropped into the water would afford the means of calculating the vertical distance it had fallen. It is well known that water is a good transmitter of sound. Dr. Collodon caused a clock to strike under the water of Lake Geneva, and it was heard in the first experiment four leagues off, and in the second at more than twice that distance.

By means of the sounding apparatus we are enabled to construct correct charts and sections of the ocean bottom. If for instance we would make a vertical section of the Atlantic in a line from Mexico, across Yucatan, Cuba, San Domingo, and the Cape de Verds, to Senegambia, on the African coast, let us take our departure. We notice that the plummet descends at first nearly 2,000 feet, and returns

to the surface on the coast of Yucatan. After doubling this peninsula there is again an abrupt descent of about 3,000 feet, and from thence to Cuba the valley is only interrupted by a chain of submarine hills of little importance. Rounding Cuba, we find ourselves floating above a perpendicular ravine, from 7,000 to 8,000 feet deep, between that island and Hayti.

Between Hayti and Porto Rico, and between the latter and the Windward Isles, the average depth is something less than 7,000 feet. Beyond the Lesser Antilles there is nothing above the waves until we reach the Cape de Verd Islands.

When we first spread sail for that point, the plummet falls suddenly to a depth of 16,500 feet or more, and rises as suddenly to a little more than 13,000 feet. Again, it descends suddenly to 16,000 feet; and then continues to mark a depth varying by sudden changes, say from 16,000 to 10,000 feet, until near the Cape de Verd Islands, when the depth, even close in shore, is about 14,700 feet. These pinnacled isles rise to the height of 10,000 feet above the surface of the sea. Deep gulfs separate the one from the other, and a still deeper trench or canal with almost perpendicular sides brings us to the African coast.

Experiments of this kind can only be made by governments, or by commercial companies interested in their results. For example, the laying of submarine telegraph cables has made it necessary in recent times to sound the ocean in various tracks. Almost every day sees some addition made to our knowledge in this way, and there can be no doubt that the multiplication of submarine telegraph lines will tend very greatly to hasten the time when we shall have an accurate idea of the form of the earth. Within a few years the North Atlantic has been sounded in so many points, that by combining the results obtained we are able to trace the configuration of its bottom, and construct a chart analogous to a geographical tracing designed to indicate the surface of a country in relief. Such a chart shows that its

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average depth is not more than three or four miles. Westward from the British Isles, and even across the middle ground to Newfoundland, the depth is so uniform that when soundings were made for the purpose of laying a telegraph cable between the Old World and the New, all this part of the ocean-bottom seemed as if it were purposely designed to form the bed of that wonderful conductor of thought. Hence the name of "Telegraphic Plateau" was given to it.

From Spain to the Azores, and from the Azores to Newfoundland, the depth nowhere exceeds 3,000 fathoms. It has therefore appeared to present a suitable course for a telegraphic cable. The French line is laid midway between this plateau and the English cable of 1866.

Soundings have also revealed the presence of shallow sea extending from Nova Scotia to the east of the Great Bank of Newfoundland and to the coast of Labrador. It is by this route, as all know, that the polar ice and icebergs descend towards the Gulf Stream, the warm current of which causes them to melt, and deposit in the bed of the sea the *débris* of the land from which they had drifted away.

The composition of the air is uniform at all altitudes the world over, and the same is probably true of that of sea-water, with certain limitations. The streams which flow from the land into the ocean are charged with many soluble substances, and the extreme point of saturation would have been long ago reached had it not been for the counteraction of innumerable marine animals and plants, which extract from the waters of the ocean the solids held in solution. From this source the foraminifera, the polypi, and the molusca derive their calcareous structures and coverings. An estimate may be formed of the stupendous nature of the action of these little creatures, by considering the vast extent of the beds of calcareous rock which form part of the earth's crust, and which are composed chiefly of the remains of beings so small that upwards of fifty-eight thousand of them have been counted in a cubic inch of chalk.

The enormous pressure exercised by a column of water many thousand of yards in

depth often causes extraordinary difficulties in the construction of the necessary apparatus for obtaining water from the bottom of the ocean for examination. It is not possible to employ empty vessels, such as are used for investigations into the character of the atmosphere, contrived to open at the required depths. The water would either break the vessels, or filter through them. On their approaching the surface, any gases that had been subject to the enormous powers of compression of the superincumbent water, would dilate to an extent which no ordinary closed vessel could be expected to resist. As yet these difficulties have not been fully overcome, and we must confess our ignorance of the quantity of salt held in solution in the profound depths of the ocean.

Rain and evaporation cause the saltiness of the superficial waters of the sea to vary considerably. If it rains frequently in certain regions, the saltiness is slight in comparison with that of places where the clearness of the atmosphere favors evaporation.

In the polar regions the saltiness of the sea is modified by another cause not less active than the above, namely, the melting of the ice, accumulated like two vast cowl over the extremities of the earth. Every year, during the summer of each hemisphere, torrents of fresh water are poured out towards the temperate regions. These torrents gradually mingle with the salt water of the ocean, upon which they first flow along as a river on its bed; and as a consequence of this, and the other active causes to which we have alluded, the saltiness of the sea grows less at the surface in proportion as we approach the poles.

The composition of sea-water varies most in the neighborhood of the coast. It is only at a considerable distance from its embouchure that the water of a river mixes with that of the ocean, and the one is often distinguished from the other by a well-defined line. This phenomenon is most striking at the embouchure of the Mississippi. The "Father of Waters" rolls into the sea laden with yellow mud, which forms a shifting promontory in the midst of the dark waters of the Mexican Gulf.

Fresh water is contributed even by the bottom of the sea itself. It is true the phenomenon of submarine springs is of rare occurrence; yet some remarkable instances are known, and many others may have escaped notice. In some places, generally near the shore, the sea may be seen to bubble, and yet no gas is disengaged. The movement is occasionally so pronounced that the surface of the sea swells as with a wave; and if in such a case we test the water, it will be found to be less salt than usual; indeed, if

important part in oceanic phenomena. Without it no living thing could exist in the sea. Except for it, even those beautiful algæ, whose long and brilliantly colored ribbons are floated in undulating curves by the marine current, would no longer charm the eye;—the whole race of polypi would cease their labors on the stony edifices which are so much admired by the lovers of Nature.

It has been supposed that the renewal of gases in deep water is effected with difficulty, and that this prevents the existence of organized beings at great depths; that as aerial plants and animals are confined to the lower strata of the atmosphere, no marine plants and animals are condemned to remain near the surface of the waters, comparatively speaking.

But as within a few years life in great variety has been discovered many thousands of feet beneath the zone to which all organized beings were presumed to be confined, it is fair to conclude that air, probably by means of currents, reaches the profoundest ocean depths.

The phosphorescence of the sea, which sometimes shows itself even in vivid flashes like lightning, is generally due to the presence in it of certain infusoria or floating molluscs. Travelers have attributed this phenomenon also to the spawn of fish existing in such numbers as to form enormous banks. Ships sometimes pass for miles and miles through vast layers of water so thronged with the phosphorescent bodies of salpæ as to present the consistence of jelly. This animal in certain seas is the principal food of the whale.

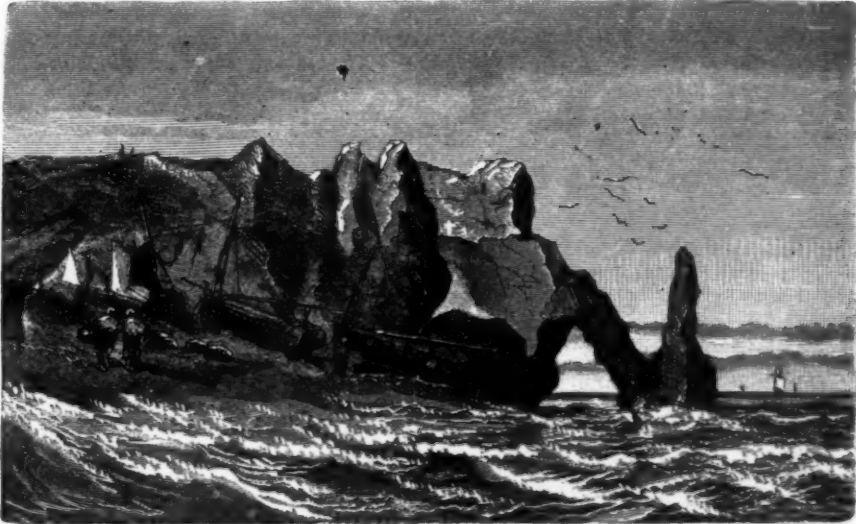
At mid-ocean the color of seawater is blue, but near the shores the color of the bottom has a decided modifying influence. A yellowish sand, for instance, will change the tint of the blue water to green, and



RISE OF THE SEA AT ACAPULCO.

the source be abundant, it will be quite fresh.

Sea-water not only contains salt, but gases. Air rich in oxygen plays a most



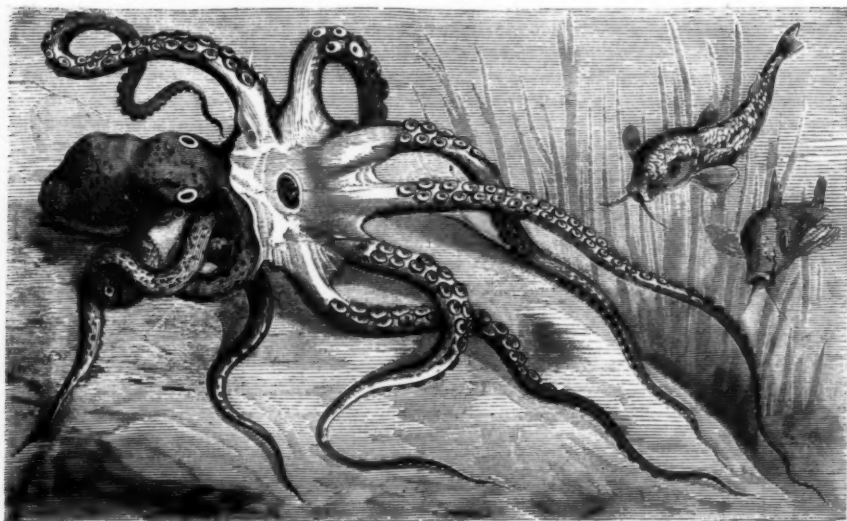
ROCKS WORN BY THE WAVES.

the sea may appear of the color of blood where the bottom is red. The light reflected from the clouds also lends its color to the water.

The attempt to ascertain the temperature at the bottom of the sea at any given time is surrounded with as many difficulties as the procuring of water from certain depths. The thermometer is subjected not merely to the influence of temperature, but to the pressure of the water by which it is environed. This pressure becomes enormous when the descent is measured by thousands of yards. As yet no perfectly reliable marine thermometer has been constructed; but results have been reached sufficient to satisfy the physicist that the view once held that the sea has a uniform temperature below a certain line is untenable. Its surface is hottest at the equator, and coldest at the poles. Between these extreme latitudes there is a succession of diminishing temperatures, greatly interrupted, however, by marine currents. The same causes also complicate the temperature according to the depth,—hot and cold currents flowing one above the other and crossing each other in various directions. Recent thermometric soundings have rendered it probable that in certain parts of the ocean, at very great depths, the water has a temperature even below the freezing-point of fresh water.

Waves are caused by the action of the winds. The greatest, according to Humboldt, at a distance from any coast, do not exceed thirty-seven feet in height; and their motion is not propagated, probably, to a depth of more than a few hundred feet. Earthquakes which extend under the ocean stir the waters obviously to their most profound depths, and give rise to a phenomenon which has been called the "Wave of Translation." On the 23d of December, 1854, a huge wave overwhelmed the city of Simoda in Japan, which was preceded by several earthquake shocks. Some hours later, at a distance of nearly five thousand miles, waves of an unusual height broke upon the shores of California. In 1820 a part of the city of Acapulco was destroyed by a rush of the sea, caused by a rising and sinking of the land.

The dry land is constantly at work contributing material for the building up of the floor of the ocean. The rock which forms the culminating point of the highest mountains crumbles when subjected, as in winter, to sudden changes of temperature, or it yields slowly to the constant action of atmospheric agencies, and, broken up by continually increasing fissures, rolls as *débris* into the bed of a torrent. The troubled water breaks furi-



THE CUTTLE FISH.

ously against the obstruction, and grinds the fragments to pieces one against another. The river carries the pebbles, gravel, and sand to the sea, where it deposits them, at a distance more or less great from its embouchure, according to their weight and the strength of its current. The muddy water of the Amazon is distinguishable at sea nearly a hundred miles from its mouth.

The rocks of the sea-coast also yield their tribute. If the shore is steep, the erosive action of the sea is considerable. The upper part of the cliff, though not subjected to the direct action of the waves, falls forward, and occasionally forms deep rocky caverns, such as we see at Bonifacio. In this manner, entire promontories have been destroyed; even within the historic period the Straits of Gibraltar have been enlarged by this process.

If the sea struggles victoriously against the land when the latter opposes to it some formidable obstacle, its efforts fail, its force, so to speak, expires when there is no such resistance. It batters down the rock-bound shore with resistless force; it flows harmlessly over low and sandy flats. The tidal wave spreads out over the level shore until it has lost all its speed, and when it retires it leaves

behind it on the sands all the materials which it had pushed before it as it came in from the sea.

The transporting power of floating ice must not be forgotten when considering the agencies at work in building up the ocean-bed. In the polar regions detached masses of glaciers, carrying on their surface, as well as in their interior, fragments of rock, gravel, and dirt, float away into the open sea. Every year the cold currents visit Newfoundland with their imposing freight of ice-fields and frozen mountains. On approaching that island they encounter the Gulf Stream, and the frozen masses gradually disappear, being eaten away by the water, the heat of which undermines them. The earth and fragments of rock which they carry fall to the bottom.

Independently of the remains of terrestrial animals and plants which are borne into the sea, the submarine deposits are greatly influenced by the abundance of life in the sea itself; and a knowledge of this life is indispensable to one who would form an accurate idea of the submerged portion of the earth's crust, and of the phenomena which are produced on that wonderful stage of animate and inanimate existence.

The inhabitants of the greatest depths, like those of the greatest heights, are the most uniformly distributed. Many of them are genuine citizens of the world; others, inhabiting the low bottoms, are separated from the rest of the world by the deep waters, as by an impassable barrier. A current of warm water is as effective in keeping the distinct fauna apart as a rampart of flames. The Gulf Stream nourishes beings to which the neighboring waters would prove fatal; while on the other hand its own genial boundaries are impassable to species accustomed to the cold northern seas.

There is an immense difference in the aspects respectively of warm and cold seas. The actors are not the same. The landscape itself presents totally different characters. The richest vegetation is found in the temperate zones. There flourish immense forests, even more mysterious than the sacred woods of olden time. Fish, mollusks, crabs, are the happy denizens of these shady retreats. As we advance towards the equator, vegetation becomes less abundant and less varied. The waters are too much heated to be agreeable to the greater number of the algæ, and if in any part of the equatorial seas the submarine vegetation attains the scale of grandeur, it is still wanting in the delicacy and elegance which characterize the vegetation of the temperate zones.

Nor are the frozen regions of the earth more agreeable to the algæ than those which are too highly heated. Flowers preserve their brilliancy under the snow, but the polar ice does not seem to perform a similar kind office for marine plants. Here we no longer find the charming rural retreats of the hippocampi, those quaint hybrids of the creation.

Thus we see that heat and cold play an important part in the extension of life beneath the ocean, and it was till within a few years believed that all plant and animal existence ceases long before we reach its greatest depth. But, as we have said, recent investigations have discovered life in great variety and abundance many

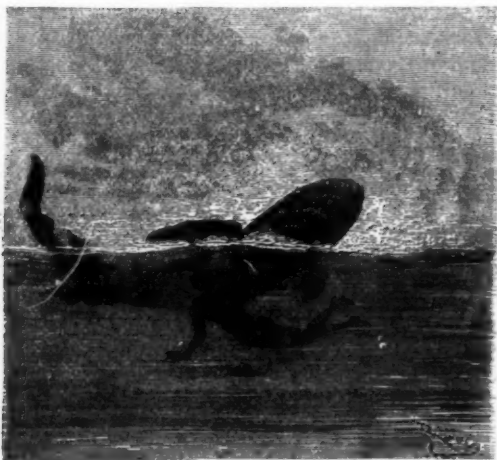
thousands of feet below the surface of the sea; and the difficulty now is to determine why many of the animals found at these great depths have perfectly formed eyes, since, according to the physicist, light can penetrate the water for only a few hundred feet. Can it be that, as certain ones of almost all classes of marine animals are known to be phosphorescent, their movements are influenced by light of this nature solely?

Life in the sea is limited in extent, and we may say in quantity, not only by heat and cold, but animals prey upon one another. Between some of them there prevails a sufficiently good understanding, and others appear to live in continual warfare. Even the whale, whose vast mass imposes on nearly all the inhabitants of the sea, seems to be troubled in an extraordinary manner when he perceives the swordfish at a distance. The voracity and power of the shark are terrible almost beyond credence. Fishermen believe that when it has once tasted human flesh it is certain to continue its visits to the places where it expects to find it. For this reason the pearl-fisheries are the theatre of dreadful struggles, in which the coolness and intelligence of man happily triumph sometimes over this tiger of the seas.

At every step we have to note the destruction of the feeble by the strong, the little by the great. Most of the life of marine animals seems to be passed in a study or a struggle



THE HIPPOCAMPUS.



FIGHT BETWEEN A SAILOR AND A SHARK.

how one shall eat the other. The problem has to be settled by continued ruses, attacks, and precipitate flights, battles and deaths, without a spectator to compassionate the sorrows of the vanquished. There is no outcry, no useless talk over these tragedies. One meets another, attacks him, devours him—that is all.

There is no region with a favorable climate and an agreeable site, where animals are not found living in colonies, and working by their petrification at the construction of rocks and reefs of an immense extent. No part of the world presents them in the same marvelous variety as the Great Ocean and the Indian seas. If we direct our gaze into the liquid crystal of the Indian Ocean, we shall there see realized the most wonderful dreams and fairy tales of our childhood. Everywhere the eye is charmed with the brilliancy of color; delicate shades of sea-green alternating with browns and yellows, rich purple tints passing from the most vivid red to the deepest blue; nullipores, yellow or pink, delicately touched as the perch, covering decaying plants with fresh development of life, and themselves enveloped with a black tissue of retipores resembling the most delicate carvings in ivory. Around the coral-bushes play the humming-birds of the ocean—brilliant little fishes, now sparkling with metallic red or blue, now with a golden green, or with the soft hue of silver.

All this marvelous manifestation of life is displayed in the midst of the most rapid alternations of light and shade, changing with every breath, with every undulation that ripples the surface of the sea. When daylight declines, the shadows of night spread in the deep waters, and the exquisite garden which they cover is lighted up with new splendors. The medusæ and the microscopic crustaceans shine in the darkness like fairy stars. The pennatula, which during the day is of a reddish cinnabar color, floats in phosphorescent light; every corner of the sea-bottom sends out its ray of color, and objects that look brown and dull in the universal radiation of daylight now shine with the most charming green, yellow and red light.

For a long time the zoophytes or reef-builders were taken for indurated marine plants. Their animal nature and their likeness to animals, under forms and aspects so grotesquely various, were not thoroughly recognized until our own times; the name they still retain recalls their apparent analogy to vegetables.

The *actinia*, or sea-anemones found on our own coast may serve as a type, as to structure, of the reef-building corals. The body of the polyp is soft, and its form is that of a hollow cylinder. At one of its extremities an opening serves for the introduction of aliment into the body of the animal, and also for the expulsion of matters which have not served for its nutrition. This single opening is surrounded with fleshy appendices or tentacles, more or less numerous. The digestive apparatus is formed of a double pocket, the one completely enveloping the other. The animal might be well enough described as a sack, closed at one of its extremities and with its superior or open part folded back upon the bottom. It attaches itself firmly to the rocks: adhesion is effected by means of a large and fleshy base, which secretes a glutinous matter, and it depends entirely on the will of the animal.

We may compare one of these creatures to a flower plunged in water, with petals so soft and flexible that they yield to its slightest movements. At one moment they may be

seen gathered together to agitate the water, as a means of renewing its freshness before the mouth which they protect; at another they contract and disappear before some threatened danger, or they stretch themselves out to seize their almost invisible prey. These animals, unlike coralline polyps, are nearly always found separate from other individuals of their species; and while the latter are for the most part bound to their native place, the actinaria are free to choose their abode.

One of the most interesting of the fixed polypi, though not living and serving as a reef-builder, is the commercial or precious coral. Naturalists of ancient times regarded it as a stone, or as the solid axis of a marine plant. Dioscorides thought it to be a shrub which hardened on being taken out of the sea and exposed to the air. He even thought it petrified if touched while it was alive in the water.

The colony of polyps are supported by a hardened axis (the true coral), to the increase of which they are constantly contributing, and are lodged in little cavities or hol-

lows of a crust or bark which they also secrete.

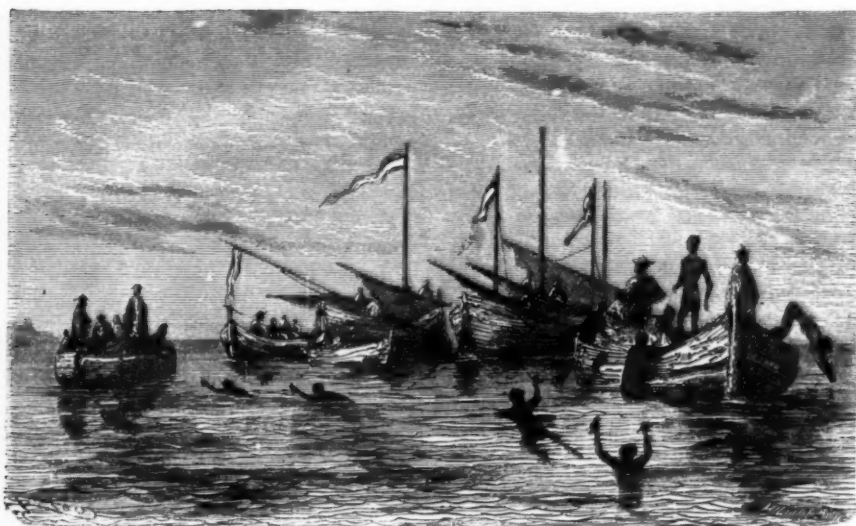
Coral is found in the Mediterranean chiefly, but also in the Red Sea. It is fixed to the rocks by an enlargement of its base, and is generally fished in comparatively shallow waters, ranging from ten to fifty yards, never being taken at greater depths than from 200 to 350 yards. The tackle used for obtaining it is a kind of drag with arms, worked by means of a capstan. Each branch or arm of the drag has a netted sack at the end of it, into which the coral falls as it is broken off. Beneath the centre of the cross formed by the arms, a heavy stone is swung; and the whole apparatus is dragged along the rocky bottom by the forward motion of the vessel and the lifting action of the capstan operated at the same time. When the drag is pulled on deck, the available coral is selected from the mass and cleaned for sale.

The color of coral is generally a beautiful red, but it is found of every intermediate tint between red and white. That fished on the coast of France owes its celebrity to the richness of its colors. The different kinds are known to commerce under the various names of "blood coral," first, second, third, etc., according to the shade. White coral is but little esteemed, if we except that kind known as "cornelean-white."

Those species of calcareous polypi which exercise the most marked influence upon the varied surface of the sea-bottom, and which have distinguished themselves as the constructors of reefs and islands, are confined mostly to tropical regions. They bear a close resemblance to the actinæ or sea-anemones, but differ from these chiefly in that their lower part is supported by a calcareous framework or skeleton which they are constantly increasing. Each polyp elevates itself by steady additions of solid material to its base. When the individuals are isolated, or not



DENDROPHYLLIA (HALF THE NATURAL SIZE).



FISHING FOR SPONGES ON THE COAST OF SYRIA.

closely grouped together, the polypier attains no great dimensions; but when, as in *asteria*, they develop side by side, and are joined one to another by a compact tissue, the solid compound base often reaches several feet in diameter. Sometimes the polypier takes the form of a tree, the buds in the process of development not remaining parallel with the mother-branch. *Madrepora* and *dendrophyllia* are examples of this kind. In the brain-cord the polyps appear huddled together in the shallow sinuosities which furrow the surface of the polypier. All that can be discovered in the furrows is a row of mouths. The sinuosities vary according to the species. Their numerous folds wind among one another like a maze, reminding one of the famous Cretan labyrinth; hence the scientific name, *meandrina*. They are generally globular, or nearly so, in form, and their size and appearance have suggested the name by which they are sometimes called by sailors—*Neptune's Brain*.

But there are other beings of a microscopic nature which are as effectually at work building up by their solid remains the floor of the ocean. The sand of the sea is often almost entirely composed of the variously and elegantly formed shells of foraminifers and diatoms; they flourish at all depths, and in

certain regions the bottom of the sea for hundreds of miles seems to be taken possession of as the pasture ground and sepulchre of these individually insignificant beings. There are great animals in the ocean, but the armies of the infinitely little count by millions. The giants of the deep make their presence felt while they live; the pigmies of creation are the true world-makers.

Air is necessary to the life of man; his organization forbids a too protracted stay beneath the surface of the water. If he dives, he is soon compelled to return to the surface. He is, therefore, unable to acquire any extensive acquaintance with the submerged part of the earth, for no sooner does the depth exceed a few feet than some special apparatus becomes requisite.

But man is ambitious to assert his sovereign right over the whole globe; universal nature is his inheritance, and he studies her every phase and all her changing humors with patience. With a sublime audacity he would penetrate and master, in every direction, an empire the limits of which appear to him to be too narrow. He is not satisfied to run with lightning speed over the surface of the earth; he would also cleave the air like a bird, and dispute their darkest and dreanest retreats with the inhabitants of the seas.

Ambition and the love of gold are an almost universal motive power. Poverty and fear often supply their place. The pearl-divers not only run the risk of drowning, and of being devoured by sharks, but they are also in danger of being suffocated, in consequence of having to hold their breath for a protracted time; and if no worse effects ensue, this condition often results in blood-spitting. The pressure supported by the explorer augments by one atmosphere when he has reached a depth of 32 feet; it soon becomes so great as to involve conditions in which it would be impossible to live.

Who can form an idea of the immense changes which would result if men were able to travel freely under the surface of the waters? Where would be the natural frontiers which politicians so much desiderate? Man darting through the air like a bird; locomotives competing with the eagle in point of speed, and losing themselves in the midst of the clouds; powerful machines plunging beneath the ocean's tempest, and scattering in terrified hosts the multitudinous inhabitants of the sea! Great minds have nevertheless devoted their labors and thoughts to such objects, and we shall presently see how they have partially resolved the question in respect to the ocean. Sailors of a new order may now be shipped for submarine expeditions; the adventurer can already carry with him a provision of air, light and food; he can sink or rise at will, or maintain himself at any particular depth, like a spirit of the deep; he can suddenly make his presence felt in the midst of a fleet, or on a hostile coast, before the astounded enemy has time to prepare for defence.*

If a few steps have been made in the realization of such marvels, how many more still remain to be accomplished! It will perhaps never be man's lot to tread the hitherto unfathomable abysses of the sea; at any rate, there must be patient waiting through a long series of ages for this result, and we must leave to our descendants the care of adding another chapter to the history of the earth.

The exploration of the bottom of the sea made but little progress in ancient times or

in the middle ages. During many centuries the few attempts of which we hear are rather of a legendary than authentic character. It is hardly a century since the celebrated astronomer Halley, commencing the experiments in submarine exploration which have been continued to our time, descended to a depth of 50 feet in a diving bell which he had constructed. English engineers utilized this invention in building the immense submarine structures with which they have covered the English coasts. This has been gradually replaced by another apparatus, which gives to each individual workman the utmost possible liberty of movement; moreover, whether the diver be naked or covered with impervious clothing, his respiration depends entirely on the exercise of his own will, and on the power of his lungs.

This result is obtained by means of an *artificial lung*, or *supply-regulator*, which consists of a reservoir made of steel or iron, capable of resisting very great pressure, and surmounted by a chamber so constructed as to regulate the afflux of air. The diver carries this apparatus on his back. A respiratory tube issues from this chamber, and is terminated by a mouth-piece composed of a piece of sheet-caoutchouc, which is held between the lips and the teeth of the diver. This pipe is furnished with a valve, which permits the expulsion of air, but opposes the entrance of water. The steel reservoir is separated from the air-chamber by a conical valve, opening from the air-chamber towards the reservoir in such a manner as to open only by the influence of an exterior pressure—the pressure of the air in the reservoir tending to close it. The air-chamber is closed by a movable lid, to which is attached the tail of the conical valve. The diameter of the lid is somewhat less than the interior diameter of the chamber, and it is covered with caoutchouc, to render it air-tight. It yields to both interior and exterior pressure—the former causing it to rise, the latter to fall.

The entire apparatus, when under water, works as follows: By drawing in his breath the workman removes a certain part of the air from the chamber; exterior pressure is then immediately exerted on the movable lid,

* See cut on page 18.



FIXED APPARATUS SUPPLIED WITH COMPRESSED AIR.

which falls, and through the intermediate rod causes the valve to open. Air issues from the reservoir, and re-establishes the equilibrium between the interior of the air-chamber and the surrounding medium; the lid rises, and the conical valve, returning to its former position, again intercepts the communication between the reservoir and the air-chamber, until another aspiration brings about a repetition of these phenomena. The workman receives exactly the quantity of air necessary for respiration; this air reaches him at a pressure equivalent to that to which the rest of his body is submitted, and he is able to breathe without attention or effort. Another important advantage connected with this apparatus is, that expired air rises in bubbles to the surface. So long as the diver breathes regularly, the intervals which separate the appearance of the bubbles are sensibly equal. If they come more rapidly or more slowly than usual, it is a sign that something abnormal is going on. If they cease altogether, the diver must have ceased breathing, and should be hauled up immediately.

This is the most recent form of diving apparatus. In the old diving-dress the air filled the space betwixt the body of the explorer and his impervious clothing, the expired air escaping by a little valve fitted into the helmet. But the excess of air transmitted by the pump also escaped by this valve. Irregularity in

working the pump would therefore cause irregularity in the escape of the bubbles; and if the pumpers continued their work they might, quite unconsciously, for a long time continue to send air to a corpse.

The light is very feeble beneath the water, and darkness increases with the depth, soon becoming such that the workman has to grope his way about—more especially where the bottom is muddy. To remedy this serious inconvenience, attempts have been made to use an oil or spirit lamp, and even a simple lantern lighted with a candle. Air for combustion was conveyed by tubes; but it was found that the wicks carbonized, the light was pale, and lasted

hardly a quarter of an hour. These difficulties have been overcome by employing the electric light. A perfectly water-tight lamp of iron or brass encloses the regulator of an electric light, on Serrin's system. The wires which conduct the current enter the lamp by traversing a non-conducting plug of tow. The current is derived from a pile of fifty elements, and a dazzling light, equivalent to two thousand of Carcel's jets, is obtained. The sides of the lamp resist the pressure exerted by the water, and the gases, becoming dilated by the heat, escape by means of a little valve analogous to that used in the artificial lung. The light will maintain its energy for about three hours, and then it is only necessary to change the carbon point.

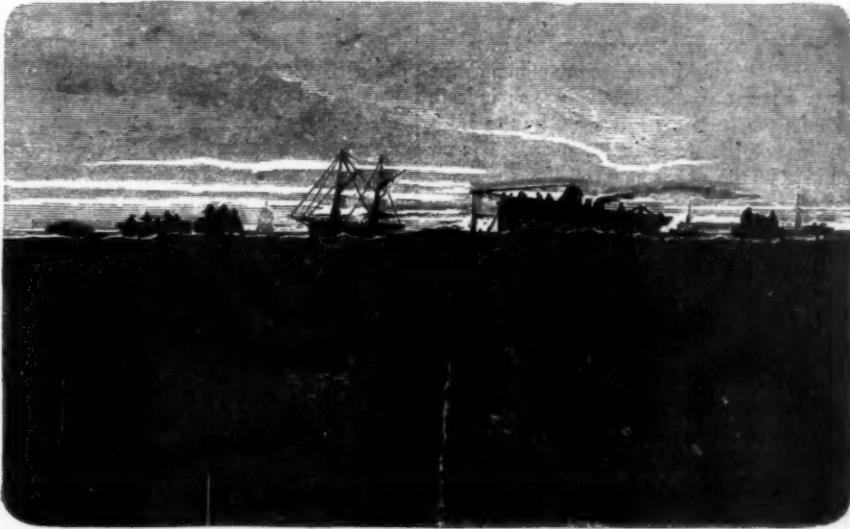
Divers are very generally employed to recover things which have fallen into the sea. With the equipments we have described, they make their investigations in perfect safety and ease; they can see quite as well as in full daylight; they examine every cranny; they overturn the bottom, stone by stone; they map out their field of operations, and thus save themselves from a useless repetition of their search. Some of the vessels sunk by Prince Mentzchikoff at the entrance of the harbor of Sebastopol have been recovered by the aid of divers. An enormous pump, raising nearly 1,000 tons per minute, was used to withdraw the water from the interior of the vessels, the port-holes

and other openings of which had been previously imperfectly closed. This powerful machine emptied the hulk of a submerged vessel in a very short space of time. The lightening was so sudden that the vessel rose to the surface before the water had time to re-enter by the various openings left.

The diving apparatus is of great use to the sailor when it becomes desirable to clean or repair the bottom of his vessel. Every day increasing importance attaches to the parts of the vessel below water-mark. Sea going steam-vessels, especially, require the frequent employment of submarine workmen. To clean or repair the bottom of a ship it is no longer necessary, as heretofore, to lay the vessel up in dock, and thus incur great expense, as well as the loss of valuable time. A rope-ladder, with rungs of wood or iron, is passed under the vessel. The ladder having been stretched tight, the diver descends, and clings to its rungs by means of a triangle, the base of which is iron and the two sides of rope, terminated by an iron hook. This renders the use of his hands unnecessary to his support. He may fill his air-tight clothing with air, and thus be in a manner floated against the overhanging sides of the ship and sustained without any trouble.

There is a limit beyond which it is very dangerous, not to say impossible, to descend. This limit is at the depth of about 200 feet. The diver to that depth is subjected to the pressure of seven atmospheres, and any trifling incident might endanger his life. Hence, notwithstanding all the efforts of genius, we cannot penetrate the oceanic abysses. Nearly all that we can do must be done on the borders of the vast expanse. Nevertheless, our visits to the sea, though limited, have a great theoretical and practical importance.

The act of diving is almost indispensable in building submarine constructions. The beautiful breakwater at Cherbourg, one of the most gigantic of modern undertakings, had been thrown down many times by the sea before it stood in its invincible strength to form an impassable barrier to the fury of the waves. Such works were formerly built by casting into the sea at the chosen site a vast number of immense boulders, stones, and concrete, piling them up in the regular pell-mell fashion attributed to the giant in the fable when seeking to scale the heavens. These works are now effected with less precipitation and infinitely more studied circumspection; enormous blocks are built



RAISING RUSSIAN SHIP, SUNK AT SEBASTOPOL.



THE OCEAN BOUNDS.

one upon another, upon which the sea may exercise its utmost fury in vain.

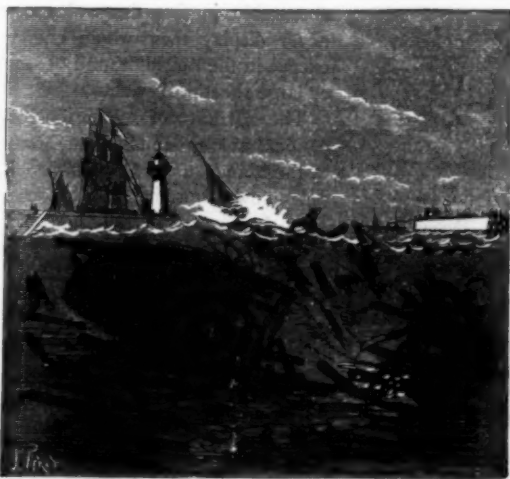
Previous to the invention of the apparatus which we have described, diving-bells were employed in the construction of jetties, fortifications, light-houses, docks—in a word, in all important submarine work. This invention consists of a large cast-iron bell, communicating, at its upper part, with a force-pump.

Invert a common drinking-glass in a basin of water; the air diminishes in volume as the glass is sunk further in the water; indeed, its bulk may be seen to decrease by the gradual rise of the water in the glass. The air collects in the upper part of the glass, and becomes gradually more compressed—preventing the water, however, from completely filling the vessel. Make a communication between the bottom of the glass and a reservoir of air compressed to the same extent as that in the glass, the water still remaining at the same level. Compress this somewhat more, it drives the water from the glass, which it fills. This is precisely what happens in the diving-bell.

While the bell descends the workmen are supported on transverse benches. Having reached the bottom, as they cannot leave the

bell, the field of their operations is necessarily limited—an inconvenience which is remedied by moving the bell laterally. In fact, this inconvenience is only nominal when, as is often the case, the labor consists in making an excavation in one particular spot. In such case the diving-bell may be even advantageously replaced by apparatus employing compressed air, and of such a form as the conditions of the work demand. It was by the exercise of ingenuity in this respect that the magnificent bridge over the Rhine, near Strasbourg, was so rapidly constructed.

Each of the piers of this bridge rests on a foundation composed of four iron caissons of large size and weight. Each caisson was open at its lower part. The upper part supported three shafts, a middle and two lateral ones. All three rose above the surface of the water of the Rhine. The middle shaft communicated with the open air, and the water rose in it to the general level of the river. It enclosed a dredging apparatus worked by a steam-engine. This dredge, as well as the shaft itself, descended to the bottom of the river. The workmen loaded the compartments of the dredge, which discharged its load into the river.



REMOVING AN OBSTRUCTION BY MEANS OF A TORPEDO.

after day, as if it oscillated around a fixed point.

The sea has once covered the whole earth. Geology affords the data by which we may determine its limits at successive epochs. But it is not necessary even to revert to remote geological periods in order to be convinced of the fact that land and sea have frequently changed their relative level. The Strait of Gibraltar is a conquest of the ocean. Dureau de la Malle quotes the measurements of old geographers, and they tend to show that it has been continually enlarged even down to our own times.

Besides this, Avienus relates that between Africa and Europe there were two wooded isles, on which were

What ingenuity has been brought to bear on the construction of submarine engines, both for purposes of destruction and investigation! Boats to sail beneath the water, diving-bells and dresses, submarine fire-ships and torpedoes, are all so many evidences of the activity developed in the human mind by the sea. In our age—which may be called an age of progress, since it has witnessed the development of so many ideas which illustrate the fraternity of men, and the solidarity of their interests, without which we are little superior to the brutes—how many instruments of destruction have been converted from their original design in the interests of our common humanity, and applied to beneficent purposes! Manby in England, and Delvigne in France, have transformed the cannon into an instrument for the saving of life, so that the destructive missile is hurled through the air as a messenger of hope to the shipwrecked crew, by carrying the thread on which depends their safety. The torpedo has been successfully turned from its original application to the removing of sunken vessels and other obstructions from the entrance of harbors.

built a temple and altars in honor of Hercules. These were called the Pillars of Hercules. The same author mentions that the Carthaginians were obliged to build flat-bottomed vessels to sail over the shallow water.

Pliny, who visited the Straits, speaks of a low-lying island, covered with wild olives, situate in mid-channel, upon which was built the Temple of Hercules. In 1748, on the



ERUPTION OF THE SEA IN SWEDEN.

The sea changes its level day

VOL. I.—3



RUINS OF THE TEMPLE OF HERCULES AT GIBELTAR.

occasion of a very low tide, the remains of the famous temple were discovered in the oceanic part of the Straits, and some souvenirs of it were obtained for preservation.

One of the most disastrous irruptions of the sea on record is that which in 1446 submerged more than two hundred cities of Friesland and Zealand. For a long time after this catastrophe, the summits of the towns and the points of the steeples could be seen standing above the surface of the sea.

The bottom of the sea, as well as the surface on which we live, is subject to modifications by the action of earthquakes. They are generally accompanied by submarine volcanoes, which also alter the sea-bed, and cause a displacement of the waters. It is

observable, in fact, that volcanoes never display their whole energy except in the neighborhood of seas or large sheets of water.

The existence of submarine volcanoes has long been known. Many of the islands of the Grecian Archipelago owe their birth to this cause. The Azores are entirely volcanic. Evidence of the existence of a submarine volcano, near St. Michael, was given by four eruptions in less than 200 years. One of them began on the 11th of June, 1638, during an earthquake. Flames and smoke were thrown out by the agitated sea near that island; earth and rocks were projected to a great height; and, again falling into the sea, at last accumulated sufficiently to form an island ten kilometres in extent, and nearly 400 feet high.

Iceland is a very furnace of volcanic activity, and we observe in its neighborhood phenomena of elevation analogous to the instances we have already cited. Mackenzie relates that, in the year 1780, he observed on the western coast of the island, at the distance of ten leagues from Reikianey, flames rising from the sea during many months. Afterwards a little island made its appearance, which for some time vomited flames and stones, and then disappeared again.

In the island of Bima, or Sumbawa, there is a very active volcano, named the Tomboro. In 1821 such a movement of the sea occurred here, that the island was partly submerged, and vessels at anchor in the port were thrown to a great distance on the shore. Many were landed even on the roofs of the houses. Tomboro itself remained calm during the time, but a volcanic mountain to the north-east of it threw up stones and cinders in the midst of a torrent of vapors.

We have studied the more sudden shocks to which the earth's crust may be subjected. Incessant movements of a more gradual kind, which to be demonstrated must be studied

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SUBMARINE ERUPTION AT THE AZORES.

during several generations, also influence it, embracing vast regions, and acting equally on the bottom of the sea and on the highest mountains. Under the influence of such slow, almost insensible changes of the earth's crust, countries at one time flourishing have disappeared, and others have risen in their stead.

That *terra firma* gains continually on the waters of the Gulf of Bothnia is proved by the existence of many ancient ports at a distance from the coast, and by the abandonment of fisheries dried up or converted into shallows. Nilson declared in 1837 that Scania, the most southern province of Sweden, seemed to have sunk during several centuries. A large stone near Talbourg, the distance of which from the sea had been measured by Linnaeus, in 1749, was more than 30 yards nearer the shore in 1837. Moreover, the soil of Denmark, of Norway, and of Sweden contains deposits of shell entirely similar to those which are formed at the bottom of the neighboring seas. The soil of Scania contains none. Therefore, at no very remote period, Denmark and certain parts of Norway and Sweden were submerged, but not

so Scapia. Submerged forests, whose disappearance beneath the waters is proved by positive documentary evidence, exist off the coasts of Normandy. The same may be said of the opposite English coasts. The whole of the channel is sinking.

In spite of its apparent immobility, the whole surface of the earth is continually undergoing a balancing action, which is at present of such a character that the great continental zones are rising, whilst the great oceanic basins are sinking.

The thin pellicle of the earth's crust, which we laboriously scratch here and there in the accomplishment of our great designs, hardly counts for anything in the harmony of the universe, even as a whole; its modifications by our labors are of small account indeed, whether regarded for their grandeur or their durability. If the intelligence of man has placed him at the head of the creation, the feeble influence that he can exercise over Nature ought to humble his pride. All that he can accomplish by physical labor is almost imperceptible by the side of the work effected by the microscopic infusoria; man, the giant, is dwarfed in results by the almost invisible atom!



ERUPTION OF TOMBO IN 1821.

A DAY WITH DR. BROOKS.

Who is Dr. Brooks?

Ah, that is the very question I asked my friend Theophilus.

"How strange!" he replied, mildly at first, but allowing himself to grow unaccountably indignant as he proceeded, "how very strange that any one here in New York, and in this day and generation, should have to ask that question! But I might have taken it for granted. Such men never *are* known as they deserve to be. What a world it is! Well, when can you go?"

"Almost any day," I replied, abjectly.

"That means exactly never," said he.

"Well, then, to-morrow."

So, on the next afternoon, at 5.10 precisely, we took the Hudson River R. R. cars for Fort Washington, in search of the man whom it was my disgrace not to know. On, through ugly suburbs, to the shore of the beautiful river which kept alongside till we alighted at a dear little amphibious railroad station that had just crept up on the rocks to sun itself. Then came the half walk half climb up a romantic stair-path, and at last the meeting with a party of ragged Fort Washington boys, whom we accosted on their way to the river for a swim.

They had answered our inquiry as to the whereabouts of the New York Juvenile Asylum, and vouchsafed some further conversation, when Theophilus suddenly exclaimed:—

"He *beats* the children—do you say?"

"O awful, sir!" returned the smallest boy.

"You bet he licks 'em!" put in another.

"With what?" pursued Theophilus.

"Big stick."

"Why?" I asked indignantly.

"Why for breakin' loose, ma'am."

"Breaking loose?"

"Yes 'm. Lots of 'em breaks loose and runs away."

"Try to run away, they do;" corrected another boy, evidently a brother of the speaker; "but they gen'rally gets ketched afore they start."

Thereupon gloom settled upon the dirty little faces of the prospective bathers, and they passed on silently.

This looks rather bad for the doctor, thought

I. But I said nothing.

"Pretty country," remarked Theophilus.

"Very."

We walked along, admiring the distance and gathering way-side flowers, until we came to a large iron gate. A shabby village street, suddenly appearing not far off at our right, made it easier to realize that, though on Washington Heights, we were still within city limits—near the corner of 10th avenue and 175th street.

"Here we are!" said Theophilus.

The gate could be opened readily enough, but we preferred first to peer through its ornamental open-work. Nobody thinks of breaking the seal of a puzzling letter till after curiously scanning the outside.

We spied two boys within, raking hay; also some men at work in the distance. The general effect was that of fine private grounds.

Loudly as the gate clicked in closing behind us, the busy little hay-makers hardly raised their eyes.

We halted to speak with them.

"Are you inmates, here?" I asked.

They leaned on their rakes and answered simultaneously, in class-fashion.

"Yes ma'am."

"How many are there altogether?"

"About four hundred and fifty boys, and more than a hundred girls."

"Do you like it here?" asked Theophilus, thereby, as I feared, for the second time greatly imperilling the doctor.

"Well, we do," said the larger boy, brightly, though not without an instant's reflection—"we get good learning and"—

"First-rate learning," put in the other.

"I get on better'n I did at the Ward school down in town. They're not so set in their way of teaching here."

"Do the children ever try to run away?" I asked, not looking at Theophilus.

"Well they do sometimes," answered the big boy, in an off-hand yet confidential way, as if to say, a fellow likes his liberty, you know; "they mostly get brought right back, though, by the p'licemen. Some chaps hide away in

the water-tanks, and so slip off when the way comes. But there's lots of chances all the time, if you're sharp."

"All us boys out at work are watched," interposed his companion; "you see those two fellows working over there—they're on the lookout."

"Their backs are turned away now," remarked the first boy dryly; then added after a moment, "What's the sense of running away from a man that's good to you? I don't see it."

"We're hurryin' now," said the other, tugging violently at a tangled tuft as he spoke, "for cherries. All who get through their job before the bell rings can spend the extra time up in the trees."

We moved on, following a wide, well-graded carriage road, passing grass-plots and rows of vegetables in various stages of growth, and noting by the way that the men working there turned right about face as soon as we left our young hay-makers. As we advanced, now in full view of the fine buildings constituting the Asylum, we saw a forlorn-looking girl outside the grounds, who had climbed up and was peering over the fence. She was ragged, dirty, and wretchedly thin.

"Do you belong here?" I asked, much shocked.

"No, indeed," was her haughty reply as she slid out of sight, "nor I don't want to neither."

"That's it," said Theophilus. "Of course there's a strong outside prejudice against the Asylum among the children of the poor. They use it probably as a 'hangman's whip' to keep the little wretches in order."

Just then we heard a familiar sound—the clicking of wooden balls.

"The Doctor is out playing croquet," exclaimed Theophilus, radiantly—"Ah, here he comes!"

A tall, fine-looking man, of perhaps fifty years, emerged from the shrubbery and advanced to meet us.

You're not as hard and stern-looking as one might suppose, thought I, as with a cordial welcome he led the way up the massive steps of the main entrance.

Leave us for a while, good reader, taking supper in a pleasant room, with the sweet



DR. BROOKS.

breath of flowers stealing in at the window, the rustle of waving trees outside, and pleasant sounds of song and laughter in the distance. Go back to the busy, beautiful, wicked city, pierce its showy surface, and descend into the depths where hundreds upon hundreds of little ones are dwelling in places of misery and vice.

You will find very bad children there. Such hardened little hearts! Such horribly wise little heads! You will find children made by your Maker, who have been taught to steal and lie and fight and curse, whose currents all are setting prisonward, who know not the sweetness of home, the love of kindred, nor the holiness of God—poor, dreadful little creatures seething in viciousness, favored when some expression of their individuality, recognized as crime, puts the law on their track to take them away, anywhere.

There is another class of little New Yorkers—it would be a pity if your sweet little girl in white frock and pretty sash knew anything about them—who are not quite so bad as the worst children, but who are taking in wrong impulses at every pore; who now are known only to be lazy, disobedient, given to truancy and disorderly ways; children who in their tender years strike cruel blows, crippling the energies or breaking the hearts of honest, hard-working parents.

Still another and third grade of little ones is found in the midst of these. You will know them by their pitiful faces, by their neglected, suffering little bodies, or by appalling ways and habits that are imitative merely, not vicious. Their young lips may utter oaths—but it will be just as simply as the baby in your home might repeat snatches of Mother Goose. They laugh at a street fight as the other laughs at “This little pig went to market.”

These are the partially unpolluted children of lazy, drunken, degraded mothers, or of dissolute, neglectful fathers; or, it may be, of honest parents forced by destitution to live among the vicious and depraved. When we think of the over-crowded tenement-houses of the city, where from seventy to one hundred and forty, and even as many as a hundred and eighty human beings have been found living under the same roof, on a surface area of 25 by 50 feet, with only four or five stories above the cellar, we may well shudder at the chances of the little ones who live there.

Twenty years ago, if any city child, whether vile or simply neglected, committed a legal offence, the only place except a prison to which the courts could send it was to the institution popularly known as the House of Refuge. This, virtually, was a penal institution, though its conduct embraced the disciplining and training of its inmates. It aimed then, as it does to-day, to be truly a refuge from vice. Good men were interested in its success, and it was recognized as being just what was needed. It had already been in existence twenty-seven years, and during that time had received over five thousand young offenders—a big number until you divide it by twenty-seven and count the thousands outside who needed to be snatched from their dreadful surroundings. The necessity of additional means of breaking up the juvenile vice and crime of the city was keenly felt by the authorities as well as by all thoughtful philanthropists. Not only vicious, but homeless, deserted, and truant children, wandering about the vilest districts of the town, needed to be wisely sheltered and trained. Especially was it deemed important to provide a reformatory home for disobedient

children voluntarily surrendered by parents unable to control them.

Out of these wants and considerations grew the New York Juvenile Asylum, in the year of our Lord 1851.

This institution proposed to receive all destitute or vagrant children between the ages of five and fourteen, legally committed to its charge by the courts, or by parents or guardians, to rescue them from the consequences of their evil surroundings and train them to ways of goodness and usefulness. They were to be retained until, in the opinion of the managers, their condition warranted their being released on application of friends, indentured to suitable employers or consigned to homes of Christian families in the country. Even afterward, the institution would follow up its young charges, by correspondence and personal visitation, until right habits were established and the children “saved from becoming burthens to themselves and a curse to others.” Twenty-four well-known benevolent merchants of this city obtained their charter as a body corporate under the title of “The New York Juvenile Asylum.” The extensive building on 175th street and a House of Reception on 13th street were erected by voluntary subscription from citizens and an equal appropriation from the city supervisors. Then the Society set to work, the annual expenses being met equally by private donors and the city government.

Thus sprang to life one of New York’s noblest institutions. It is nineteen summers old to-day. Dr. Brooks has been its superintendent and physician for about twelve years.

We are rising from the supper-table when our host says:—

“Will you come into the chapel? The children are about to begin their evening exercises.”

Without claiming remarkable susceptibility, I must say I have a dread of seeing child-paupers. The feeling was especially strong now, as Theophilus whispered while passing through the hall—“You mustn’t expect to find little saints, you know.”

Little saints indeed! How could they be little saints? I gave him a look, and hurried in as the Doctor opened the door leading from

the hall into the chapel. It was a very large room, with broad, high windows on each side, through which the evening sun shone brightly, lighting up rows upon rows of little square desks.

There sat the children! more than five hundred of them. The drift of the Five Points and all the dirtiest streets, docks, and alleys of the city! Five hundred little truant, thieves, vagabonds, and beggars!

Who said so? Not Theophilus. He was gazing at them with shining eyes. Not the Doctor. He was quietly standing on the platform. It must have come in through the windows, from New York.

As for myself, I was listening and looking. The little creatures, one and all, were singing their evening hymn. Somehow, I could not see their faces on account of the music, and I couldn't hear the music on account of the faces. Committees may not feel like crying on such occasions; but every one is not a committee.

As a general thing, melodeons are hardly to be commended. With their gallons of grandeur "sharpened to a pint," they are apt to confound harmony and small measure in a peculiarly exasperating way. But the melodeon that accompanied these children behaved well. It put on no airs, and allowed the little ones to attend to the *vox humana*.

The performer, a young girl, was nearly hidden from where we sat upon the raised platform. As her head bent over the keys, she seemed whispering coaxingly—"Now don't try to do anything but breathe."

So it breathed a soft, rich, half-sighing accompaniment while the childish voices sang:

"On the sweet Eden shore, so peaceful and bright,
The spirits made perfect are dwelling in light:
Their white wigs are wafting them gently along
Through the beautiful regions of glory and song."

After this, a little evening speech from the Doctor—just a few simple, fatherly words. Then, with clasped hands and closed eyes, the children said the Lord's Prayer in concert, and then stood up in their places, and looked straight at the Doctor.

"Good night!" said he, cheerily.

"Good night, sir!" they answered as heartily, and in perfect order quietly filed out of their places, and so went off to bed.

It was settled that we should stay all night and "go through" the institution the next day.

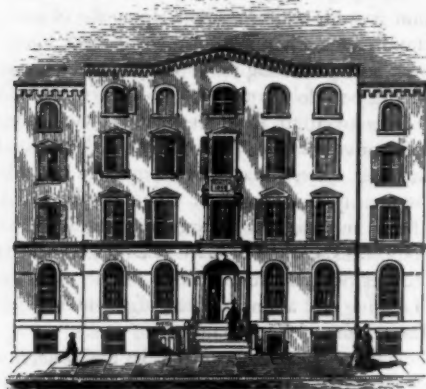
Back again into the pleasant parlor, where hangs a full-length imperial photograph of Apollos R. Wetmore, the President of the institution as well as one of its founders—a philanthropist of whom New York may well be proud. We were glad of the picture—firstly, because the grand, hearty, benevolent face did us good; secondly, because it formed

such a capital text for the Doctor. He is so provokingly modest that it is only by his extolling the sort of thing he reveres one can surmise his own quality or estimate his enthusiasm in his life-work—at least, it is the only conversational way, since we must in the end judge a man by what he accomplishes, and rate his opinions, not by what he makes of them, but by what they make of him.

I felt in a peculiarly positive and practical frame of mind that day. Had the Doctor looked



NEW YORK JUVENILE ASYLUM, WASHINGTON HEIGHTS.



HOUSE OF RECEPTION, ON THIRTEENTH STREET.

stern, forbidding, or worn a pompous institution expression—had he had the slightest contradictory shade of conceit or hypocrisy, or even of downright assumption, I might have been very much more receptive. As it was, I resolved not to let the goodness in his face bias me. Perhaps, after all, it might prove to be no great loss not to know all about “such a man,” Theoph to the contrary nevertheless.

It is hard, though, to withstand a bright eye that is mild when it speaks of conquered difficulties, and flashing when it recalls righted wrongs; to wait for proof when an earnest, glowing face, wearing the peculiar, grieved look which such faces always acquire after years of philanthropic labor—very hard when such a face looks into yours not to invest it almost with the realization of the beatitudes. But I wouldn't. I drank in every word of the conversation, felt happy and inspirited, but determined to wait till we had gone over the institution. How about that “big stick?”

Meanwhile, we had gratefully obtained a good deal of information concerning the Asylum and its two very important adjuncts, the House of Reception and the Western Agency.

To the former the children are in the first instance taken, either by their friends or by a policeman, as shown in the illustration. In the latter case, their parents or guardians are duly searched for and notified, if possible, ten days being allowed in which applications for surrender will be heard. Sometimes several

children are brought in during a morning; and often it happens that a solitary wretched, frightened little vagrant, taken in all his rags and dirt by one of the truant-police force, finds himself standing in the reception-office a prospective victim, as he believes, of every horror this side of hanging.

All new-comers, after the required legal formalities are attended to, are medically examined, bathed, and provided with clean clothing before being permitted to join the other inmates. From that time their personal traits and habits are carefully studied; they are admitted to the chapel and school-room exercises, and every care is taken to fit them for entering the Asylum. For twenty days the magistrate has the unconditional right of discharge. After that time commitments become final, and the children are removed to the Asylum in a covered wagon, every precaution being taken that no mistakes or informalities shall occur.

Detentions at the main institution are governed in each instance by the time required to accomplish a reform. Sometimes a few weeks will suffice to render it safe and wise to return a child to its parents, or to send it to a good western home; sometimes more than two years; the average period is about five months. European reformatories retain children for a much longer period than ours—four years for boys and five for girls being with the former considered the ordinary term.

The importance of the present Western Agency can scarcely be over-estimated. Formerly the agent who attended to the indenturing of asylum children to western farmers or other employers, and who was expected to find good Christian homes for scores of girls and boys, had no local habitation or post-office address. His “head-quarters” were on the railway or in the saddle, and of course under these circumstances it was impossible for him to fully meet the demands of such a work. Through the suggestion of Dr. Brooks a Western Agency is now firmly established at Chicago, and under its admirable organization an incalculable amount of good is being accomplished. Theoph and I have since read the reports of its principal, Mr. Wright. The Agency has constantly under its charge

about fifteen hundred minors, scattered all over the State, concerning whom it is his duty to keep himself informed, ready to hear complaints from either side, adjust difficulties, or remove dissatisfied wards to more congenial homes. Added to this are the cares incidental upon transporting, receiving, and distributing fresh instalments of children, as often as circumstances require. Thirty-four gatherings of the wards have been held by the agent during a single year at various points in the West. Our illustration represents a group of boys and girls who had thus fallen in with each other after having been happily located by the agency. "Numbers of the former wards of the asylum," he says, "are now married and owners of farms, or prosperous reputable citizens. Numbers are in, and others preparing themselves for, the several professions of law, medicine, and teaching. One, a lawyer, although but twenty-four years of age, holds the office of State Attorney, having been duly elected thereto by his district; and another is Assistant Superintendent of a prominent Reform School. Others are partners and clerks in prosperous mercantile firms, engineers and mechanics, leading useful lives, and enjoying an average measure of life's blessings."

Think from what a life most of these probably have been rescued! True, not all of the children indentured are vicious, or even friendless and neglected. In many instances they are orphans, well cared for in earlier years; or their parents have suffered reverses, and have chosen to consign them to the Institution for the express purpose of having them indentured. A great many of the Asylum children are bad enough; but Theoph quite shocked the Doctor that night by speaking as if all of them were little vagrants, more or less criminal. Not so at all. "The parentage of some of our inmates would astonish you," said the Doctor. "We have had the children of lawyers, merchants, clergymen, and high dignitaries here, to say nothing of descendants of noted men, all voluntarily sent from comfortable homes for reform. Again, a number of our children are innocent of any known offence. They are brought simply on account of destitution, and are sent away as fast as suitable homes can be obtained."

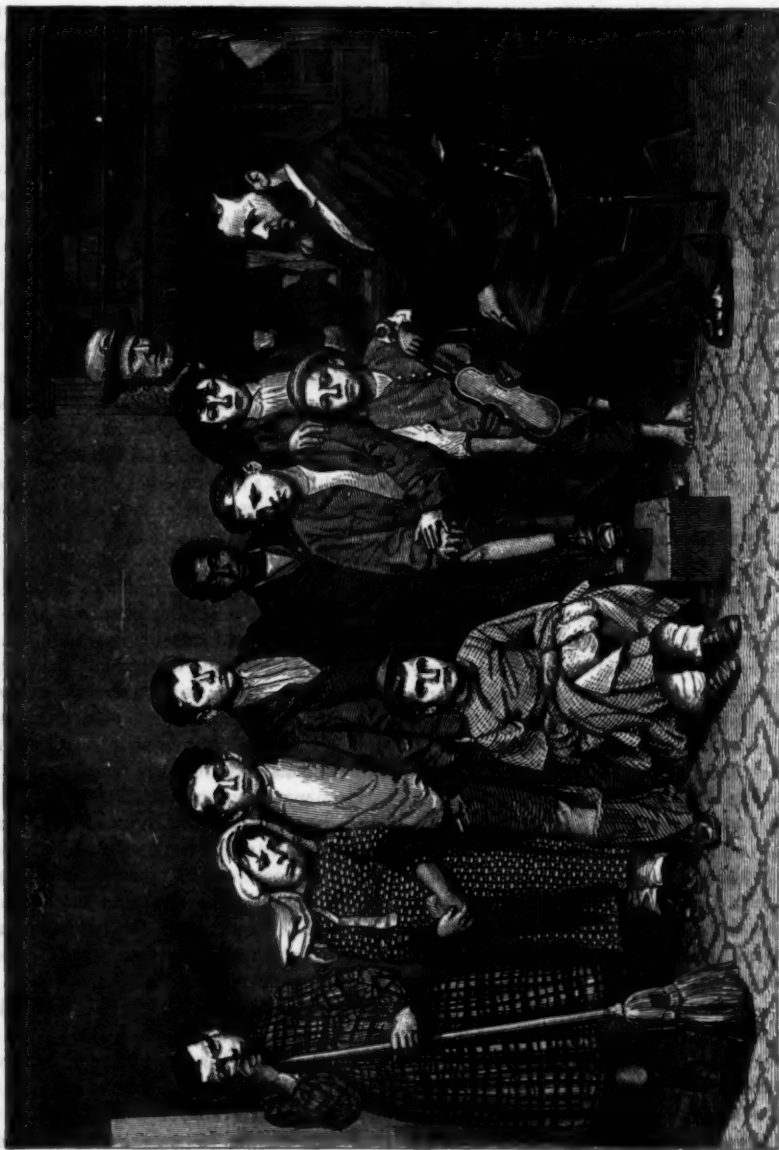
Quoting the Doctor from memory, I may not give his exact words. He spoke of institution life as a necessary evil at best, allowing, as a governing principle, that as soon as it can be safely done, asylum children should be removed to the more natural conditions of a private home. Above all, he deprecated any set system that unfitted inmates for subsequently mingling with the outside world. Rules and fixed regulations are entirely thrown out of his scheme of management; he prefers to deal with the individuality of the children, creating and acting up to a high public sentiment among them.

His distinction between order and discipline interested us. There is order in a time-piece, he says, in military movements, in the tides, in a statue, in the planetary movements, the seasons, and the processes of Nature generally; but none of these exhibit the vital characteristics of true discipline. The most perfect order may exist in a school-room without a particle of discipline. Discipline comes from a different law, and is wholly dependent upon the higher qualities of our being. Discipline is culture, embracing education, instruction, amusement, labor; chastisement, or consequences of neglect. Order is effected by timing, promptness, regulations, adjustment, bells, signals, gestures, and the like.

How many curious facts our host told us! How he unconsciously opened our eyes to the difficulties of presiding over this constantly changing household of hundreds of children; of so managing them that they shall feel like members of one family—the Institution truly a home to them, to be looked back upon in after-life with pride and gratitude, never with a sense of disgrace! How he revealed the inner life of such an asylum; the varied characters with which he had to deal; the incongruous, almost hopeless material to be harmonized and elevated!*

Many of the inmates are boys who, as "dock-rats," house-thieves, peace-breakers, and horse-stealers, have grown preternaturally quick-witted in certain directions and correspondingly stupid in others. They are keen

* 14,622 children have passed through the Institution since its opening. The annual average is now about 750.



CHILDREN RECEIVED AT HOUSE OF RECEPTION, BY MR. E. G. BATES.

at dodging the police and mastering complicated systems of signalling; adepts in arts of deceit and low cunning, yet almost witless in simple every-day matters. When the better nature of such boys is really touched, they seem to lapse into an almost infantile condition, so utterly ignoring their bad line of pro-

gress that the result is wonderfully like childish innocence. Some very bad children appear subdued and good as long as their self-esteem is fed and love of approbation satisfied; but the instant their self-love is wounded, the real character reveals itself. All their badness appears in their faces, and every pro-

mise of reform is forgotten. Others, outwardly well-behaved, take a pride in seeming inwardly vicious, stubbornly holding out against better influences. But the good seed is sown, and sooner or later it comes to fruit. Such children, strange to say, are reformed against their will. The soil is good enough; it is only that the early plantings were bad.

Certain boys, the Doctor said, hold to their subtle ways, putting on the appearance of contrition while they are doing their best at getting up plots among the children, heading secret organizations, and showing a wonderful degree of shrewdness and diplomacy in ill-doing. These are apt to select the dullest-looking boys as tools. Indeed, it often happens that the burden of some mighty scheme among them rests upon a pudding-faced, gaping-mouthed youngster, who seems never to have had an idea in his head.

In the Doctor's experience, a moderately bad girl is more easily reformed than a moderately bad boy; but of very depraved children, girls are the hardest to cure. Nearly all, good and bad, boys and girls alike, are quick at weighing the character of the officers, and keen at detecting shams of any kind. Sentimentalism they abhor. Not long ago, a member of the Truant Police was giving the children rather a flowery account of his experience in saving a vagrant child. "That's a lie!" exclaimed a girl to her neighbor during one of his most brilliant passages. She had been deeply interested until suddenly she detected a flaw and felt there was a falsity somewhere.

If in any way they feel themselves injured or unfairly dealt with, they invariably manage to have "satisfaction," as they term it. Their great delight is to try a new teacher, who is certain, at the outset, to be given some exasperating nick-name suiting none but himself. Sometimes as many as fifty secretly agree to be disorderly for the sole purpose of testing him. Woe to the officer—man or woman—who under such circumstances gets confused or angry. There is no retrieving the lost position. The only escape is in absolute abdication.

Lately three male teachers failed successively in governing the main room—that is, it

was evident insubordination would result from their continued presence. On such occasions the charge has been given to Miss Stickney, a lady who has labored in the Institution eleven years. Her control is always perfect. She need not speak—her glance is sufficient. [I looked for the lady that night when the officers assembled in the Doctor's room for evening prayers, but there was none who corresponded with my idea of such a woman.]

In controlling even the worst children, violent measures are never allowed—not even corporal punishment, beyond a few strokes with a light ratan ("cracks," the children call them), and these are not administered except by the Superintendent, who assured us that frequently many weeks would elapse without even this slight correction being required. Such a thing as any officer shaking a child, cuffing it, or jerking its ears, is not to be thought of. Any act of the kind would be considered a fair cause of dismissal.

The word punishment, Doctor B. insists, should be banished from institutional nomenclature. Chastisement he considers the right word and the right thing—chastisement adopted as a stimulant or correctant, administered upon general principles—that is, not for any special acts, but simply for *not* improving. To whip for special offences, such as stealing, lying, impudence, he says is merely to doctor symptoms—a false and short-sighted system in reformatory practice.

When Dr. Brooks entered the Asylum twelve years ago, he found lock-up cells there, which he demolished with his own hands. Floggings, bread-and-water fare, and forcing culprits to lift heavy weights or stand in painful positions, were among the authorized forms of punishment.

Nothing of the kind is possible now. Yet the Doctor aims to subdue all cases; to confront opposition and secret organizations with moral force; to starve discontent by depriving it of the sympathy of the mass; to create a love of study in children who at first will *make their own eyes sore*, and otherwise maltreat themselves in order to be unfit for school duties. He expects to conquer hatred with love, and overwhelm bad tendencies with Christian firmness and charity. Failure must

meet him sometimes ; but how can he ever succeed?

From all these points and considerations, Theophilus and I came to sundry sage conclusions—chief among which was, that it was no joke to carry on the New York Juvenile Asylum.

To be sure, the Doctor modestly quoted the Board of Directors and extolled his family of officers ; but, indispensable as these are, the fact remains : In all reformatory institutions, it is the superintendent, not the system, that, under Divine guidance, must do the good work. The personal magnetism of the man, his zeal, his tact in drawing forth the best abilities of his assistants, his sense of serving the highest Master, are the forces that prevail. Lacking these, the very best organization must fail of real success. Müller in England, Heldring in Holland, Martin in France, Fingardo in Germany, and such men as are the glory of reformatory institutions in our own country, are, under God, the rescuers and preservers of thousands of children, their machinery being the institutions under their control.

I wonder if our bed-time hymns floated into the children's dreams that evening, or if the cheerful laughter that came from the rooms of the lady-officers after we closed our doors for the night rang through the girls' dormitory as it rang through mine. It was not the sort of laughter that disturbs, but a kind that made you feel like going to sleep in peace, since all the world was happy.

I *did* go to sleep, falling straightway into the silence of some dear stupid deaf and dumb dream that held me till——

Mercy ! What was the matter ! A red light was forcing its way through the blinds, and *such* a noise ! It was not thunder nor rain, nor a whirlwind, nor the roar of wild animals, nor a general collapse of the building. It was all of these sounds combined. Next, the trees—every tree in the grove near by and for miles around seemed falling with a tremendous rush, and every branch of every tree shouting.

I sprang to the window. Could that be all ? Was it only the boys of the institution going to their play-ground ? Rubbing my eyes, I again looked down upon the flagged

foot-path ; yes, the long procession still was pouring out of the building—an endless string of bare-footed boys walking two by two, talking, shouting, laughing as they went.

That was all. But of all the noises that ever I heard, the din of those boys was the most bewildering. What wonder—with nearly a thousand bare feet pattering on the flagging, to say nothing of all the voices. The tramping in cold weather, when stout shoes are worn, may be louder ; but certainly it is not so strange.

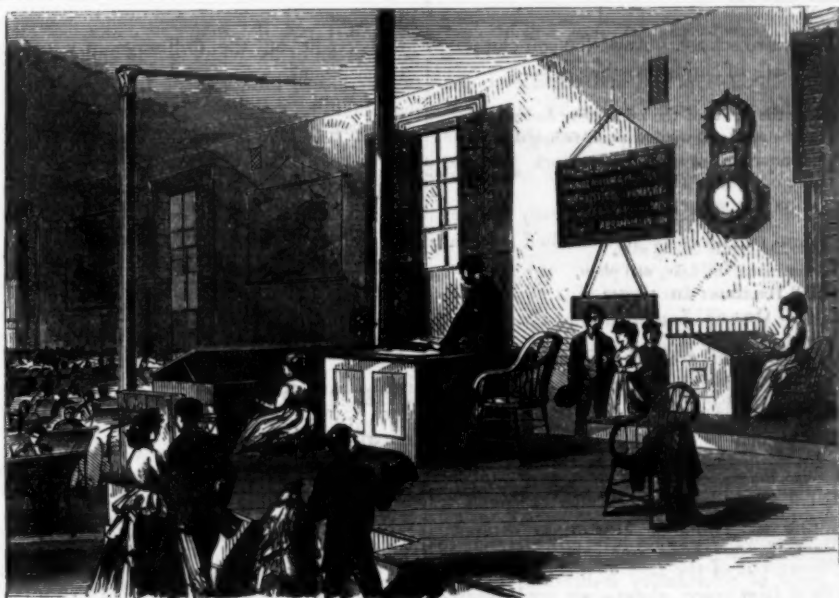
They had had their bath and their breakfast ; this was their morning constitutional. I wondered if Theophilus had looked out on the girls' play-ground from his side of the building, and what their noise was like ; but when we met at breakfast there was so much to talk about I forgot to ask.

In the chapel again, to see the fresh, clean children seated at their desks, with their morning's play still in their eyes. Was it play ? I looked more keenly. No, it was simply themselves. Of all things, it is the rarest to see individuality in the eyes of a charity child. Aha ! thought I, no repression here. But let us see, perhaps they are too much for the Doctor. He stood up.

"Good morning, children !"

"Good morning, sir !" with an electric heartiness not to be mistaken.

After the brief prayer came his little morning chat or lecture—fresh, simple, clear, and practical. He spoke of the cherries which they had been enjoying, and set their young wits thinking on the wonders of the fruit from its starting to its full development, suggesting quietly that though pigs might swallow such things without thinking about them, it was not quite the way for human beings to do. Then he told them of one of their school-mates having lately written a letter, and that another boy had criticised its superscription, saying that it "pitched up." Explaining the expression, he said, "Though it is not well, in addressing a letter, to let the lines slant toward the upper corner of the envelope, it gives a good hint in the matter of school-marks and of daily life. I want to see all your lines of conduct 'pitch up.' Whatever you do, don't let them pitch downward.



SCHOOL-ROOM AND CHAPEL.

The upward pitch is always the best." He went on, asking questions, making the children laugh one instant and bringing a reflex of his own earnestness the next. Theoph looked proud, and with cause. Meanwhile, taking in every word of the ten-minutes' speech, I glanced about the hall. It is the main school-room and chapel combined. A vase full of pretty flowers stood upon the speaker's desk; assistant teachers were seated or standing near by. A few monitors stationed about the hall kept perfect order by means of an occasional gesture. The children all were attentive and seemed interested. On the walls hung maps, various national coats of arms, illuminated Bible-texts, and near us, on the side wall, a message sent to the children in 1860. It is printed in large letters, the American flag is draped above it, and beneath, in illuminated text, are the words, "God bless our country."

TELL THE BOYS OF THE NEW YORK JUVENILE ASYLUM THAT THEY MUST FOLLOW TRUTH, JUSTICE, AND HUMANITY, IF THEY WISH TO BECOME USEFUL AND HONORABLE MEN.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

When the Doctor had finished, he telegraphed smilingly to a gentleman standing near. The gentleman nodded. Straightway we saw a little tot of a boy coming down the aisle toward us. Reaching the open place in front of the platform, he bumped his head gravely against the air, and, without so much as a breath of preparation, began:—

"I'm the boy that's gay and happy,
Wheresoe'er I chance to be;
And I'll do my best to please you
If you will but list to me.

CHORUS (*rung by all the children*).

So let the wide world wag as it will,
We'll be gay and happy still;
Gay and happy, gay and happy,
We'll be gay and happy still.

SPOKEN.

If the President should sit beside me
I'd sing my song with usual glee;
Fools might laugh and knaves deride me,
Still I'd gay and happy be.

CHORUS.—Then let, etc."

What if the words were jolly, the speaker, feeling the responsibility of his position, maintained his gravity to the last. At the close of the chorus he threw us a quizzical look, bumped his head again, and returned to his seat.

Next followed a beautiful movement-song by the entire school. Amid the soft clapping of hundreds of hands they began:—

"Hear the music of the rain falling down
On the roof and window-pane, falling down;
'Murmur not,' it seems to say,
'For our Father's love to-day
Orders only in our way
Good to fall.
Like the gentle falling rain,
Over mountain, lake, and plain,
Will His tender care remain
Over all.'"

The rhythmic sweetness of this song was charming, and with the appropriate sounds and movements of the flashing hands, gave so strong an idea of a summer shower, that, seeing the sunlight streaming in through a corner window, one involuntarily felt there must be a rainbow somewhere.

What now? A sweet little girl, stepping to the front, out of the rain as it seemed, to tell us in a faint voice about—we could scarce make out what, except that on account of something happening to a nest, she would never in her play,

"Steal the little birds away
To grieve their mother's breast."

Next came a part-song by a dozen or more picked singers, who, at some invisible signal, glided from various parts of the hall and formed a semi-circle about the melodeon, girls on one side, boys on the other. They sang admirably, and the richest voice of all came from a black boy who stood nearly midway in the semi-circle. It was a sight to be remembered—that great room alive from end to end with young faces, some bright, some lowering, some tender and winning, others stamped with inherited wrongs, and around and above all the sweet hymn floating:—

"My faith looks up to thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Saviour divine!
Now hear me while I pray,
Take all my guilt away,
O! let me from this day
Be wholly thine."

After the general exercises, the children divided off into their respective class-rooms—in

the manner of their going, certainly reflecting great credit on the drill-sergeantry of the establishment.

We went the rounds, staying awhile in each apartment, listening to the recitations and enjoying the enlightened, progressive character of the teaching.

The range of study is about the same as that in the ward schools. All the rooms are pleasant, spacious, thoroughly ventilated, and provided with comfortable seats for the pupils. Maps, charts, pretty chromos and lithographs, adorn the walls. Illuminated mottoes abound. If some walls have ears, these certainly have tongues: "SPEAK THE TRUTH," they say to the little ones; "LOVE ONE ANOTHER;" "WELL BEGUN IS HALF DONE;" "THE EYES OF THE LORD ARE IN EVERY PLACE." Again and again they insist that "NO LIE THRIVES." Sometimes they throw back a sort of echo to the child's conscience, in this wise: "I AM LATE;" "SLOTH IMPOVERISHETH;" or: "I AM EARLY;" "DILIGENCE ENRICHETH."

Although their play-grounds are separate, girls and boys recite together. We noticed here and there a colored child studying or reciting with the others—attentive pupils they seemed to be, though larger than the average of the white children in the same classes. The Institution has had some very bright negroes in charge, chief among whom stands an orphan boy, who, with his brother and sister, found a home in the Asylum some years ago. He was unusually clever, and had so remarkable a memory, that though only about ten years of age, he could call by rote the



OFFICE-BOY, HOUSE OF RECEPTION.

school-roll of over five hundred names. When requested, he could as correctly call it off, including in their regular order the names of those who had left within the past year or so—the whole amounting to one thousand names. The brother and sister were, after a while, settled in good places, and he was installed as office-boy in the House of Reception, where he renders excellent service. He writes a fine hand, and is moreover a living directory of the names and residences of all the managers and patrons of the Institution, as well as of almost every one whose address he has ever known. Often he is left in sole charge of the office. I have seen him lately, a fine, clear-browed fellow, very boyish, with a good face, yet full of true negro playfulness. It is hard to say whether he is happier laboring at his book-keeping duties, or when out on the side-walk driving his dog before a little wagon. None of the black young shoulders now at the Asylum, however, seem quite ready to catch his mantle. In the infant department we saw a big woolly-headed girl, very much bothered with words of three letters. She was sitting beside a golden-haired little creature, not more than six years of age. They apparently were warm friends; it was pretty to see the anxiety of the little one that the other should come out creditably in the recitation. The class were spelling in concert from the black-board.

They have object-lessons in this room, exercises in enunciating the elementary sounds of the letters, instruction in numbers, colors, forms, pretty pictures on the walls, and a bright New England girl presiding.

The fifth class, as we entered, seemed full of miniature lightning calculators. They were exercising in mental arithmetic. Such a time, such a shouting of figures, such eager little faces, such an upward flourishing of tiny hands—yet the discipline was excellent. Soon they were busily giving the sounds of *sh*, *th*, *tr*, and other combinations. Next came reading, not quite in Fanny Kemble style, but with a nice quality of its own.

Glancing at the fine view from the window, we went into the fourth and third rooms. The former class was devoted to Geography

just then; the latter was in the midst of a spelling match. As we entered, the entire class was in a quiver of alertness. The word under treatment evidently was having a hard time of it:

"*e, n, y—any, b, o, d, d, y—body,*"

called out a youngster way off on the back seat.

Up went a dozen hands, the most frantic of which belonged to a little girl, who, having succeeded in winning the teacher's nod of permission, shouted,

"*a, n, n, y—b, o, d, d, y.*"

Ah! how the hands went up, and how patient and calm the grave young teacher stood! Finally,

"*a, n, y, b, o, d, d, y,*"

came from a meek little colored girl on the front bench, who from the first had been gasping for a chance.

The pupils of the second and first classes study from advanced text-books, and some of them, as we understood from their teacher, are capable of entering the high school.

The blackboards in one room displayed some gorgeous sketches in colored crayons, that had just been drawn by the inglorious Vandykes and Raffaelles of the establishment. Sundry writings on other boards were suggestive of a good understanding between teacher and scholars. Grammar is not taught by rule, in the old-fashioned way (for which let all concerned be jubilant). In every department, as far as possible, the object system of teaching is pursued.

We saw cabinets of minerals, shells, and various interesting relics, all of which, when required, are used for practical illustration. In one class the children put their pennies together and subscribe for a juvenile magazine, from which, at times, their teacher, very much to their delight, reads aloud.

One of the young teachers has lately made the daring attempt of training every boy and girl to salute her politely on entering the room. The result so far is the funniest thing conceivable—such bows, such curtsies—but she is sure to succeed in the end. Bless her sweet impulse! Who knows to what these germs of civility may grow—what courtliness of heart and refining social ambitions may fol-

low? Still the process *is* amusing. As the last long line passes by, you find yourself involuntarily looking on the floor for heads, feeling sure that at least two or three must have tumbled from their owners' necks.

Occasionally during the morning there was a cheery shifting about of the children that did not at all interfere with the general order. Certain companies filed softly out to their farm labors or to their work-rooms. Other bands came in just in time for classes, and periods of general intermission for out-door air and exercise were frequent. It seemed like some stately machine in which study-slides, play-slides, and work-slides shifted themselves silently in and out by means of internal clock-work. How much better this than the old-style wearisome six hours of study, relieved by only one intermission.

At one time while a roomful of children were finding a certain page in their atlases, and we were noticing how like a shower of rain the movement sounded, Dr. Brooks came in and took a seat beside us.

"You were asking," said he in a low tone, "whether children ever come to us from other institutions. Here is a letter just received, which will give you a fair idea of many of the little ones admitted to the Asylum."

We read it, and so may you, good reader, though you may not be shown the entire heading or the signature.

NEW YORK, July 28, 1870.

DR. BROOKS:

DEAR SIR—There is a boy under my care who needs stricter discipline than we can exercise in this Institution. What steps can I take to have him placed under your care? He is 10 or 11 years old, lies, swears, fights, and flings missiles at any one who attempts to control him. If you can manage to take him, if only for a short time (although I would like you to keep him altogether), I should be much relieved. Pray take him, if possible.

Yours respectfully,

After the reading we looked about us. Surely, we saw no children that ever had answered this description.

"Plenty of them," said the Doctor, amused at our surprise. "They come in a few at a time, and generally take their cue of conduct from the rest."

Then I remembered what he had said the

night before on the importance of forming a high public sentiment among the children; that he had assured us there were no set rules, no severe forms of punishment, but that the victory is gained whenever a child, thoroughly respecting those in authority, feels the sweetness and dignity of good behavior.

"Theoph," I whispered, after we had seen and heard more, when one by one the practical developments of the Doctor's theories had appeared, "I believe in him!"—"Certainly," answered Theoph, "and do you notice how the children look at him? That speaks for itself."

Just then a very little girl was passing us in the hall. "What is your name?" I said, catching her gently.

"Kitty."

"Are you glad you are here?"

"Yes, ma'am. There are two of us. We haven't any other place. My mother is lame and can't take care of us."

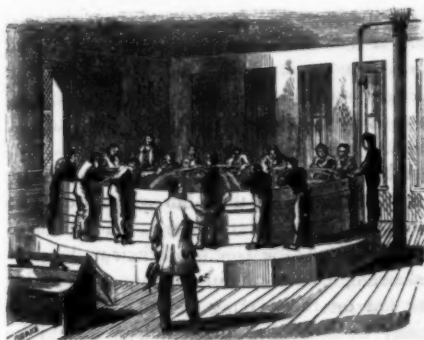
"Is your father living?"

"He drinks," she said so bitterly, and with such a darkness over her wee face, that I wished with all my heart I had not reminded her of him.

Poor little thing! It was a relief to see her afterward come laughing and tripping out from one of the bathing-rooms.

Ah, the bathing-rooms, what grand places they are! None of your paltry tin basins, but great circular wooden tanks, fifteen feet across, with warm or cold water, in which the children may plunge and swim to their hearts' content. Our artist represents them at the jets before the tank is filled. Here, morning and evening, the little ones stand washing their hands and faces, each for the time sole proprietor of the clear, bright little stream pouring out for its benefit—a wise precaution against the spread of ophthalmia or cutaneous affections.

As the number of boys is usually very large, their bathing-room is furnished with two tanks; the girls have but one. Every child's towel, marked with his or her number, when not in use, hangs conspicuously spread out in its own particular place on the back of one of the benches, arranged in the dressing-rooms like seats in a lecture hall. It makes one



BOYS' BATHING-TANK.

think of the famous journey to St. Ives to go through these rooms. Every boy has a towel—every towel has a number—every number has a place, and every place has a comb laid on the seat, just in front of the towel. Twice a week the laundress gathers in these standards of the grand army and puts clean ones in their places, and twice a week, as the rotation is managed, comes each child's turn to take a plunge in the tank—so many to a shoal, like minnows.

After seeing the bathing-rooms, we strolled into the wardrobe.

The Doctor, who goes in with us, remarks that they sometimes purchase a case of goods at a time. We can readily believe it. What a quantity of pegs! The gowns hanging there look like so many husks of girls. Somehow, I think of the Giant Blunderbore, and look involuntarily at the Doctor. He is telling Theoph why the children are not dressed in uniform. It is best to give them the benefit of variety, he thinks. It prevents the charity-badge idea. So it does. We remember now that the girls wear their hair long or short, as they please. There is no universal cropping of heads, as in some institutions. Pink and lilac calico dresses for Sunday wear abound; so do high-necked gingham aprons. Newly-made garments and clean clothes are placed in this room, ready to be dealt out as needed.

Observing that one side of the room is nearly covered with wooden drawers about a foot square, each drawer numbered, Theoph and I looked interrogatively at each other.

"Oh, those are the girls' treasure-boxes,"

VOL. I.—4

says the cheery voice of the matron introduced as Miss Sanford. (The lady looked so like our Phoebe Cary, I wondered whether she wrote poetry or not.)

"May we open them?"

"Certainly."

Ah, what a slight thing sometimes sets one's eyes swimming! In the first, a soiled fan, a bit of colored paper, a printed scrap of poetry; in another a piece of bright calico and a pasteboard box; in another, some faded ribbon, a photograph, and a pretty glass button. How meagre these, their precious possessions! But it is beautiful thus to provide each girl with a little nook which she can call her own. Meantime, Miss Sanford looks on, her face sparkling with hearty kindness. Recalling what the Doctor has told us of her years of faithful service, I exclaim inwardly, "She *acts* poetry, anyhow, whether she writes it or not."

"This way," said Theoph, looking back at me, as he followed the Doctor out-of-doors.

We went to the little work-shop, close by, where, under the direction of a master-cobbler, the boys made the shoes of the establishment. A few little fellows on benches were busily pegging away at their work.

"They do pretty well," said their 'boss'; "but our boys never stay long enough to get a trade. It helps them ever after, though, the little cobbling they manage to learn."

"What is that mountain of shoes in the corner?"

"Those are the mended ones ready for cool weather."

He showed us the patches with no little pride. Shade of St. Crispin—what patches they were! The original shoe sank into insignificance beside them.

Thence to the main building again, and into the tailoring room. The click of a sewing-machine greeted us. It was odd to see the boy operator, and odder still to see another boy pressing seams with a big "goose," and about twenty other boys sitting in rows on low chairs, sewing away, with silent whistles in their faces.

Another bright-eyed lady here, who surveyed her sewing-class proudly, with a special appreciation of the good button-hole boys.

She tells us all about it in a few words. There are fifty little tailors, in two divisions of twenty-five each, including two sewing-machine workers. Each division works three hours a day alternately, giving also an extra hour before school. The little tailors make all the boys' jackets and trousers, and make them well, too.

"They would do better," said our pleasant informant, "if we could have them longer; but the divisions are constantly changing."

"Constantly changing." That is what the Doctor said last night, thought I; it is easy enough to see the difficulties to be encountered on that score. He has to cleanse and re-plume his draggled birds on the wing, as it were. It is impossible always to succeed, but how he accomplishes so much is a mystery.

All the children's clothing, bedding, and towels are made in the institution. The girls do their full share, though they are not expected to accomplish the dress-making and mending unassisted.

A beautiful view of the Palisades is seen from the windows of the tailoring room; but we had no time to spare.

Going out, Theophilus threw some figures at me, which any one who wants them may have, and welcome.

The boys last year made 5,907 articles, including jackets, pantaloons, caps, and suspenders. The girls made 4,474, including clothes, bedding, curtains, table-covers, and eight carpets. The articles repaired in the institution numbered no less than 43,912.*

Again, in this labor matter we see the Doctor's views in full flower and fruit. He wishes the children not to suffer from the common error that time devoted to an employment which is not ultimately to be a means of livelihood is time thrown away. They are all the better off, he believes, for doing a reasonable amount of work. Their hands are made skilful, their faculties of calculation developed, and their tastes cultivated. Indeed, the experiment of reform is a failure, unless a love of labor be instilled.

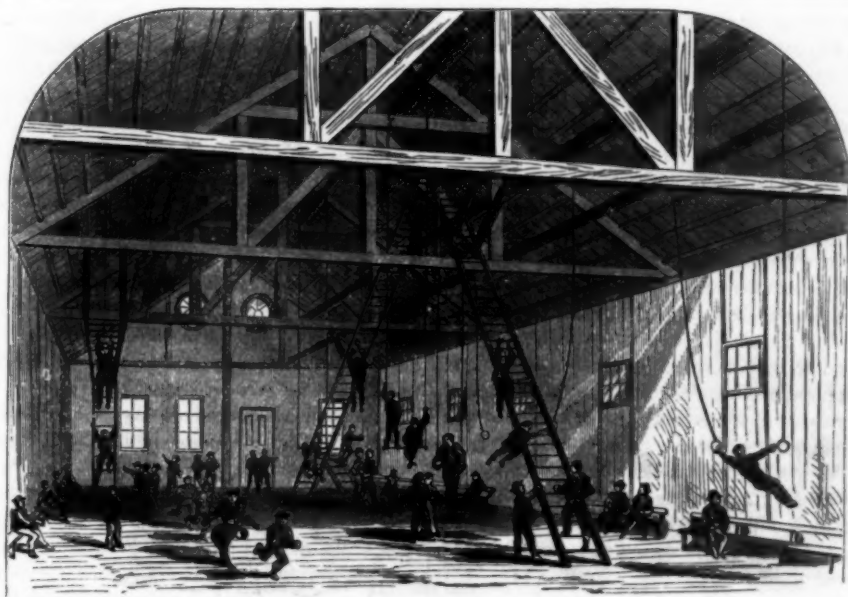
* "The working children have been paid small sums of money according to their industry, amounting to from ten to twenty dollars per month. It is believed to have been a good investment."—*Report of N. Y. J. Asylum, 1870.*

So the boys who are large enough dig and hoe, and rake and plant, or make beds, wash dishes, mop floors, and do scores of other things; while the girls, just as active, are busy with their own employments. The truth of the adage—"Many hands make light work," is admirably illustrated here. If it were not so, we may be sure the labor system would be reorganized so as to spare the children. Very tender is the Doctor of their undeveloped strength, very careful to impose no undue burden on their young shoulders, and especially anxious that the children should be child-like—as unrestrained and joyous as is possible under existing circumstances.

This admirable system, overtaking none, gives the proper employment to all. Still there is no noise, no confusion—the little busy bees do not even buzz. You see them silently speeding hither and thither with mops and pails, or poking invisible dust out of corners with little sticks. The dust they see you cannot see, for all the place is breezy and shiny with cleanliness. If you want noise and merry voices, you must hear them at their play.

The children may well be happy, and it would seem most of them are so. They are kindly cared for, their rights duly regarded, their confidence respected, and every pains taken to do away with the slightest sense of stigma in connection with the Asylum. They have their high days and holidays, their excursions, their winter home amusements, and under proper regulations are allowed to receive visits from their friends. The twenty acres about their pleasant home, barren and bleak enough twelve years ago, are made fertile and beautiful. Rocks have been blasted away, and flower-beds put in their place; trees have been planted, and the gray lintels and cornices of the stone-buildings tinted, so as to do away with the old prison look. When they leave, the beneficial effects of their surroundings go with them into their old homes, or to new ones. Snatches of hymns and remembered Scripture lessons do a good work, and in after years experience is constantly emphasizing for them the lessons of their Institute life.

Successful good men and noted rascals



THE GYMNASIUM.

are apt to have certain natural attributes in common, such as ingenuity, foresight, shrewdness, daring, and love of gain. Well if such traits be directed rightly while the blood is young, the mind impressible!

Over-worked boys are not prone to patronize turning-poles. We were glad to see that the youngsters who had appeared saints in the chapel were monkeys in the gymnasium. They climbed, and sprang, and leaped, and spun round till we were dizzy. One little chap, especially, seemed boneless. He slid, head first, down the long ropes; he rolled along the floor like a wheel; he rested the back of his head on the soles of his feet, and brushed his ears with his toes. Soon a colored boy, with really a lovely face, joined him, and the two tumbled about together.

What fine times the children will have when the new gymnasium and the forty-feet swimming-baths are finished! Additional French-roofed buildings, now in course of erection, and others being planned, will cost not less than \$100,000, to be paid for by donations,

legacies, etc., \$80,000 of the sum being already secured. These buildings are to be of red brick, to correspond with those recently added, as the effect is less gloomy than that of the gray stone formerly adopted. I hope the improvements will include a swimming-bath and gymnasium for the girls. Why not? A gong sounds.

"Shall we go in?" asks Theophilus; "the children are at dinner."

"White table-cloths!" he exclaims softly, as we enter.

Here a number of long covered tables, some with girls, some with boys, closely seated on each side, and always a monitor at the end. The monitors may be black or white, little or big, no matter; at their posts they are impressive and superb. The children eat with subdued ravenousness. They have soup, meat, plain vegetables, and all the bread they want. Hands are raised if supplies are needed. They glance pleasantly at each other, but not a word is spoken.

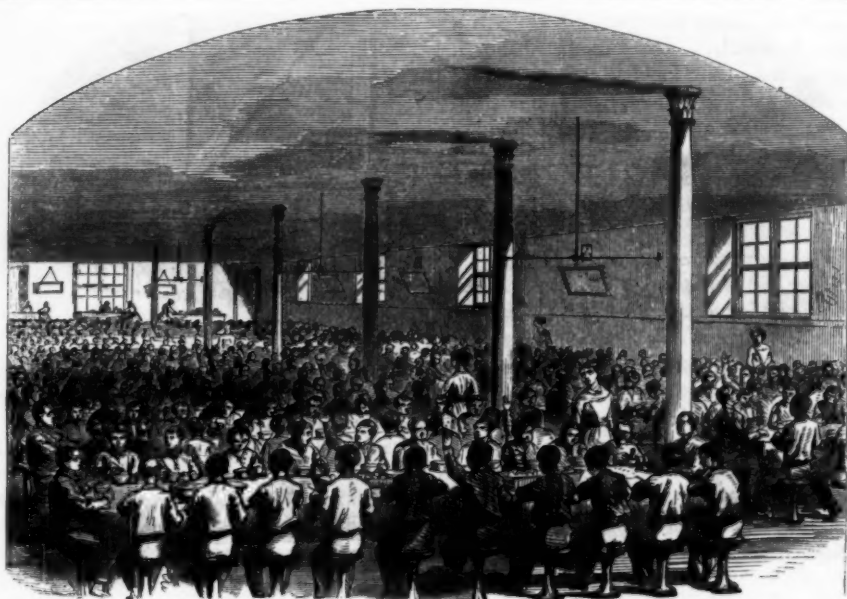
Again the walls have somewhat to say from between the pictures—



HEAD AND HEEL.



THE LETTER O.



THE DINING-ROOM.

"BLESS OUR HOME"—and the knives and forks rattle briskly;—"THE LORD WILL PROVIDE." Who, looking round, doubts it? "GOD BLESS OUR DAILY BREAD." Amen, amen to that.

"May we walk about among the tables?" whispers Theophilus to the gentleman in charge.

It is Mr. Appley, assistant superintendent and principal of the school, who, Dr. Brooks believes, has no equal in the country for thorough yet mild control of boys. He has been connected with the Institution for seventeen years; and for nine, his wife has served it faithfully as matron. Many a vagrant boy have they seen lifted to a prosperous and worthy career; many a once homeless and perverted girl trained to honored and happy womanhood!

Permission being given, we make a rambling tour of the room—Theophilus with Mr. Appley, and I with Miss Stickney, talking in an under-tone as we pass along. We know Miss S. by this time, and I have inwardly apologized for expecting to find her an austere, stern-looking woman. Why, she is hardly more than a sunny girl, crowned with sweet womanly dignity. To be sure, one sees an expres-

sion about her mouth and chin that might make a bad child tremble; but just as surely it would make a good child long for a kiss.

What a multitude of young faces we see—of all styles and expressions. Involuntarily we recall Hawthorne's description of the blue-gowned girls of an English charity school, where he was surprised to find "so many children collected together without a single trace of beauty or scarcely of intelligence in one individual; such mean, coarse, vulgar features and figures, betraying unmistakably a low origin and ignorant and brutal parents. They did not appear wicked, but only stupid, animal, soulless." We recall it, however, only to wonder at the contrast. There are some beautiful little ones here—children of whom it would seem any parent might be proud. But alack! these are quite likely to be the incorrigibles of the institution—sent in on account of utter insubordination or of crime. Our guides, evidently unwilling to break in upon our admiration, spoke kindly of their charges, finding some good even in the worst. But it was startling to hear of a sweet blue-eyed girl—"her trouble is stealing;" or of a noble-looking rosy-cheeked boy—"yes, but the poor child's temper is terrible;" or of

yet another smiling youngster—"treated his mother dreadfully." On the other hand, it was delightful, while looking at some sallow, mis-shapen face, to be told, "that's a dear little thing, so good and faithful"—or of another with a downcast, unwinsome look, "he's had a hard time of it, poor little fellow!—but he begins to brighten a little. He'll undoubtedly turn out well."

One youngster brought to mind something a teacher had said to me: "A few children yield to good influences right away; but some you have to tune, and tune, and tune." He looked as if no amount of tuning would make anything of him. His little failing was being "utterly ungovernable at home." What a saucy look he shot at us as we passed!

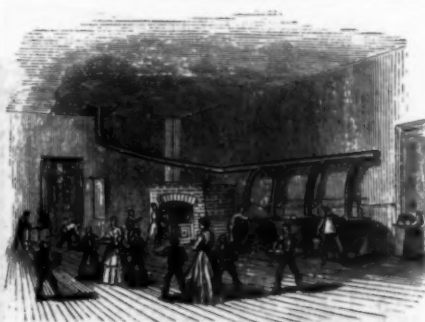
On to the kitchen, where we saw steam-cooking apparatus, modern improvements, big windows, clean tables, tidy cooks. We were bewildered to learn of its serving up, daily, three hundred pounds of fresh meat, a barrel of potatoes, three hundred quarts of milk, besides startling quantities of beets, beans, cabbages, and other vegetables. Thence to the bakery, where three barrels of flour are cast into the oven every day, and on Saturdays nearly an extra barrel for ginger-bread.

Thence again to—

How can I give all the details of that wonderful day? It would require as many volumes as the letter A in the catalogue of the British Museum. Nay, if all were told—but all could never be told—every minute of every hour would widen into a dozen dissertations. The idea is appalling. Let us run for relief to the play-grounds.



GIRLS' CROQUET-GROUND.



THE KITCHEN.

Just in time; dinner is over. A few girls are playing croquet; their place is prettier than the boys', because with them grass and flowers are not impossible. Theoph and the Doctor feel like joining in. A tall girl with weak eyes hands her mallet to Theoph; the rest crowd around the Doctor, their mallets thrust at him like a medley of jackstraws.

"Whose turn shall I take?" he asks.

"Mine"—"mine"—and "mine," they answer.

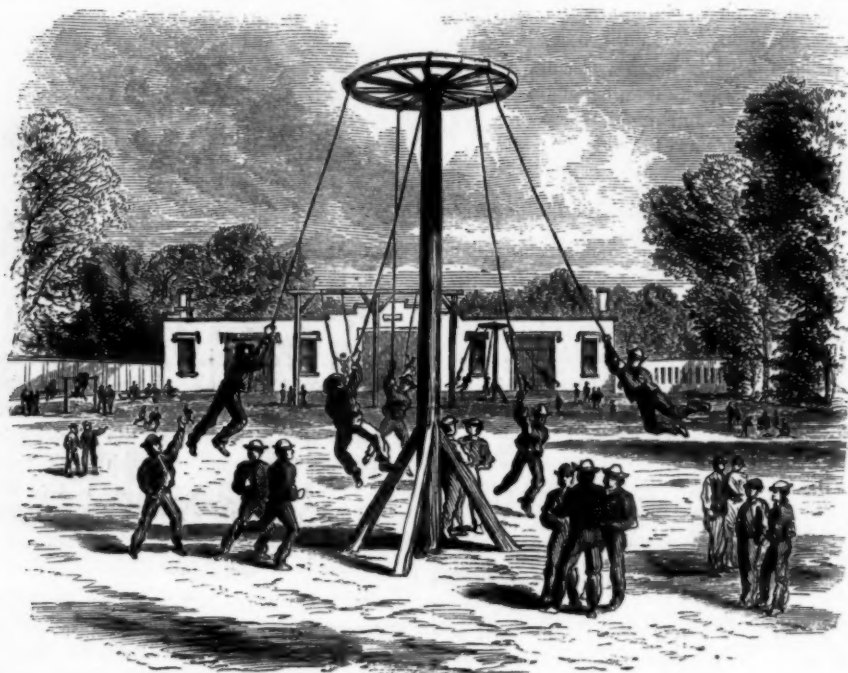
"We *all* want you to play for us," comes from a little one, just as the Doctor hastens to position.

Theoph and the Doctor cannot play as well as the girls, so they decide that the ground is uneven, and move off to pastures new. Soon, hearty shouts near by drew us to the boys' quarters, a great bare place, where many feet have trodden the ground almost to a solid stone.

Here we see turning-poles, swings, flying courses, benches, and—boys. Boys shouting, laughing, racing, swinging, turning, jumping; boys playing leap-frog, and boys falling in line at the pump!

Not a whit do they mind our august presence. The Doctor radiates mirth on the play-ground as he radiates zeal in the school-room, and devotion in the chapel. The thirsty ones at the pump, perhaps, are a little more orderly in waiting their turn; but the monitor in charge is a power in himself.

Now, for the twentieth time, we laugh at the boys' hats. What hats! Yet they all were new a few weeks ago. They were good ones, too—strong white straw with a black band. Some few are in good condition yet, but many are brimless or crownless, or both,



BOYS' PLAY-GROUND.

being in fact hardly more than little mats of ravelled straw. Looking attentively at the owners, you are not surprised. You can see their demolished head-gear in their faces. One red-headed little fellow, wearing a mere rim, entered heartily into our amusement at seeing another cautiously lay a few shreds on his head before leaving the building. He had just enough straw left to prove that it *was* his hat ; an important point, for in a few days a second summer distribution would take place, and new ones would be given in exchange for the old.

Soon the Doctor beckoned to a speck on the pump-line, and out it came—Master Bernard Austin Daly, six years old, the same wee orator who in the main room had given his funny speech in such a solemn way. His sober little face looked still more sober in the sunlight, as, after the inevitable bow, he favored us with a song, the burden of which was :—

"I would I were a fly
To buzz about all day ;
O, wouldn't I live high
Without a cent to pay !"

"Some of the best quaker blood of England there," said the Doctor, as we walked away from the little fellow—"quiet yet full of snap."

As he spoke, a number of the larger boys walked off, led by only one of the teachers. They were going to the river to bathe ; the idea of any of them attempting to run away seemed to be quite unthought of. During the day we had noticed a party of boys setting out for a ramble to High Bridge with one of the lady officers, as a reward for good conduct.

"What could she do if they should try to escape ?" I asked of the Doctor.

"Very little," said he. "But there is no danger. They would consider it intensely dishonorable to run away under such circumstances. If one attempting it should be caught and brought back, his position would be made intolerable by the rest."

Theoph coughed—and the cough said "I told you so," as plainly as could be.

Bless the Doctor ! He is studying human nature every day, he says ; yet most men

with half his knowledge would dub themselves H. D.—Doctors of Humanity—at once. Hearing how he talks to the children, we cease to wonder at their so quickly yielding to him. Like Davy Crockett's coon, they may as well "come down" at once, since his first shot is sure to send the daylight clear through them. He knows just how to aim and when to fire, or whether to fire at all. "Such conduct must come from sickness," he says to one style of bad boys—"you need medicine." Or, to others, "Go away. I'm discouraged. I don't want to think of this sort of thing." To others: "Why, if this failing of yours were cured, I could dance for joy." Sometimes he pleads: "How long must I bear this burden? Can't you *try* to do better?" Sometimes he startles and shames one of the fighting kind by "squaring off" at him, on the spot; and not long ago he told his boys that under certain desirable circumstances he would joyfully sing Old Grimes for them. They caught him there—acted up to the mark—and to their intense delight he kept his promise to the letter. Respecting each child's individuality, never attempting to set down in plain black and white things that cannot be so recorded, using the best methods flexibly, kind without indulgence, and firm without harshness, he evidently keeps the general sentiment and sense of justice on his side, yet is a moral terror to each evil-doer. "He's an *awful* kind man, Dr. Brooks is," said a youngster lately who had just left the superintendent's presence after being summoned to answer for some grave offence.

The reader may be glad to learn here a few points of the Doctor's history, recently communicated by one of his almost life-long friends.

Dr. Brooks is a native of Massachusetts.



A FAVORITE POSE.



LINE AT THE PUMP.

In 1827, when but ten years of age, he left the parental roof to earn his bread, get his education, and wrestle with the world alone, as so many young New Englanders had done before him. He worked in the summer and attended a district school in the winter until he was eighteen years old, when after a renewing religious experience, he began to give shape to his life. Alternately as student and teacher, he followed a course of study which prepared him for the pursuit of medical science, and at the same time laid the foundation of those solid successes whose nature he did not then contemplate. For three years he taught in the private school of Rev. John C. Nash, in Pittsfield, and there had his first and best experience in the disciplining of boys. Subsequently he read medicine in Pittsfield with the late Dr. H. H. Childs and Dr. Lee, and took his medical degree at the Berkshire Medical College in 1841. The first six years of his practice were spent in Huntington, Mass.; and the last six years at South Hadley, where he had the medical supervision of Holyoke Seminary, and enjoyed the privilege of ministering to Mary Lyon* during the closing year

* Founder of the Mount Holyoke Female Seminary and one of the noble women of the age. "In the

of her life. In 1843 he married; his wife, a daughter of the late Dr. Stickney of Huntington, has proved such a helpmate as few men are blessed with. They have one child, a son, Lawton S. Brooks, now assistant physician of the Juvenile Asylum.

When Massachusetts established her system of State Alms Houses, Dr. Brooks was appointed to the superintendence of the institution at Monson, and then entered upon the genuine mission of his life. This was in 1853, and here he remained for a period of five years, manifesting rare aptitude to the delicate and difficult task of organizing and administering that institution. Dr. Brooks originated its system of classification of paupers, separating the young from the old where it did not part parent and child, and giving to curable lunatics the advantages of cheery scenery and surroundings, while the dissolute were placed in something more like work-houses. During his administration, and through his influence, the State Farm School or Reformatory for Juveniles, connected with the Alms House department, was organized. For years he labored here with admirable results, until or near the year 1858, when he assumed his present important position.

Theophilus had told me something of the Doctor during that day, but I needed only to look and listen to feel sure that for once the right man was in the right place.

About sundown we heard a fluttering as though a flock of soft-winged birds were settling in the hall.

"What is that?"

"The girls are going to bed," was the answer. "In a moment we may look into their dormitory."

It was but a step from the family parlor. Miss Sanford and I went in. The flock had indeed settled; all the children were saying their prayers. I noticed that several of them made the sign of the cross as they rose.

The great room contained more than a hundred snowy cots, every one of which in a moment had an occupant.

course of her life as a teacher," says a recent biographer, "Miss Lyon instructed more than three thousand pupils, all of whom bore, more or less, the impress of her character."

"In winter some of our girls have a curious way of arranging their bedding for the night," said the matron; "they call it 'making a nest;' would you like to see it?"

"Of course I would."

Soon two girls, giggling very much, and very proud at being asked to 'show the lady,' were busily converting their beds into nests. It is a curious process. They shake the mattress and shove the straw about till a hollow is formed just large enough for the body. In this, with the covers twirled about them, they curl themselves for sleeping.

"How funny! Where did you learn to do this?" I asked one of the girls. Her face sobered in an instant, as with a show of bashfulness she declined to answer. Then it flashed upon me—though they did not tell it—how the lesson may have come: Through bitter cold nights—a heap of straw in the corner—a few dirty rags to wind about the shivering little body! Well, they could laugh now, as with clean straw and soft, sweet covers, they showed the lady. That was something.

How the wide-awake eyes turned to us from every pillow! What half-suppressed titers ran through the room! In all probability the little creatures would have liked nothing better than a game of romps, or at least a pillow-fight. All the windows were open, letting in the pleasant summer breeze and the ruddy remnants of the sunset.

"How can they go to sleep?" said I, "it is so early."

"But you forget their long day," answered my guide; "they rise almost at daylight."

We stayed for some time, lingering at the various bedsides, bending to speak to the children, and listening to what they had to say. One brown-eyed little girl pulled my face down close to whisper: "My mother hasn't been to see me at all. She's gone away out of where we used to be, and I don't know where to think she is." Poor little thing! lonely there among a hundred. She seemed comforted when I told her the Doctor maybe would find out and tell her; said in a brighter way, "I know it;" and added: "Won't you look at me when you sit up there in the chapel to-morrow? I'm just three seats in front of Mr. Appley's desk." I whispered



A REUNION IN THE WEST. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

"Yes," kissed the little rosy face, that was just as sweet as the last royal baby's, and passed on to speak with the other girls, asking questions, but not always about their mothers. I was afraid to do that. Meanwhile the children were softly bidding each other "good night!" or slyly reaching to clasp hands from one bed to another.

All at once, as if blowing a candle, the matron made a signal, and out went the voices. You could have heard a pin fall. "Now, children," she said kindly, "it is time for us to leave. If you wish you may chant before you go to sleep."

Instantly every pair of hands was crossed, every child lay motionless. We moved toward the door and listened. It was beautiful. More than a hundred childish voices chanting the Lord's Prayer! As the last notes of the "Amen" died away, we could just distinguish the children's forms. A fresh breeze came stealing in through the windows, the last faint

flush faded from the sky, and night closed softly and tenderly about them.

A few hours later, when Theoph was conversing with the Doctor, somebody from the girls' dormitory asked if we would "like to come for a moment."

We went in—Theoph and I. There lay the children, sleeping in the moonlight! I cannot describe the picture. It is a vision of young eyelids beautiful with peace; of plump little cheeks pressed against conscious pillows; of white arms thrown carelessly over restful heads; of tumbled hair catching sudden lights, or of golden wealth tossed back rippling into the shadows. "Angels of little children!" exclaimed Theoph, under his breath. He was thinking of little Nell.

Moonlight never before had seemed to me so wonderful, so divine. It came in like mother-love, with its proud lights and tender shadows, making the plainest beautiful.

Not homeless wanderers now, nor idle va-

grants, nor cruel-born babies hunted into ways of sin—but happy children far off in dream-land, taking with them the holy, helpful lessons of the day!

We went back to the parlor. Our host was resting, half asleep. "He's tired," said Theoph, stepping softly.

Tired! I should think so. With all its present rewards, his must be a hard life—to work on bravely hour after hour, fighting with difficulties, thrusting aside weariness and discouragement, keeping up active enthusiasm in one steady line of philanthropic work, day in and day out, year after year, from early manhood to three-score—

Ah, well! God knows.

Dr. Brooks and his noble co-workers—the founders, directors, and laborers of this and kindred institutions, all who are faithful to their charge, have the one joy—inasmuch as they have done it unto the least, they have done it also unto Him.

How sweet 'twill be at evening,
If you and I can say,
"Good Shepherd, we've been seeking
The lambs that went astray;
Heart-sore, and faint with hunger,
We heard them making moan—
And lo! we come at nightfall
Bearing them safely home!"

NATASQUA.

CHAPTER I.

"THAT was twenty-five years ago, Dick. But there was a secret in that story of your birth that I ken't puzzle out yet."

Richard gave the boat an impatient jibe. "Let's call it a disgrace, and be done with it," he said, in his abrupt dogmatic tone. "A man's a fool that has any mysteries in his life nowadays. Like a cheap play!"

Old Inskip pulled up the centre-board uncertainly, and let it down again. His fingers, with the rest of his spare old body, had hesitated and deliberated all through his tardy life. "Luff, Dick! I think I'd like to say a word or two to you before we land."

Richard nodded, and steered the boat out into the channel. He went on for a while, calculating silently how many oysters would be needed for planting next week, and then, glancing at the old man's anxious face, his eyes began to twinkle. Usually he left his old comrade the two or three hours he required for the incubation of an idea; but this subject had galled the good-natured young fellow a little, and had better, he thought, be put out of the way at once.

"There's no use of trying to put the word or two so that it won't hurt me, sir. That old story don't matter to me a whit; not the weight of a straw. When I was a romantic cub of fifteen I used rather to hug myself on

the idea of being a foundling. But I've no time for such follies now. I've never felt the need of a father or mother."

Inskip rubbed his hairy legs with the palms of his hands. "Haven't you, Dick?" he hesitated, looking at the other shore.

"God knows I haven't, sir!" heartily. Dick clapped his big hand on the other man's shoulder, shaking every bone in his body. "There's not a young fellow on the coast whose father and mother have done for him what you have done for me. You know that. Now let's be done with that old matter. As for a father and mother that I never saw, they are not of so much importance to me as—as this boat here. How could they be?"

Inskip looked at him doubtfully as Dick began to whistle, interrupting himself presently with—"What did De Conce offer for the oysters?"

"Two, or two-twenty."

The boat pushed along, muddying and cutting the fungus-like growth of sea-weeds beneath. Boat or horse must go like steam express under Richard's guidance. He would have gone post-haste over the Styx, good-naturedly inventing a better tiller for Charon as he went, and giving him gratuitous hints in navigation. Inskip, according to his custom, sat watching him, looking, in his bare legs and arms, and leathery shirt and trousers,

like a bony continuation of the wooden bow. Nothing could be so manly in his eyes as the boy's broad bluff figure and decisive face, yet a vague doubt hung hazy in his brain of shallowness. Shallowness. Were oyster-beds and New York trade, and the boat, the real things after all? To the old fisherman, who had never had wife or child, the dim ghosts of this father and mother; the mysterious untold story of birth and death; the inexplicable sweet danger of love, some day coming to Dick, were the actual matters of life. Though, if you were to talk to Inskip for years, he would serve you with no better matter than plans for fishing, or thin, pointless stories borrowed entire from his grandfather, the sole contribution the Inskip family were likely to make to the world of thought.

There was a necessity for him to speak to the point now, however, and at once, as they were pushing rapidly in-shore.

"I must go back to that old story once more, Richard."

"Very well, sir. Will you haul in that sheet?"

"The woman who brought you here said your mother and father were dead. She did not tell even me more than that, though she knew I would take you when she died. Three years ago I had a letter, sending money. It was from your mother."

"What did you do with it?" sharply.

"I sent it back, Richard."

"Right." Dick began to whistle again to keep his tongue still. He would not reproach Inskip. But, with his propensity for managing other people's affairs, it was hard on him that his own should have been taken out of his hands. He would have liked to deal with this woman who had entailed her guilt on him at birth, deserted him till now, and was coming thus late to shame him.

"There is something else, Richard. I had a letter from her the other day. It was not dated nor signed. It only said that your mother would be here this summer, and begged that you would not leave the beach."

Dick for a while silently pulled and wound his ropes. "If she comes, leave me to meet her," he said at last, quietly. He did not ask to see the letter, but jumped on shore. "I'll

go and settle that job with De Conce," nodding good-by, pleasantly, as he walked off. This business of his mother he had also settled and set aside. Inskip looked after him with a queer quizzical smile. Were love and passion, remorse, death itself, jobs which Dick could attack with his shrewd eyes, and hat cocked on one side, sort, label, and clap on the shelf as finished? The old man could not put his thoughts into words, even to himself, but he remembered vaguely a carpenter he had seen once finishing off a lot of coffins, dismissing each with a nod of satisfaction. He loosened the sail and drifted out into the current, while Dick's stout swinging figure, in its sacque and trousers of brown tweed, and jaunty cap atop, went steadily across the marsh, in sharp relief against the far horizon. It seemed to have absorbed into itself all the energy of the hot sleeping landscape.

The Natasqua hardly deserves to be called a river. It is one of those openings into our rocky coast through which the sea stretches its groping fingers on the hills, and lays upon them the spell of its own loneliness and quiet. Inskip floated along the banks of red clay which edged the water; the wind hardly stirred the bit of blue tape hanging down from his hat; the fields of feathery wild carrot belting the shore glared white in the afternoon sun; the brownish ledges of hills rose tier beyond tier, shutting him in from a world of which he never had known anything, and the water, tea-colored on the surface, and cold and brackish on the hottest day, sunk in sombre, impenetrable depths beneath him. It was one of those out-of-the-way corners of the world where Nature seems to carry on her secret silent processes of healing and of birth; where we dimly know that, if our souls were cleaner and eyes clearer, we might come some day suddenly upon the great Mother unawares at her eternal renewing work.

"It's curious," thought Inskip, "that the boy kin think of tradin' in oysters here." Dick, being an educated man, could have put the peculiar meaning of the place into better words—if he had ever seen it. But he never had. Inskip paddled along, thinking, if Dick's mother could meet him here, all would go well between them: her sin would somehow

fall off from her; the boy's heart would go out to her full of love and forgiveness. The place was awful in its inexpressible beauty and quiet; he felt vaguely that human souls in it lay bare and naked before God. The old fellow, who was chosen by the men thereabouts to settle their disputes, because of his dry, shrewd sense, was full of a lax, pitiful tenderness for all women-folks, for which the sharp-nosed, contented fishermen's wives seldom made call upon him. He had fallen into the habit, therefore, for years, of prosing to himself about this unknown mother of Dick's, and lavishing it upon her, set apart, as she was, from others by a great crime and a great punishment.

Dick, jumping over the fences of the marsh, looked at the affair in a different light. It was not an uncommon thing, he knew, out in the world, for a certain class of children to be put out of the way; he might be thankful that he had not been disposed of in a more summary fashion. And Master Dick was quite aware of the loss to the world if he had been choked off prematurely in his cradle. He had not done badly with his life so far, beginning as the charity child of a poor crab-fisher; what with a turn as peddler, photographer, school and books at every moment that could be spared from work, and now his oyster and clam farms, in which he had at last become master and director of other men.

"The land belongs to the man with money," he had told Inskip, "but the water to the man with wit to use it."

Dick's course brought him to the river again, which made a sudden turn, as sharp as a V. The sun was down by this time. The cedars, gray with their gummy berries, began to gloom in the cool shadows. There was a bar of rippling, golden light across the water. On the yellow sands a woman was picking up bits of kelp. Dick went up to her.

"It dries into different shades of brown, they tell me," said she, by way of good evening.

"Very likely. I don't know. It makes poor manure. Though I have an idea," kicking it critically, "if the essence was extracted—as they do with moss-bunkers." Dick stopped with an awkward laugh. For the first time in

his life, perhaps, it occurred to him that the wisdom and information with which he was brimful was overflowing inopportunistly, though the girl's soft eyes were fixed on him attentively.

"What does she know of moss-bunkers or manure either?" sitting down to watch her. The dark water behind her slowly kindled into a sheet of pale color—subdued pink and violet; a blue heron swooped down black and sharp over the glassy surface, and was gone; the locusts droned on in an unknown tongue their song of sleep and summer. Her walk up and down the beach was leisurely and drowsy; the soft brown bathing-dress clung to her rounded limbs; there was an edge of scarlet about her full white throat and uncoiled hair; now and then she held up a weed or shell, asking him to praise it with her smiling, appealing eyes. The woman and all that she owned were made to be praised and petted, Dick thought, with a novel compassionate swelling at his heart, which he had never given before to any helpless baby. The opaline water, the heaps of ash-colored kelp, the unseen wailing sea, were only manure and fishing-ground to Dick; but the sense of beauty, the new feeling of rest akin to pain which came to old Inskip through them, had reached this full-blooded dogmatic young fellow through the girl, for the first time in his life. Dick's life threatened to be a stifling chamber of trade and barter; but there would be one crack at least through which the light could creep that lay in broad, unpriced sunshine about some other men.

Dick was ready enough in dealing with men; he had a simple downright habit of knowing his rights, and taking them, which blunted the sharpest New York traders; but of women and society he knew no more than he did of babies; looked, indeed, upon them as denizens of an overgrown nursery. He did not notice that the dress which clung to this woman was of delicate make and stuff, as high-bred and æsthetic a triumph in its way as a fine picture. He knew that she was one of the city people who came down for a whim to tent on the beach. Two or three days before he had found her too far out in Inskip's boat, trying to crab, and had waded out and pulled her to shore, explaining her mistake as they

went. "I am Richard Dort," he said, as he climbed up, dripping, on the bank to help her out.

She looked at him. She had been going to thank him, but she only said instead, "I am Romaine Vaux," and went on to the tent. Miss Vaux's eyes looked at everybody with the same babyish soft appeal; but the peculiarity about them was that you could not shake them off when she was gone. They stayed with Dick oddly; he fancied them steady and searching; weighing, labelling him at his value. Richard had met her once or twice since, and they had talked of the fishing and marl.

It was growing dark when she tied her kelp into a bundle; the jelly-fish, in luminous blobs, rose here and there in the sheet of dark water, kernels of soft white fire. "I must go home," she said.

It seemed quite natural to Richard to walk beside her, and he did it naturally, as few city-bred men would have the art to do. To be sure, she was not like the raw-boned women he knew, in their sleazy pink calicoes, but as for any difference of rank between her and them, it never occurred to him that there was any. He was a man, and they were women; that was all there was about it.

They came in sight of the tents. Natasqua beach was the fashion that summer in the New York set to which the Vaux's belonged. There was a gay little camp on the sands, beside a cottage in which boarders were taken.

"That is my father's—Major Vaux's—tent, beside which the fire is burning."

"I will give the Colonel some hints, then, about building his fire to leeward," said Dick. Miss Vaux smiled and nodded to the strollers they met, who glanced furtively at the young crab-fisher beside her, with his bare feet and cool, good-humored swagger. Dick, meanwhile, was wondering if his mother was among any of these groups. She was most probably a servant or housekeeper, whom some of these city people had brought down. What if she were to come out and proclaim the shame of his birth before Romaine? He had not felt before how the girl had embodied to him all there was of chasteness and modesty in the world.

"I think I will go back," he said, stopping short, a fierce throb at his heart.

"I want you to go on with me," with an amused twist in her babyish mouth. She had told her stepmother that very afternoon about Dick. She told her everything; colored, altered, lied a little sometimes to amuse the meagre, anxious little woman, who found it such hard work for her tired legs to keep step with that corps of heavy dragoons—Major Vaux and his four sons.

"The crab-fisher, after he had dragged me to land, told me his name quite as if we had been equals," she had said; "and I began to think we were."

"You ought to be careful, Romy," piped Mrs. Vaux. "Your dear father might not like such an acquaintance. He could not possibly make any use of a man like that. Could he?"

Romy made no answer. She held her stepmother's hand between her own plump pink palms, stroking it. The thin, blue-nailed fingers were loaded with showy rings. Mrs. Vaux, who would have been draped in drab if she had her way, wore an inexplicable clothing of scarlet and green flying fringes, tassels, an Arab mantle, wisps of false hair hanging dishevelled, according to the highest art of the coiffeur, about her lean rasped face.

"Do you like this costume, Romy?" she said, anxiously. "It was one of those your dear father designed himself, and ordered from Storm. He said the colors would suit the clear sky to-day."

"Nothing in it is so becoming as your wearing it, mother," she said gently. "How was Storm paid, by-the-by?"

"In puffs, my dear. Oh, very well paid, of course!" eagerly. "You did not think your father was still in debt to him? He wrote a copy of verses for the *Family Journal* on Storm's show-rooms, and embodied descriptions of two of my costumes in letters from Long Branch and Newport. Oh, he was amply remunerated! You would not allow your father to design one dress for you?"

"I did not need any," dryly. "But to return to my crab-fisher," with a sudden gayety that seemed a little forced.

"Here is your father coming!" with a

breathless pass of her hand over flounces and wisps of hair. I must tell him the circumstance, Romy. It is intolerable to him if we do not place confidence in him." Romy, who dared not send a pair of stockings to the laundress without the gallant Major's knowledge, nodded. A large florid man with English side-whiskers advanced with a military step up the beach.

"Major," fluttered Mrs. Vaux, "Romy tells me—"

"My love! one moment!" with a bland wave of the hand. "If you *would* say, 'My dear Major!' We are now among strangers, in the very eye of the public, as I might say. Our private life is liable to be commented on by reporters and correspondents at any moment. Why not make its beauty apparent, then?"

"Oh yes, certainly, dear Major. I was going to say—"

"Of your affection I have no doubt." The Major's trombone voice was in full wind now, and rolled in triumph up and down. "Why should it not, then, be manifest to others? 'Love is a creature of such heavenly birth'—you doubtless recall the remainder of the quotation. You were about to remark, my dear wife?"

Mrs. Vaux always spoke to her husband in a shrill frightened falsetto, which was timed now to high-pressure speed by his rebuke. She managed to jerk out the story of Romy's adventure in half a dozen incomplete sentences. "I was afraid the young man might presume on it to call," she ended lamely.

"I shall be heartily glad to see him. Heartily!" and from his puffy white hands and broad expanse of purple waistcoat to his bloated rolling voice, he was the very impersonation of oppressive hospitality. "Let us come in contact with the people. The very dregs of the people, if you choose, as in this case. You never have understood my principle, my love. I am glad that Romaine does, and is willing to join with her brothers and myself, at last. The more we come in contact with the people, the better for ourselves and our business. Socially, our position is impregnable. Vaux & Sons, who command the advertising patronage of one hundred daily

journals, can afford to meet any social Pariah. We hold the public by the ear, as it were, like an overgrown donkey, and lead it where we will. Our rank is higher than money, Frances. We are of the blood-royal of intellect."

"Yes, I'm sure I understand, Major."

The Major could not bear interruption in an oration. "I am very sure that you don't," testily. "I would embrace in charity, as it were, all human beings. There is no knowing which of them may need a newspaper. We can go out to meet this crab-fisher, for instance; not, of course, as an intelligent being, such as Judge Parker, who can push us as vehicles for government advertising, or any of our Congressional friends. But the inferior orders of God's creatures also were made to be of use. The sheep gives us wool, the cow beef, and this young man—"

"May give an advertisement," added his daughter.

"Precisely," turning his glaring topaz ring leisurely in the sun. "What's o'clock, Romaine?"

Now Mrs. Vaux knew by instinct that the aristocratic Major already rebelled against longer companionship in his thoughts with this fishy inferior, and made divers grimaces to warn Romy of the peril she was in. But the girl stumbled on for want of something to say.

"One peculiarity about him I did not tell you, mother; his name."

"I do not perceive, my daughter," he interrupted, "how the name of persons of this class can concern us. If they advertise—well. But their names or habits are matters into which I should no more be tempted to examine than those of the slugs or these very unpleasant beetles who torment us at night."

"But the name was peculiar," persisted Romy. "I never knew any family of the same, mother, but yours. You, at least, ought to be civil to the man."

Was it the cold sea mist, or fear of her husband, that gave the meek little woman's rouged face that sudden chilled look? Her voice, too, had lost its ordinary scared quaver, and sounded unnaturally quiet and controlled.

"What is his name?"

"Dort; your own. Richard Dort."

"It is very improbable," blustered the Major, angrily. "Your stepmother's unusual name bears inherent evidence to the good blood and breeding of her family. If this fellow has it he has stolen it, that's all."

While the Major fumed and clucked about, his wife got up and went up the beach. He scowled after her through his eye-glasses. In town she dared not violate his rules by going off the two squares' aristocratic beat. But his face relaxed as he watched her fluttering figure zig-zagging over the sands. "Your mother is fond of solitary walks here in the country. They are hardly *en règle*. But the world may ascribe them to a love of Nature. And if it does not,—let her have her own way!" with a gulp. "Curse the world! Are we to be tied neck and heels by it?"

Late as it was when his daughter brought Dort that evening, Mrs. Vaux had not yet returned. The Major marched pompously up and down, watching the manufacture of some oyster *rissoles* in the fire by the black cook. He wore an amazing sea-side costume of his own devising, part sailor and part brigand, unprecedentedly embroidered and baggy. He rolled in his walk as though on quarter-deck.

The sight of him woke Dick with a shock out of a queer drowse into which he had fallen. The twilight, the lapping water, the soft steps pit-a-pat with his own, the contact, light as a breath, with the womanly form beside him, had touched him as so many magnetic fingers, bringing him like the clairvoyant into a new world of both facts and fancies.

A wife? Of course he must marry. And this—this was the first woman he had ever known. As for the fish-girls of the coast, he saw now how strong an infusion of the man and animal there was in them. Looking at Romy, with his dominant masculine eye, he counted her as won. Dick had domestic instincts, a big affectionate nature, and usually—his own way. He was shrewd enough to see that, in the gross, his education was better than the girl's. What obstacles could there be in the way? Why not marry her as soon as he had money enough?

Clearly, Dick knew the world no better

than any other young cub with its eyes not yet fully opened.

If he felt for a moment that there was nobody in the world than he, the man, and she, the woman, the portly apparition of Major Vaux promptly disabused him of the idea.

"My father, Mr. Dort, Major Vaux."

The Major's prompt effusive greeting was a novel experience to Richard. To a well-bred man it would have been overglossed and stagey; Dick, it bewildered and daunted. In a moment he found himself whisked into the tent, and before a *beaufet* covered with liquors. There was a glitter of silver presentation-cups with flattering inscriptions; there was exquisitely shaped glass; there were wines, crimson, amber, purple, of whose names even Dick had never heard.

"Dry or wet, Mr. Dort? Indifferent, eh? Adolph, a hock-glass! You see us in the rough, sir, in the rough! We find it good once in the year to loose ourselves from the trammels of state and fashion and throw ourselves upon the bosom of Mother Nature. Hence, our tent, our couch of skins, our barbaric cookery."

Dick held the gold-edged glass to his lips, his keen eyes glancing over it. If this was their barbaric life, what kind of world did these people have about them in town? It was as far removed from poor Dick as Al Raschid's palace, and the Major's urbanity drove that bitter truth home on him with every bow and grimace. Shrewd Dick felt too that they would not have dragged an equal in to drink at the first moment of acquaintance. It was to an animal or inferiors they would offer the hospitality of victuals instead of ideas.

A gentleman from another tent, a Mr. Langton, strolled over, and Dick had leisure to compare his own treatment with that of this stranger, who belonged to their own caste and culture. The Major probed Dick's specialties of knowledge, oyster-planting and the like; applied his pump, and speedily drained him dry. He got material enough in half an hour to work up into one magazine article and two leaders.

"When you are sufficiently prepared to bring your business formally into notice, I

will do what I can for you, young man," he said, summing up the matter and, in effect, dismissing him. "Vaux & Sons are the great advertising agents for the East. They command three hundred daily journals. We hold the public by the ear, Mr. Langton," with a puffy laugh, "as it were an overgrown donkey, and lead it where we will."

"And you ride the beast hard, Vaux?"

"Ah! now you do me too much credit! But I tell you," putting the topaz-ringed finger confidentially on the other man's breast—"I tell you—Romaine, my child, explain to Mr. Dort the machinery of Adolph's *cuisine*. You may find some useful hints there for your life in the swamps, sir. I was going to remark, Langton, as soon as we were rid of the young man, that there's no beast so profitable as the public, and no way of drawing the best juices from it like that of the newspaper. Make up your mind to put your capital in with ours, sir, and try it. What do I want?" falling into oratorical swing. "A house on the Hudson? A place in the Customs for my son? A coat? Jewelry for Madam Vaux? I apply my fingers to the beast, in the shape of a puff, and it gives me the best it has; forces it on me! Why, sir, my cellars are filled with wines such as Stewart could not buy. I have eight pictures of Mrs. Vaux in my drawing-room, by the best artists. I have her as a peasant, St. Cecilia, Andromeda chained to the rock, and four other appropriate conceptions. I felt it my duty to Art to preserve her face before it faded." There was an odd touch of natural feeling in his tone, just here.

"You have no portrait of your daughter?" asked Langton, who had been one of that young lady's suitors.

"Of Romaine?" indifferently, "No. She is a good girl. Sound sense, sir, sound. But as to beauty, compared to Mrs. Vaux!—However, the child is well enough." It occurred to him suddenly that now was a good opportunity to give Langton his quietus. With all his money he was no match for Miss Vaux. "Yes, Romy is well enough. With my power in the press I can open circles to her where she will make a brilliant marriage. One match commanding political power is now in my eye. So

it goes, sir. The newspaper rules in trifles or matters of life and death. One hour it overthrows a dynasty, the next I go into the best French barber's in New York, and say 'I am Vaux of the press,' and he leaves me,"—with triumphant gesture over his dyed hair and moustache—"a work of art! And does not charge a penny!"

There was a pause in which Langton, a clever man of the world, managed to put his chagrin out of sight. "Where is Miss Vaux?"

"In her tent. She has shaken off the crab-man, I see," looking through his eye-glass at Dick, shirking off with his head down, across the sands.

"Romaine has certain democratic proclivities which make her the fittest member of the family to deal with that class. We leave them to her."

An hour or two later, Adolph's miracles of art were placed on the round table under the tent. One or two tiger-skins formed a carpet; Mrs. Vaux wore another costume yet more redolent than the last of the sea; the Major and his four sons were in strict sailor rig; the Major himself had fastened a white gull's wing in Romy's jetty hair. "We celebrate our repose upon the bosom of Mother Nature by such trifling rites as these," he told each of the three Congressmen who were bidden to dinner in turn as they arrived. The Major often made a successful point in his life-long game of euchre by picturesque dinners, aided by his inimitable wines. He described Dick, his capability and conceit, with a few keen touches. "One is astounded at the amount of power running to waste in the lower orders of men and animals," nodding philosophically. "You did not see the young man, my dear?"

Mrs. Vaux was brushing a moth away from her plate, and did not answer directly. "I met him on the sands," she said. "He did not know me."

The Major's face heated angrily. "If you had been here he would not have known *you*, my dear. The children and I may amuse ourselves with such persons, but they never are allowed to annoy you by contact." The children, Romy included, belonged to

the Major's early days of poverty and obscurity. But the meek scared little woman, the last of the Dorts, whom he had married late in life, was as a Grand Lama to him. She was the cap and crown of his social success; she embodied all his claims on gentility and fashion. Besides, he had, in the mite of a heart hidden somewhere under the purple waistcoat and yellow seals and paunchy breast, a queer aching fondness for the woman, as a woman. He did his best now to show her off before Mr. Coles (then the Secretary of the Interior), who was their guest for the first time. When, at long intervals, she chirped out some small platitude, he looked round triumphantly, inwardly delighted, as though it were an epigram of the purest water. He noted her uneven breathing, and the deep daubs of rouge on her cheek-bones, and signified anxiously, by grimaces and nods to Romy, that one of her mother's headaches was coming on. When she fell into absolute silence he quoted her, supplying her with emotions, wit, and logic, *ad libitum*.

"Four fine boys, did you say, Mr. Coles?" with a sweep of his hand to the young men. "Not bad, sir, not bad! Mrs. Vaux overrates them, however. She must have them all about her in the home-nest. She gives them little significant names when we are alone. This cub, Newcastle (dramatic critic on the *Age*), is her Bayard; John, to your right (local on the *Standard*), is her Philip Sidney; George, who does the religious reporting for several of the New York papers, she calls Melancthon; and Porter—" The Major drained his glass, his invention suddenly collapsing. "Porter's sobriquet I have forgotten. He is my secretary in the advertising business. But it instances a mother's folly, Mr. Coles. We know the weaknesses of a mother's heart."

"Not a mother in reality?" said Mr. Coles, politely. "I need but look in Mrs. Vaux's youthful face to know these stalwart fellows are only yours by adoption, madam."

"Only by adoption," she said, smiling faintly.

"You have none of your own?"

Mrs. Vaux was raising a glass of wine to her mouth as he spoke. She held it there a moment untasted, and set it down again.

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"No. I have no child," she said.

Mr. Coles was in the middle of one of his best anecdotes a minute later (and all the world knows what a famous story-teller he was) when the Major cried out shrilly, "What is it, Frances? Romaine, your mother!"

But Romy had her arm about her mother before he spoke to her. "No, she is not dying"—to the frightened men. "Her head troubles her at times. We will take her outside."

They carried the meagre figure out, and laid her on the sands. The brilliant wax-lights within the door of the tent flamed down on the frosted silver and red wine, and the gay tiger-robos. Outside a horned spectral moon hung low over the waste of black water, and the stretch of gray beach disappearing in the night on either side. Far off in the marshes, where the night was, a man walked, watching as he went the red beam of light streaming out from the tent, and the ghost-like figures moving about it. His feet sunk deep in the mud; an army of moths and grasshoppers rose from the sedge before him, the gnats stung him furiously. These people belonged to a world of ease and refinement and culture, of whose existence he had never even heard until to-night. The gulf between him and them was broad as that which lay between Dives and Lazarus. He saw that clearly now.

CHAPTER II.

MR. LANGTON kept an observant eye on Miss Vaux's comings-in and goings-out. He soon discovered that the young crab-fisher was oddly associated with them. If she was belated in her solitary explorations among the cranberry bogs, Dort was sure to discover her and bring her home; if she ventured too far out in her boat, it was Dort's seines she ran into, and he paddled her to shore out of self-defence; when she came back from the hills, it was Dort who followed behind, a beast of burden loaded with lichen or moss.

Langton, being one of those men who dribble out every fear or fancy to the first passer-by, ran with the matter to Coles. "There's an attachment there," he cried, "take my word for it. There's an attachment. The

romance of the thing—solitary nills—sea. These chance meetings have bewildered her.”

“Nonsense! Why, I know that young lady, Langton; she is a lady. There is not a drop of her blood that belongs to the Vaux breed. She is delicate and refined beyond most women. And this fellow is a vulgar crab-man, I think you told me? Red shirt—bare legs—toes for clams, eh?”

“N-no.” Langton hesitated thoughtfully. “He has a certain amount of culture; a heterogeneous mass of book-learning, with utter ignorance of society. I can understand the attraction the fellow has for her. There is a genial, downright straightforwardness in his manner that had an odd charm in it even to me, and Romaine Vaux has lived on sham and varnish until one would think her soul loathed it.”

Coles laughed. “That’s true. The Major is certainly the cursedest —, but sharp as a steel trap under all his weakness. He would have smelled the rat in the arras in this affair, if there were any there. He keeps a keen watch on Romaine. She is his right bower. He means to play her some day, and win.”

“I know it. But that very idea blinds him. He talks of Dort as a sort of hireling whom Miss Vaux employs. ‘I hope you remunerate the man for rowing you about,’ he said to-day. ‘Bring him up and I’ll give him a bottle or so of ale, if you don’t care to spare money. These water-rats ’long-shore drink like fish,’ he added, turning to me. No. He sees nothing.”

“There’s nothing to see. It’s all your jealousy, Langton. Miss Vaux is a pure, sweet girl—a good deal too clear-sighted to throw herself into the gutter in that fashion.”

Mr. Coles strolled away, and Langton turned toward the Vaux tent. “Sweet?” Oh! there was no doubt of her amiability, poor Langton thought bitterly. It hid her, and kept unwelcome intruders off from her as effectually as would plate armor. But what the deuce was she thinking of under the sweetness? “There she is,” he muttered, “just the same, with her pleasant laugh and gentle, soft glances, whether she refuses to marry me, or sits listening to the Major toadying one man and

bragging to the next. By George! what gall and wormwood that must be for the girl to drink! I don’t wonder she is ready to fling herself to the first honest crab-fisher that comes along, to be rid of it.”

He was resolved to move in the matter at once—but how? A word to old Vaux would be effectual, but Langton was loath to put the girl in her father’s power; he had a fancy that with all the Major’s purring softness he had tigerish claws. “He has no affection for anything under God’s heaven but his wife,” he thought. Mrs. Vaux? Hillo! There was a chance! Langton quickened his steps to the tent. The woman has common sense, he thought; he could appeal to her without risk.

Mrs. Vaux was sitting on a pile of the tiger-skins at the door of the tent when he came up; netting, as usual, with breathless eagerness at some gaudy enormity of zephyr and beads. She manufactured such quantities of these pouches and caps, that the steel needles seemed to have grown a part of her fingers. The money she made (for they were sold secretly) the Major deposited in bank for her, and refused to touch, no matter how close to starvation they were pushed sometimes. “It is your mother’s little secret,” he would say gently to the Vaux boys. “Let her keep it. Some deed of holy charity, doubtless.”

She looked up smiling when Langton approached. When the Major was out of sight, the scared little woman had a certain timid dignity of her own, very winning and pleasant.

He took a seat on the skins at her feet. “I came to speak to you in reference to Miss Vaux, madam.”

Mrs. Vaux bowed and straightened her thoughts and her thread, with a sly amused glance at the young man. If Romy’s lovers came for information from her, they would find she could fence and parry and guard the child’s secrets as well as any man of them all. It was like the ghost of one of her own old love-affairs coming back. Her thin cheek grew red and her blue eye sparkled.

“You know this young man, Dort, doubtless, Mrs. Vaux?”

Mrs. Vaux turned sharply and looked at him.

"Dort? You came to talk to me of him?"

"And of your daughter. The subjects are the same, unfortunately. Can you give me your attention for a moment?"

"Dort, you said? I have never seen him. I have been in the tent and heard his voice. But I have never looked at him. Never."

"You feared Major Vaux would dislike it, probably?" Gently, for the inexplicable agitation of the poor lady touched him. Was Vaux such a tyrant, that the mere thought of his annoyance could so shake the woman? She had recovered herself, measurably, however, before she answered him.

"I have no fear of displeasing my husband. I have never wronged him knowingly—not in the least trifle," with a steady countenance, but for a queer quaver in her chin. "Of what did you say you came to talk to me, Mr. Langton?"

"I won't detain you long. It is a matter in which I fear you will think I have no concern." He drew closer to her, and lowered his voice.

CHAPTER III.

MR. LANGTON had ended his conference. Mrs. Vaux sat for a while on the tiger-skins, fingering the heaps of purple worsted and steel beads in her lap. The gaudy things had filled a miserable, pathetic part in her life. She was thinking about them rather than the story he told her. Since she was a pink-faced, coquettish little chit, it had been Fanny Dort's habit to seize on the trifles of life, and keep as far as she could out of the great currents of love or passion and right or wrong. She got up and went down the beach in search of Romaine, trying to think of the turtles and frogs down in the sedge, or the blue dragonflies flashing in the evening light over the black gullies she crossed. But in spite of herself she went back to that day—that one day which had put meaning and strength into her shallow life when she was a girl; when from noon till dark her baby, her own baby, lay on her bosom. A single short half-day! They took him away the next. But she fan-

cied the fat little hand was fumbling now about her neck, and could feel the milk throb again in her withered breasts, on which a child had never lain since then. She went over it all. How when they told her the boy was dead, as well as its father, she had gone, flirting and giddy, into the world she lived in now—fastened herself in. It was a world made up of the Major, and cheap finery, and a footsore tagging after fashionable people, and puffery, and perpetual brag. She, too, had learned to brag in her piping way; and to gape at and imitate the habits of her betters, as the Major called their richer neighbors. When the time came that she found her child still lived, she had nothing left her to do but to sit and chafe year after year at the intangible meshes which she had woven, that kept her from him, inflexible as chains of steel, and to net and crochet hideous finery to make money to send him. In the midst of her tawdry fashion and eternal pleasure-going, the soul of the weak little body dwelt alone and kept silence, as in darkness and the shadow of death. Other women held their children close to their lives—dirty greenbacks were all that were left her with which to touch or reach hers. She stretched out her hands now over the wide beach with a cry. She had come there, not hoping she would have courage to claim him, but thinking she might look at him once, perhaps find his steps in the sand, and put her own feet in them. "I must call those great Vaux men my sons," she cried feebly, "give them pet names; and when my own boy stands without the tent, I dare not look at him!"

She saw Romaine coming, and tried to be cool, and reason with herself what was best to be done. If Langton's story was true, and Major Vaux should discover the hold Dort had upon his daughter, the whole truth must come out.

"He must be told that he is my son!" Mrs. Vaux stopped short. "My son!" Her shrivelled heart swelled for the moment to the measure of a true woman's. Romy was very dear to her: all that was bright and real in her life had belonged to the girl. "My son and Romy, man and wife?" After all, there were such things as love and sincer-

ity, and actual happiness! She had missed them; but here they were!

But the Major? How would she come to him with her shame? And the Vaux boys? And their set on Fifteenth street? How could the Major tell them that his wife was a mother instead of a maid when he married her? "They would cut him at once! And he's been so long getting into society! They might overlook it, though," pausing hopefully. "There was that story of the Kart-rights was worse. But Richard is only a crab-fisher! and Mr. Langton has seen him bare-legged!" She stopped again, pulling desperately at a wisp of false hair until it came out. Romy, coming up, laughed at her mother while she kissed her, and began to set her to rights. But the little woman was worn-out with the life-long battle going on within her between love and sham: or, if you choose, God and the devil.

The tears stood in her eyes. "It's that braid I got at Bury's. He charged me fifty dollars, and it's nothing but combings. But it's not the hair!" she sobbed. "It's all alike! I and all the rest of it—false and a cheat!"

Romy put her strong arm about her mother, and walked gravely beside her until she stopped sobbing.

"Now, come on!" she said. The girl had a sudden idea. Her tanned cheek reddened and her eyes blazed. They turned their backs on the uneasy tide and entered a pine forest. Their feet sank noiseless and deep in the brown needles; the soft sunset light shone tranquilly through the aisles of gray trunks; a spider swung drowsily across the path, the web gleaming like a red hair; there were low bay bushes here and there, whose leaves, crushed under their feet, filled the air with a pungent, reviving scent; dusty-winged moths flew lazily through the arching, dusky green roof overhead.

"It is as still and solemn as a church," cried Mrs. Vaux. They came out of the forest presently into an apple orchard, in the middle of which stood a large house built of logs, as gray and feathery with lichen as the living trees. There was no living thing in

sight, but two or three cows staring gravely out of their enclosure. The sunshine here was broad and unimpeded; so full of life, that a wisp of dull smoke from the chimney turned into a brilliant crimson cloud in it, and drifted over the sky; the old trees in the orchard had that curious friendly welcoming air which trees that generations of children have climbed always have; now and then an over-ripe apple dropped with a thud upon the grass; the house-door stood wide open, and inside a wood fire burned on a broad hearth. Romy led her mother in.

"It is an old fisherman who lives here with his son. I come to see him sometimes, when the son is away. He is a good friend of mine."

"But the door is open."

"They never shut it, I believe, day or night," laughed Romy. She pulled a chair near the fire and placed her mother in it, so that she could look out of doors and yet be warmed.

"But it's a very peculiar habit not to shut a door," dribbled Mrs. Vaux. "It must be a great relief to have the idea of burglars and pickpockets struck out of the world. I spend so much time thinking of them."

Her clothes, which were damp, were drying already; a pleasant drowsy warmth relaxed her lean body; the fire leaped and crackled, and fell in soft gray ashes; outside the sun shone. A row of purple hollyhocks edged the fence; some chickens came pecking at the fallen red apples; a sparrow hopped among them unmolested. The room was large, the walls stained a clear gray; it was kept in that certain order dear to an old maid or a skilled mechanic. There were crab-nets and lobster-pots and guns at one end, a dresser with dishes at the other, and a great book-case full of books. Mrs. Vaux could read their titles from where she sat. "He must be a scholarly fisherman," she said.

They sat quiet for a long time. Purposely, Romy did not break the cheerful silence. Mrs. Vaux's feeble inconsequent brain received impressions as readily as a shallow pool of water, which has no color of its own. Besides, she had been tired for many years; this was a different rest from any she had ever known.

"This is a different life from ours. One is quite shut off from the world here," she said. "I suppose now, a woman who lived here would never know in all her life if skirts were worn *bouffante* or plain, and the men would never need to advertise or take a newspaper. Dear, dear!"—with a sigh of relief, "The furniture is dreadfully out of date, Romy, but it's very comfortable."

"It's all paid for," said Romy, dryly; and then, angry at her own acrid tone, she hurried on, talking to fill the silence. "There's a great deal of hard work done here. But they live out of the woods and rivers, you understand. That is the way the great quiet comes. It's a curious sensation to take food which costs nothing, right from Nature's hand."

"It must be, indeed; no butchers' bills. Small tradesmen are so exacting; and no advertising, as I said. But your old fisherman is dreadfully rough, I suppose. Very unlike your father."

"He is very unlike my father."

A quick, decisive step was heard crunching the dry grass outside. "Here he is," said Romy. "But no!" rising hastily with a blush of annoyance and pleasure, "it is his son. I thought he was out of the way to-day."

The man came up whistling. There was a moment's pause, in which Mrs. Vaux gave a rapid glance about the room, at the nets in the corner, and the books; then a terrified gleam of comprehension came into her face. She got up, steadying herself by the mantel-shelf as he came nearer, calling to a dog that followed him. When she first heard his voice she turned, looking wildly from side to side for some chance to escape, and then she suddenly stood still.

The boy she had lost twenty-five years ago was coming back to her. She held out her trembling hands.

"What is the matter, mother?" said Romy quietly. "It is only Richard Dort."

(To be continued.)

THE BONDAGE OF THE PULPIT.

THE average American pulpit of to-day is not wanting in talent. The standard of capacity among ministers is fully as high as it is among the men of other intellectual vocations. The average American pulpit of to-day is not wanting in eloquence. For good speaking, our preachers might confidently dispute the palm with their peers of the great rival estates of oratory—the bar, the forum, and the senate. Our pulpit is not wanting in learning. Ministers are at least as widely conversant with the things that are known as are the members of any profession. The clergy are themselves creditably represented by specialists in some departments; and specialists in all departments would concede that they are quite as likely to find intelligent audience for their facts and their inductions among clergymen, as among the ranks of any cultivated class outside their own particular guild. Our pulpit is not wanting in skill of versatile adjustment and in thrifty knowledge of the world. Preachers are hardly less studious nowadays than journalists of current social, political,

and national events. The sermon registers, almost as sensitively as the article, the transient state of the public temper. Our pulpit is not wanting in industry. It is not wanting in practical and popular philanthropy. It is not wanting in piety. The pulpit has its deficiency, but its deficiency lies elsewhere. What it lacks is the spirit of aggression, readiness to take the offensive, enterprise to attack. It lacks initiative—Prussianism—pluck. It fortifies and arms. It organizes and counts. It parades and reviews. It marches and counter-marches. It reconnoitres and skirmishes. It issues proclamations and bulletins. But it forgets its objective, or dreads it. SIN goes unrebuked. Precisely at this point our pulpit is wanting. Samson here consents to be bound.

But no wonder. It requires a rare temper of soul to qualify one to be a Hebrew prophet. There is something in the universal atmosphere of this moral frame of things without us and within us, that strangely works to relax the tone and tension of that moral austerity

which seems necessary for the office, even if a man happens to have been born with it. But not many men are born with it. There are plenty of us critical enough by our mental constitution. There are plenty of us observant enough by natural habit. There are plenty of us censorious enough by our moral disposition. But there are almost none of us that, to these indispensable, though vulgar qualifications, unite at once the dauntless faith, the tireless industry, the inexorable vicarious conscience, the generous self-sacrifice, and, above all, the high audacity, the long tenacity, of will, which must bestead the man who volunteers to become a prophet of God, to denounce their sins to his fellows. It is not sufficient that a man win the individual victory of immovable moral steadfastness for himself alone. No mere and bare ascendancy over his personal temptation will serve him here. He must win an abundant victory. His ascendancy must overflow with an ample surplusage. He is conquering for a whole congregation—a whole community—of beleaguered souls. Nay, before he conquers for them, he must even conquer them. He is not to be Michael until he has first been Abdiel. It is comparatively easy, in the cloistered quiet of his study, having drunk deep of the tonic power of prayer, and been braced by communion with the dead heroes of an unquenchable testimony in his Bible, for the pastor to acquire that finely attempered moral state which would make him equal to almost any task of endurance—*then and there*. But that same invincible Stephen of the study shall hardly have ascended his pulpit to confront the dread assembly of those against whom he has just received a message of fidelity to deliver, but the tense heroic temper that had made steel of his nerves, and calmed all the river of his blood to a swift and even flow, will feel some secret influence dissolving it, and resistlessly reducing him to the level of conscious moral likeness to his peers. That was a profound forecast of what he needed, when the sad prophet of the Lamentations was warned, on receiving an unwelcome errand for his wayward brethren, not to be dismayed at their *FACES*.

It is the very last summit of moral valor—

a summit to which few among the sons of men can climb—to stand, without support from anger or from acrimony, unabashed and unelated, with no agitation whatever of the ineffable serene of the spirit—and there, abating naught of the burden in matter or by manner, in the imminent living presence of the wrong-doers, denounce the wrong.

Yet this is no inconsiderable function of the office of the pulpit, as prophetic vindicator of righteousness, and prophetic arraigner of sin. It becomes an era in the history of the Church, and if so an era in the history of the world, when a great preacher, like Elijah, like John the Baptist, like Novatian, like Savonarola, like Luther, like John Knox, appears, who, not merely once in a while, raised by a rare occasion, but habitually, borne upward by the irrepressible buoyancy of his own spirit within him, and by the translating power of God, breathes in this severer moral atmosphere, and walks on these overtopping moral heights. It is an event in the experience of an ordinary human life, to hear the rapt seraphic testimony of a preacher whom, for that single sermon, perhaps, in the whole history of his pulpit career, the spirit of Almighty God has caught up to some seventh heaven of apocalyptic moral vision, whence, as from Mount Sinai, in the voice of thunder and with the tongue of the lightning, he launches down the flaming bolt of his speech upon a bared, a scathed, a kindling sin, embodied before him.

Most persons, we suppose, will agree that the regular attendants at the Sunday services of the average religious congregation of the day generally listen to preaching pitched in a very different key from this. The minister, if he be of the better, that is to say, the staid and sober type, and not exceptional by genius or by spiritual fervor, probably torpifies you with the ten-thousandth iteration of some doctrine desiccated to the very dust of death from among the intense vitalities of the New Testament; or else he gently hums his tune about some point of abstract ethics, which the unearthly manner of the man seems all the while, as in a dream, to remove immeasurably far away from any effectual contact with the human daily life that is throbbing, and sinning, and suffering, and perishing innumera-
bly

around him. If, on the other hand, your minister be of the progressive type, he does differently and worse. He takes the same mummy doctrine, perhaps, which his brother preacher had reverently wrapped around with one pious swaddle more, and reverently laid away to its immemorial sleep again—the sensation preacher takes this supposititious doctrine, and with much ostentation of his pride in emancipated thought, shreds it vehemently to tatters, and puffs the residuous dust of it in his hearers' eyes—and in his own. Meanwhile, the immortal doctrine itself, rooted in the heart of the Lord and bearing fruit in the life of His Church, maintains its youth and strength, maugre them both. Quite as likely, again, the "advanced" preacher selects a "live" subject, a theme for the times, for his discourse, and beats about his impertinent hour in a point-no-point dissertation on the "woman question," the "labor movement," the "Franco-Prussian war," or some other such secular matter that he found in his newspaper (and had better left there)—topic and treatment. There are honorable and notable exceptions; but such is the average American pulpit of the day. The Sinaitic thunder of its denunciation for sin sleeps. The sword that goeth out from its mouth has lost the bitterness of the edge of its rebuke.

And yet we institute no injurious comparison between the pulpit of the present and the pulpit of the past. We do not charge that the pulpit of the present is degenerate. We do not think that it is degenerate. It is not decay, it is deficiency, of severity and earnestness that we deplore. Our preachers' failure is not comparative failure, it is positive failure. The failure falls at the point where no doubt it has always fallen. It touches the most distinctive, most vital, and most arduous function of the prophetic office—the vigor of protest, the energy of rebuke.

We charge that the effrontery of sin stares through eyes that stand out with fatness, and with safe scorn vainly courts the Abdiel encounter that should make it quail. We do not mean that abstract sin does not get its due of faithful scoring. Ministers ever and anon exhaust the resources of their rhetoric in exhibiting its exceeding sinfulness. We do

not mean that the concrete sins of the transatlantics and the antipodes are not, from time to time, relentlessly exposed and wholesomely damned. What we mean is, that the concrete sins of the actual congregation, once sanctioned in open practice, generally enjoy a valid guaranty against rebuke from its pulpit. A bishop of the Roman Catholic Church dropped in to hear Hugh Latimer preach. Latimer was in the midst of his sermon; but he saw the bishop enter, and instantly changing his theme, drew an ideal picture of what a prelate should be. It was not Latimer's fault that his auditor's character did not correspond. It was an honestly-shotted and not a blank cartridge rebuke. It had an aim, and was not fired at random. It hit. But Hugh Latimer is dead.

Let us be fair. We frankly admit that the pulpit of the day does sometimes administer the semblance of rebuke. Not to do so much, would be too palpable an abdication of the authority of its office. The expectations of the audience, and the unsatisfied proprieties of the place and of the pastoral relation, demand it. But it is usually painful to a degree to assist as auditor at the ceremony. The manful starts to charge and the craven recoils, the missiles fairly aimed and faint-heartedly hurled short of their mark, the round rebuff that the next-door neighbor of the actual sin receives, the reprehension not well uttered till it is qualified or withdrawn, the thousand feints to strike and the continued suspense of the blow, and the long-drawn breath at last of mutual relief between preacher and hearer, when all is over and nobody is hurt—who does not recognize in this description the style of rebuke most common from the average pulpit of the time? Occasionally, indeed, the matter is managed differently. There will be a kind of implicit understanding between the pastor and his flock, that the pastor shall enjoy the privilege of clearing his skirts once in a while by what both parties pleasantly agree to call a "scolding" sermon. The pastor then uses great plainness of speech. If you are a stranger, you are amazed at the equanimity of the audience under such stinging reproofs. Nobody winces, but a merry wink belike of mutual intelligence is

tipped across from deacon to deacon and from brother to brother. At the close of the service the pastor beams his sunniest on his brethren at the hand-shaking, and very likely a little brisk raillery is exchanged between pastor and people about the sermon. The congregation go home talking with somewhat unusual animation. "Did you feel hit today?" asks one. "Not I," is the answer, "I heard for Brother Jones." "The pastor will feel better now for a while," says another. "Oh, yes, it does him good to free his mind." And sure enough, the following Sunday the pulpit weather is all bland May. The pastor is not going to be a one-idea preacher. He has presented that side of the subject, and now he will proceed to present the other. Accordingly his next sermon will with great precision neutralize the sermon just preached. There is no fighting it out on one line,—and the rebuke is rightly taken by those whom it concerns, if there are any such, in the Pickwickian instead of the apostolic sense. We repeat it with emphasis, that when sin is once snugly intrenched in the practice of a majority, or even of a decent minority, of a respectable Christian congregation, it is thenceforth in general safe from pulpit rebuke. The pulpit is dumb in the face of it; or the pulpit, if not dumb, chokes and mumbles its speech.

There are several reasons why this is so. Let us look at some of them.

In the first place, rebuke to the purpose presupposes moral courage in the person who gives it. Moral courage, as we have already said, is a rare gift among men. Ministers are men. Moral courage, therefore, is a rare gift among ministers. Ministers, as a class, are probably full peers with any class in moral courage. It would not be surprising if ministers as a class were superior in moral courage to any other class. Moral courage, wherever it exists, has a natural call to the ministry of the Gospel. We do not assert that the ministry of the Gospel has not its attractions, and even its special attractions, to slothful and cowardly souls. We think that it has. These attractions it is that recruit its ranks with the pastoral sluggards and the pulpit poltroons. But it is true, nevertheless, that wherever there is a man more nobly endowed

than his fellows with the self-forgetful spirit of readiness to confront and to challenge sin, there is a man in whom nature has done all that nature can do to make him a minister. Such select spirits here and there redeem their calling from the unbelieving world's contempt. They accumulate for their office that fund of popular esteem, from which so many of their brethren embezzle to squander with profligate recklessness. They are few, however, and we must reckon moral abjectness—a poverty of spirit by no means evangelical and by no means blessed—as foremost among the causes which sell the average pulpit into bondage.

And this want of moral courage among ministers exists where there is vehement need that moral courage should be present in extraordinary power. The severest censors of the pulpit for its moral deficiency will be likely to be those who have least considered the peculiarly hard conditions of the case. To maintain the function of rebuke in integrity and in energy, makes an overwhelming demand upon even the most abundant moral resources. Let it once be fairly considered what transcendent moral height, and what resilient moral nerve it presupposes in the man who is to stand up before a respectable and self-respecting congregation of his own equals, and neighbors, and virtual patrons, and there, eye to eye, without faltering a syllable, lecture them on their vicious practices! Between man and man alone this sheer fidelity is almost never found, except under the incitement of anger or of a wish to humiliate. To be thus faithful in a public relation, is an unspeakably exhausting drain upon the rarest, and costliest, and most precious moral forces with which God ever feeds a human soul. Spiritual power of this degree must be bought with a price. It is an effort of heroism which is never maintained but at the cost of days and nights of purifying prayer, and a long strain of purified life—and then generally, we believe, at the eventual sacrifice of bodily health. All that is in a man, and all that is of him, is, as it were, taken up and transformed and refined into this "bright consummate flower" of his being.

In the second place, the bondage of the

pulpit has an intellectual cause. It is not always primarily that ministers are not morally brave enough. It is often also first that they are not intellectually independent enough. These two points of personal infirmity are closer of kin than is commonly remembered. It requires moral courage to be intellectually independent, and it requires intellectual independence to be morally courageous. Evidently, if a man is to take a stand, it is important that he make up his mind where to take it. Uncertainty is weakness. Mistaken certainty is misapplied strength, but paltering uncertainty is helplessness itself. The question for settlement, be it remembered, is not usually one to which the answer is foregone. It is a question on which, though disinterested theoretical opinion, if it could be had, might be one, practice at least is divided. It is accordingly a question of apparent doubt. Here, for instance, is a social, or a business, or a political, usage which seems clearly wrong to the pastor. His unsophisticated moral sense springs to its condemnatory conclusion without pause. But he is staggered by seeing the usage a usage. It is established, it is respectable, it is many-lived. His imagination summons his congregation before him. Those well-dressed, respectable religious people patronize it. Innumerable doctors of divinity wink at it. It may be the question of temperance in drink. If so, some clever magazinist has just undertaken to show how beer-guzzling by the gallon is justified by the occult climatic reason in the case. It may be the question of lascivious spectacles. A graceful rhetorical casuist has courted the popular breeze for his sail by virtually defending the indecencies of the modern taste in theatricals. Altogether there is an overpowering conspiracy of influences to overawe the intellectual judgment of the minister, and make it unnecessary to overawe his moral courage. An intellectual decision, perhaps, would insure the moral triumph. But the situation appals his mind. *His* moral sense—an apparent precept in the New Testament, for him—social prestige, custom, and at last a serviceable philosophy gendered of the two, in triple alliance against him. The poor man is hopelessly perplexed. His men-

tal doubt cuts the sinews of his moral strength. He probably compromises. He preaches a sermon admitting the use, and deprecating the abuse! His hearers smile inwardly, and, intent on the use, risk the abuse. Half a leap is into the ditch, and in the ditch most of our ministers lie before the well-fortified sins of their churches and congregations. Let it however in charity be said of them, that they are generally, perhaps, intellectual bondmen before they are moral poltroons.

In the third place, among the causes which contribute to abridge the efficient freedom of the pulpit must be mentioned the pecuniary, the material, motive. In its gross, crude form, this, we believe, is far less operative than is vulgarly imagined. It requires no very extraordinary virtue to refuse a palpable bribe, or to spurn a directly threatened pecuniary penalty. But the sordidness of this motive is disguised before it addresses the minister. The principle of voluntarism, as it has come to be technically called in application to the material support of religion, renders the preacher pretty immediately dependent, in most cases, for his living from month to month, on the good-will of his congregation. Perhaps if the principle in its first Gospel simplicity were more frankly adopted than it is, by the majority of churches and ministers, different and better results would come from its operation. Isolated experiments are not wanting that go to make it doubtful whether Christian trust may not walk better, leaning full on the arm of its Beloved, without crutches of human contriving, than with them. But this is no place for discussion of Gospel rudiments. Whatever might be, a certain situation is. With this existing situation exclusively we have to do. It will be found on narrow scrutiny that the actual administration of the voluntary principle furnishes an unintended instrument of subjugation for the free spirit of the pulpit, of altogether exquisite adaptedness and cruelty.

If it were a question fairly proposed, whether you would tell your congregation some certain necessary unwelcome truths, at a known and definite pecuniary loss to yourself, you would not hesitate an instant. As much

easier as it is in general, for rightly constituted natures, to say the things that please than it is to say the things that offend, still, if the choice were made a perfectly plain matter of material interest to yourself at the time, the very spirit of perverseness would come to your aid, and your congregation would be tolerably sure to hear the whole counsel of God—so far as you, the preacher, then had it in present available possession. But the effect of his fidelity on the worldly fortunes of the preacher, reports itself to him in a much more circuitous and much more imposing manner. The manner is such that few ministers can wholly resist its peculiarly penetrating influence. The most of them practically decide that the range of topics for preaching is so wide, without including those on which the sensibilities of their congregations are morbidly acute, that the offensive topics may be omitted without serious damage to the integrity of their gospel. One foolish sermon, a single indiscreet expression—there is no telling what harm it might do. It might, for instance, deter some intending pew-renter. If it did, the church treasurer would be sure to know it. The minister, not trained in a business college, will be conscious of cold water in the aspect and address of this financial brother in-taking the pastoral receipt for the next quarter's instalment of his salary. The man of the temporalities will lugubriously speak of the tenantless pew, and regret that Mr. — did not take it. If the young apostle—apostles that make these mistakes are generally young—errs again, he hears something of the same sort again. By and by he learns that the church money-matters are running behind-hand. If he does not take this hint he is soon asked to read a carefully worded notice of a church-meeting to be held on business of importance, at which a full attendance of the entire society is urgently requested. At this meeting the pastor presides himself. He there hears a discussion of ways and means that makes him rub his eyes. If he gets his eyes open, well—if not, at the close of the fiscal year he is informed that, owing to the large number of pews not taken, the church revenue is too small to meet the present "running" expenses. There will have to

be retrenchment somewhere. Almost any bright pastor's instinct will tell him where. Things go on another year, and grow either better or worse for the worldly prospects of the church and the pastor. If the pastor's apostolic enthusiasm has all been spent, probably things grow better. If he is too young still, they grow worse, and the end hastens. He resigns. That minister becomes a marked man. The leading lay brethren of the different churches of his denomination constitute a kind of masonry among themselves. They meet at the great anniversaries, and they know each other. "Your pastor has resigned?"—"Yes."—"What seemed to be the matter?"—"Well, his health rather failed, and in fact he lacked experience. He wanted to make us all perfect right away, and some of us wanted more time. He'll be wiser before he's younger." It takes but a very short time for our young apostle to be generally known for a wrong-headed, impracticable man. The ranks of the ministry of nearly every religious denomination will furnish illustrations. Ministers of whom the church is not worthy go floating about, like light-ships, from congregation to congregation, to warn their brethren of their peril. No wonder if the majority of ministers learn at length that the wisdom of the serpent is better for them than the simplicity of the dove. It would be a marvel of constancy, or of obstinacy, if they did not acquire the pitiable skill of preaching through a muzzle. It is inconceivably disheartening to a faithful ministering soul to be left without an audience and without a living. He must possess qualities of a very fine temper if he is not badgered by his fate into believing, with bewildered sincerity, that he must have mistaken his duty. He will almost inevitably submit to press the footsteps of his brethren.

It may be said that we have been pronouncing the sentence of the voluntary system of church support. But State care of religion is an alternative resort attended with at least equal alternative evils. The pregnant truth is, that there constantly sets an energetic tendency toward the establishment of a common moral level between a ministry and the church. The ministry cannot long maintain itself much above the moral level of the church at large,

nor will the church at large long abide a ministry much below its own moral level. If the ministry cannot raise the church to a moral level with itself, then the ministry will sink to a moral level with the church. Like priest like people, but also like people like priest. Nor would a solitary minister's lone example of fidelity, unsupported by adhesion found or won in the ranks of a congregation, be of any practical moral value to society, save as a kind of prophetic testimony and menace. The voluntary principle alone admits of the perfect freedom which is necessary, if the antagonistic moral forces of society are to be arrayed in a visible order of battle which shall accurately correspond to their real, but else invisible, relation to each other. It is a completely illusory, and indeed an injuriously illusory, advantage to the truth, to have even a faithful minister sustained in his formal relation to a people, after the formal relation has ceased to represent his actual relation. It was not mere judicial severity, it was practical wisdom, when Christ directed His disciples to shake off the dust of their feet against those who refused to receive their words. They were not to remain to reiterate a barren, because a rejected, testimony. The true remedy for the incidental disadvantages of voluntarism is not to be sought in replacement of the system. The pulpit will not be emancipated by making it pecuniarily independent of the congregation. Pecuniary independence is not necessarily moral freedom. The free pulpit may remain a dependent pulpit—but it will be free by being superior to its dependence. A young minister, a good type of a class, said in our hearing, soon after his first settlement as pastor, that he should consider it a life-long misfortune not to remain, under any circumstances, in that relation at least five years. He has had his reward. He has remained five years, and he is a doctor of divinity. We presume that he had his wish and earned his degree, at no greater cost of compliance than is incurred by the majority of his equally fortunate brethren. But how could the man whose confessed ambition it was at all hazards to meet, in so far, the popular caprice, be an independent preacher? Was it possible? The free-

dom of the pulpit cannot be created out of external conditions. It must be like the Roman citizenship of the apostle. The preacher must be *free-born*.

But in the fourth place, this same enslaving motive may be present in a far subtler and far more seductive mode of its operation. The nobler mind that would be even too jealously disdainful of submission to considerations of mere worldly interest, will, by virtue of that very superior nobleness, be the more susceptible of a singularly entangling apprehension, different, and yet nearly allied. He will dread a fall into the error of rudeness and incivility, if he uses a faithful frankness of address towards those from whom he has himself received only the most grateful appreciation, the most flattering attentions, the most agreeable hospitality, the most open-handed generosity. Social blandishments and personal favors, with the illusion of reciprocal obligation which they imply, form the silken cord that softly ties the tongue of many a minister of the gospel. We are tempted to wish we could commend to pastors who are doubtful of their strength against this gentle bondage, the severe wisdom which Sir Thomas More so suavely practised when he was Chancellor. A gentleman's servant one day brought to his door an elegant and costly wine-flask, and begged the Chancellor's acceptance of it in the name of his master. Sir Thomas handed the flask to his butler, and bade him fill it with his choicest wine. He then returned it to the footman who brought it, with the hope that his master would find the contents to his taste. The Chancellor would receive no gifts. A gift might become a virtual bribe in a future suit before him in which the giver should be a party. It happens, however, that pastors are not often rich like chancellors, and at any rate such a course on their part might appear, to a church and a world that love to see them humble, to betray an excess of spirit. Besides, the relation of pastor to congregation as the natural favorite object of their friendly attentions in every kind, makes it quite impossible for him to escape the sense of obligation altogether, even if it were desirable that he should altogether escape it. The alternative is his, whether he will discharge the

obligation thus created, by seeking chiefly to benefit them, or by seeking chiefly to please them. The inseparable moral quality of the man will determine his preference.

It needs no effort to understand how it must perplex a fine and delicate spirit to meet on the Sunday a congregation, with a select portion of whom he has spent a social evening during the week, and from his pulpit frankly reprove, for instance, the selfishness of caste, or the lascivious excess of some amusement, which he observed while guest among them. Not unlikely it will even seem to him to partake of meanness to make this retort upon the courtesy of the host and the company. Christ's rebuke to the Pharisee, whose hospitality He was enjoying, will hardly suffice to justify to the pastor's timidity an imitation of his Master's example. There may be some one family in his congregation of exceptional wealth and refinement, through whose influential introduction the pastor finds doors open before him into agreeable circles of society from which he would otherwise be debarred. Can he find it in his heart to rebuke the social sins which he there discovers? Many persons will say at once and instinctively, that the relation in which he has consented to stand to his patrons should honorably seal his lips. Again, some member of his church, a proverb in the community for the sharpness of his commercial transactions, has presented his pastor with a costly and valuable set of books. Can the pastor afterwards, in common decency, say anything from the pulpit that could possibly be construed into allusion to that gentleman's business methods? It is not surprising that occasionally a conscientious minister will resolve on principle wholly to abstain from general society, in the conventional sense in which that term is employed, as his last resort for avoiding these embarrassing relations. But anchorite habits will secure him very imperfectly at best, and besides, he remembers that he must mingle with men in order to know them and to do them good. It will constantly prove, we repeat it, that here, as at every point of the minister's disadvantage, there is no way of victory for him but by nourishing an inalienable moral superiority to his temptation within his own spirit. We remember

some years ago hearing one of the most eminent and most irreproachable of living American clergymen, a man whose antique and rugged virtue entitles him to be called, as he has been called, a Hebrew prophet, accused by a member of his congregation of gross rudeness to several of his parishioners. The circumstances, as we recall them, were these. The gentlemen referred to had contributed handsomely to furnish their minister's purse for the expenses of a European tour. Soon after his return he administered a pastoral rebuke to a portion of his congregation, on some occasion, no matter what, that seemed to him to demand it. The contributors to the purse had the misfortune to deserve, and consequently the good fortune to receive, a share of the admonition. This was all, but this was enough. Everybody would admit that the peculiarity of the relation increased the delicacy and difficulty of the minister's duty. Almost everybody, however, on reflection, would say that each added degree of delicacy and difficulty in the duty only enhanced by a degree the merit of doing it. It would at least be strange to hold that the delicacy of a duty might abolish the duty. But the number is so small of persons who will take the trouble to think twice, that probably in the case alluded to that brave high soul was not forgetful of the risk he ran in doing his duty. But he did it. Not many ministers have the strength of Stephen H. Tyng.

In the fifth place, the dread of being personal, or of being thought to be personal, imposes no unimportant limitation upon the proper freedom of the pulpit. There is directness and there is personality in pulpit address. Hugh Latimer, it is true, did not see the distinction. He used to make sure of hitting his mark by calling the name. His auditors were thus as certain to get each his portion in due season, as are the soldiers of a company at the issuing of rations on roll-call. Modern manners, however, have well changed this. But in changing this, they have done more, not so well. They have imported the idea that if the pastor *knows* of a member of the congregation to whom the rebuke of a sin has a damaging adaptedness, the courtesy of the pulpit requires that he should omit the

rebuke lest he be blameworthy personal. This law of pulpit comity has a wide application. We would like to know, for instance, how many of the New York city judges, that must have found out by this time that they are rascals, if they read the reports of sermons in newspapers, have heard anything to the same wholesome effect from the fidelity of their own particular pulpit—supposing for the argument and humor of the thing that they patronize a pulpit. We would like to know how many of the corrupt legislators and the infamous congressmen, who are sternly denounced from a thousand outspoken pulpits elsewhere all over the land, get wind of their corruption and their infamy from an outspoken pulpit at home, when they come back to enjoy their recess in the bosom of their family and their constituency. We would like to know how many unscripturally divorced couples have the scriptural doctrine of marriage plainly expounded and energetically applied for their benefit where they sit in their own hired pews. We would like to know how many of the great railroad sheiks and stock-jobbing Bedouins (and certainly some of these have their own pulpits—too much their own?) enjoy the advantage of hearing from their own pulpits a careful estimate of their ratable moral value—such an estimate, for example, as would be furnished by the actuary to a board of insurers who were on the point of fixing a rate at which they would be willing, as a strict matter of business, to underwrite them for heaven. And yet, outside of their own particular pulpits, all the preachers in the country have rung the alarm-bells about the decay of morals, till their shoulders ached and their breath was spent.

Probably the pastors of the accused would exonerate themselves from blame in two ways. They would say that it would not become them to assume the truth of vulgar rumors, and rebuke their hearers for sins of which they were not proven guilty. Or else they would say that they could not be faithful without being personal. We are not going to pretend that some weight should not be conceded to each one of these pleas. The bondage under which the pulpit is re-

duced is none the less bondage for being necessary bondage—if it is necessary. But this we will say, that more than one American minister has earned a flourishing popular reputation for spirit and bravery at a very cheap rate, by stoutly rebuking the sins of other ministers' congregations. These Buncombe rebukes on careful inspection, will, with amusing uniformity, resolve themselves into this:—the hearers, instead of being set home upon themselves with awakened consciences, are in effect, if not in form, invited by the preacher to assist, as attentive and co-operative auditors, while he proceeds to arraign before them, for their scorn, "men" who are such and such, or who do so and so. Very likely, it is true, there may be persons present whom the description fits. But the culprits are pretty certain to be of the third, and not of the second, person. The difference in moral quality and in moral effect between this and the "Thou art the man" style of rebuke is immense. When Nathan preaches, there is moral courage required in the preacher, and the hearer is then confronted with himself. When the representative from Buncombe preaches, the moral courage is an imposture, or a delusion, and the hearer, never dreaming of himself, is vastly entertained to see "men" get their deserts. Confront this reputed pulpit hero with a conspicuous member of his congregation that has committed a great social crime, and watch if he says, It is not lawful for *thee* to have her. To vent personal spleen from the pulpit is indeed base. It is probably the true moral nadir, the bottom of the bathos of baseness. But a step in the descent it certainly is, to desist from rebuke when rebuke is so instantly needed that there is actual ground to apprehend that it may be regarded as personal. The true condition on which the propriety of public rebuke depends would seem to be this, that the offence be public. An open sin demands an open rebuke. That preacher's preaching is subject to a ruinous tacit discount, with consciousness or unconsciousness constantly applied by his thoughtful hearers, whose congregation contains a member convicted in the public conscience of a public offence not publicly condemned from the pulpit.

The subject is of course far enough from being exhausted. But the popular character of this magazine appoints a just limit to such discussions in its pages. We have not yet even named the chief practical suggestion to introduce which our strictures were originally

conceived. We began this paper with no barren critical purpose. At a future time we may feel invited by the public interest in the subject to resume its discussion. We shall then pursue it to an issue that will not, we hope, remain without its fruit.

TWICE ALONE.—A TALE OF THE LABRADOR.

THE Stormy Petrel, or Mother Carey's Chicken, is the bird of omen in the Northern seas;—the storm-bird, upon whose breath depends a good or bad voyage to the mariner. Down on the Labrador the sailors believe that the presence of this bird portends a storm. They take it as a warning. Woe be unto him who fails to heed it; a thousand times woe unto him, if he destroys the bird while in the performance of its mission.

Down on the Labrador—down where the icebergs crash and grind and pound themselves to pieces on a shore bleak and desolate—down where the north-east wind flings destruction upon the waves—down where death is ever raving for his victims and is never satisfied—down on the Labrador—there's where I went to seek my fortune in a fishing-smack, the *Squid*; there's where I went, despite friends and family; there's where I—John Hardy—did the deed that brought an evil day on me, as if it were a judgment.

We were returning from the Labrador after fishing there all the summer—nine of us altogether—nine able-bodied men, if I could be called one; for, although doing a man's work, I was, in fact, little more than a boy in years.

Blue Pond was the harbor we were making for, and we were about a mile to windward of a long and lofty island, with dark and forbidding cliffs. We had to pass to the southward of this island, and by keeping close hauled on the wind, we had hoped to weather its south-east cape without tacking off from the land. This accomplished, there were but nine miles more for us to sail. To be sure, we would have some seaman's work to do in making these nine miles; but then the captain had been through the passages so

often that he could almost sail the *Squid* there in the night-time.

This was our course. After passing Gull Island (leeward of us), a clear run of three miles brings us to Charge Rock; then four miles more, dead before the wind, and we are in Blue Pond Tickle. Hauling then sharp on the wind, we keep an island close aboard on the weather, or starboard hand, in order to avoid a shoal; and so along we go, now swinging off, or rounding to, as the dangers of the channel compel us to change our course. And then we are through the Tickle, with a little sheet of smooth water lying before us. The *Squid* comes to the wind, down her anchor goes, and we are at home—home after four months of weary work and hard exposure on the dreary Labrador—home, too, with a record of good fortune that makes our coming still more welcome.

We saw all this before us in prospective, and were making merry over it through the day. We counted the hours that would pass yet before we reached our anchorage; and we laughed over the cries that would be raised in the little town: "The *Squid* is coming," shouts one; "The *Squid* is in the Tickle," roars out another; "The *Squid*'s in port!" "All's well on board the *Squid*!" "The *Squid* has had a splendid 'catch.'" The prospect was a pleasant one, and well might we laugh.

Then we wish that Gull Island, which we are struggling to weather, might be sunk in the sea, and buried from sailor's sight and track of ship forever; for it is dreadfully in our way, directly in the course to where our mothers, wives, sisters, and sweethearts are waiting for us.

There were some good fellows on the *Squid*, or I thought so then. There was Old Bunks,

my special admiration, who had harpooned his whales off Nantucket, and spread his herring-nets on the Dutch coast, and whose yarns would run easy through a night-watch. And Tufts—"Capt'n" we called him below deck—who had been in a mutiny (though only Bunks and I knew it), and the Book Rat, as we got to calling him. Book Rat was the scholar of the crew, and was forever writing in a note-book, which no man could get a look at: for love nor money, though most of them wouldn't have gained much in looking, not being scholars. I, being the youngest aboard, was the butt of the crew. They were always laughing at my landsman ways, and suspecting, or pretending to suspect me of being at the bottom of every mishap occurring on board. Bunks alone stood my friend. Ignorant and rough though he was, he had some sense of fairness.

One of our chief sports was firing at seals; and it so happened that, good marksman as I knew myself to be, the creatures played me false at every shot, especially if Bunks bet his pint on me, and Book Rat looked on, log in hand. One day, feeling in capital spirits, and seeing an unusually fine seal, I recklessly challenged attention—sent a shot after him—and missed. Such a shout as went up from the deck! Even Bunks ha!-ha'd! and mockingly presented me with his fowling-piece.

At that instant a stormy petrel flew across our stern. Calling to the sailors to "Look! look sharp!" I aimed and fired. I saw the storm-bird fall; saw the blood-stains on his wings; and, before the waves had swept it from our sight, I saw it give a gasp for breath. At that very instant the wind struck us with a fearful force. The sails were split, the sheets were parted, and the topmasts broken short off at the caps—broken as if they had been reeds.

We were crowding on all sail to make our port. Our vessel was the common fishing-smack, and of such great numbers are seen down on the Labrador every year. It was, however, not so usual a craft in that sea as many others, being sharp at both ends, of the form known among seamen as a "pinkie." It was a small craft, and carried no other canvas than fore and mainsails, fore and main

gaff topsails; fore staysail and jib. Both gaff topsails and the jib were carried away in the squall following the shooting of the bird.

The sea and sky, and all our prospects, were in an instant changed. Every man on board was terror-struck. For a moment they were paralyzed. Not that they had never met such an accident before, for they were hardy sailors all, and had made rough weather many a day. When they saw the stormy petrel fall heavily upon the sea they read their fate—destruction to them all, despite every effort they might make. What use to clear away the wreck, and save the spars and mend the sails, when their doom was pronounced already?

This utter hopelessness was general, from the captain to the cook. A sudden thought, however, seemed to strike them, or at least some of them. The outraged deity of the storm had given us a fearful warning; they would offer up a sacrifice in propitiation, and thus ward off the dire mischief that was threatened.

Then I heard reproachful voices—voices full of anger and despair and hate. "Overboard with him!" "Heave him in the sea!" "Kill him before the bird dies!" and other such threatening speeches. Then, amid shouts of "Kill him, kill him!" I felt strong hands upon me.

I was already appalled by what had happened, even before this sudden outburst of violence. The horrified faces of the sailors, as they gazed upon the wreck, convinced me that I had been guilty of a crime; but its magnitude was realized only when I saw the dismay and fury that had followed it, and, for the instant, I felt as if the death my shipmates proposed for me was deserved. Old Bunks, who stood among them, did not raise his hand or voice to stay their resolution; but I thought I heard him cry, "Into the sea with him!"

Then my heart failed me utterly, and I had almost sprung over the rail of my own accord, when the captain stilled the tumult. "The bird is dead," said he. "It does not matter now. Let the wretch live, if he can." Then I saw him look up at the sky with a fervent "God help us!"

He said not a word to me, nor did any-

body. At the captain's command the men had given up their evil purpose; but they all avoided me as if I were afflicted with some foul disease. Then they cleared away the broken spars; but they would not let me help them do it. Whenever I approached them at their work I was driven off, or the person next me moved away, as if to avoid my touch.

Soon the squall was followed by a gale; the bitterness of the men returned when the storm threatened to head us off; they grew furious, and again they threatened me. Before, they had proposed to offer me as a sacrifice; now, there was evidently in their hearts a feeling of revenge.

The captain went below—probably to look at his chart. No longer restrained by his presence, they rushed upon and bound me in a moment. A little boat lying on the deck was launched; into it they put a keg of water and a bag of hard ship's biscuit; then bore me to the side, cut my bonds, lowered me into the boat, and I was adrift on the raging sea.

Something hit my shoulder. It was a flask of liquor thrown to me from the receding *Squid*. I looked up, and saw Bunks turn away. It was his most precious possession.

Once only I had begged for life, and they had bid me thank my stars they did not throw me into the sea at once. And, indeed, I was glad for even the slender chance that the boat promised me; although I have no idea that the crew regarded it as anything more than the least repulsive way of putting me to death.

Thus launched upon the sea in a frail open boat, I drifted rapidly to leeward, while the pinkie shot ahead in the gathering darkness, and I saw her no more.

Was she safe? Was my crime sufficiently atoned for? Paralyzed and bewildered, I gave no thought whatever to my own danger, and, perhaps not unnaturally, thought only of the crew.

Returning at length to consciousness (for I was really like one asleep and dreaming), I was greatly rejoiced to discover that the boat had shipped very little water, a circumstance which seemed to me providential. To be

sure, the storm-bird was being avenged; but had not the sailors cried "God help us!" while putting me in the boat? I did not so much as think about it then, but I have since come to know that this is not unusual in the world—the help of Heaven being often asked at a time when the mind is under the dominion of a wicked superstition or wicked desire, not unfrequently misnamed "a sense of duty."

In the bottom of the boat I discovered an oar or scull, which I quickly dragged out, and running it over the stern, shoved the boat around, and brought her head to the wind and waves, which certainly saved me from being overwhelmed, for the storm soon increased in violence, and the waves ran higher. After this I worked vigorously. Of course, with a single scull I could do but little more than keep my boat from falling off into the trough of the sea, where she would be in danger of swamping; but, knowing that land was under my lee, and dreading to drift down upon it, I was eager to keep as far out as possible. Sometimes, therefore, after mounting a wave I managed to shoot the boat ahead a little. If I could keep away from the land until the storm subsided, or the air cleared, I thought there would be little difficulty in making a harbor somewhere.

While struggling on with this idea in my mind, I met with a singular adventure. I had been so successful in manœuvring my little boat that very little water came aboard; but at length she took a sudden sheer to one side, and then giving a weather roll, the water rushed in at a fearful rate. At first I expected to be swamped, but escaping that, I looked into the bottom of the boat. Something besides water had come in; by its fluttering, evidently a bird; and, as we rose up on the next wave, it floated down between my feet. Not requiring both of my hands at the scull, I picked the bird up, and was about to throw it overboard, thinking that it would be in my way, when I perceived that it was wounded. Then I saw that it was a storm-bird, and believing its presence boded evil to me, I became afraid, and did not know what to do. So the old superstition was on me once more, with all its force, and my faculties again became clouded. Not long, however,

for I soon began to see hope ahead. Thus I reasoned: "This wounded bird has come to me for shelter, and surely it would not have so come had the storm-spirit wholly given me over to evil fortune." So I plucked up courage again, and placing the bird under my jacket, where it nestled very quietly against my breast, I sculled on with the same resolution as before.

After this the sea became more quiet, although the storm did not abate in the least. This convinced me that I had drifted under the lee of land,—probably a small island. Soon the sea became still more smooth. Being now in water which enabled me to manage the boat without danger of swamping, I worked up towards this land, which I soon saw looming out through the thick atmosphere. The waves were still high enough to break heavily upon it, as I could plainly see. The land altered its trend presently; following its course, I was soon completely in its shelter. Then I saw and heard breakers on the other hand, which satisfied me that I was either passing through a strait or had drifted into some bay—the latter, as it proved, for I soon came to the end of it; yet there was still a line of breakers all along the shore, showing that the bay was not a good harbor; and to make a landing there would be both difficult and dangerous. With great joy, I discovered a sandy beach; at once headed my boat for it, and rode in on a breaker. As soon as the boat touched I sprang out and seized it, vainly hoping to drag it out of danger before the next wave came. But the boat was struck under the counter, and hurled upon me with great force before I could get away. I was knocked down, and my ankle was fearfully bruised. My bag of bread, keg of water, and the oar were likely to be lost; yet, badly hurt as I was, I managed to save them; so also at last the boat, but not until her bottom was completely stove in.

Drenched and exhausted, my first impulse was to look about me for help. I walked up the beach and over the rocks, and halloed feebly. No answer. Not a living thing was to be seen—not even a tree or flower or blade of grass—all was desolation.

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Then I sat down on the rocks and cried—cried from pain and utter wretchedness.

Instantly my bird commenced crying also. I had forgotten all about the poor wounded thing. Taking it from under my jacket, I found its feathers all ruffled, and as thoroughly water-soaked as were my clothes. It seemed quite stupid, and could only keep its eyes open by making a great effort. Its wet feathers gave me a good chance to see its skin, and on the back of its head I found a wound, with a piece of lead sticking in it. This I removed. Then there were two other shots in the breast which I could not reach. One leg was helpless, but I could not discover any fracture. The wings were quite sound.

It never once occurred to me, until I saw its wounds, that this was the very same bird I had fired at from the deck of the *Squid*. The identity was clearly proved by the square piece of lead that I took from the back of its head—the very same kind that I had used, for we were entirely out of shot on board the pinkie, and had to cut slugs from a piece of sheet-lead.

Having dressed the bird's wounds, I made a little pen of flat stones and put him in it. The sky cleared soon afterwards, and the sun came out, which was very grateful both to the bird and myself, for it dried our coats. Then the clear air gave me an opportunity to see where I was. There could be no doubt that I was on Gull Island, for I recognized the very cliffs near me that I had seen as we passed along in the smack.

My desire now was to look for help. If nobody lived on the island, surely I could signal some passing vessel. I did not then feel much doubt of being rescued in one way or another, being so near the port for which we were bound, and where the pinkie belonged. My bag of bread would last for several days. As soon as the sun came out, I spread the bread to dry. I think my greatest comfort was in the bird. I was so sorry before that I had shot it; I was so glad now that I had rescued it. Had it died, I believe I should have given up in despair.

But when I tried to climb a hill for a look-out, I found my confidence in the bird somewhat abated, for I could not go far, owing to

my ankle, which continued to grow worse, swelling greatly, and causing me real agony. Nor for eight days did I move from the spot where I had come ashore.

I will not recite the misery of those days. The weather was often bitter cold; sometimes it snowed and blew heavily. I should have perished, having no shelter but the rocks, had I not managed to break up my boat, and start a fire by rubbing two pieces of wood together. I scarcely slept all of that time. Walk I could not, and my pain was so great that I was just able to crawl. Meanwhile I lived upon my bread, having nothing else to eat; and my bird ate the same food. Finding a stream of water near at hand, I had no longer any use for my keg, so I made an open cage of it for the bird, and it became quite tame, as we two poor wounded creatures grew well together.

My bird recovered perfectly, and I often felt guilty in keeping the poor thing shut up in a cage. I could do nothing more for it, or it for me. Still, when I thought of letting the bird go, I could not do it; the feeling was strong upon me that, in some mysterious manner, our fates were linked together for good or ill.

On the ninth day I managed with great difficulty to climb a neighboring hill, but discovered nothing. There was not a sail in sight. I came back intending to carry my bread up there and remain on the watch; but on the following day I was quite unable to move. Then, for the first time since my bird had recovered I thought it an evil spirit, and determined to set it free, which I did without any reluctance. But it would not leave me when I released it. It tried its wings once or twice, then settling on the rock near by fixed its uncanny look upon me for an instant and swaggered into its pen.

On the eleventh day I was much refreshed, though suffering greatly, and very weak and emaciated; yet, feeling that I must make some effort or perish, I dragged myself to the farthest end of the island, which was very lofty, and commanded an extensive view. Still, not a sail did I see; but, on my way back, while near the south-east cape, I discovered something which gave me at first hope, and then

filled me with horror. I was then in a gorge, which I followed toward the sea, expecting to find a village, or a fishing-station, or something of that kind. The first thing I discovered was a handkerchief, then a familiar-looking old gray coat; then the heel of a boot, near which was a sailor's sheath, with a knife in it; and a tarpaulin hat, which I would have declared I had worn many a time, had I not known that my tarpaulin was on board the *Squid*.

Looking about me in joyful bewilderment, I was suddenly startled and horrified to see a man or a corpse (it was difficult to say which) sitting upon the ground, with his back to a rock and his face toward me. His eyes were closed; his head had fallen forward on his breast; his right hand clutched a pencil, and his left held a volume, in which he evidently had been writing. It was the Book Rat! Emaciated though he was, I could not be mistaken; and this in his hand was his mysterious "log," open enough now to any prying eye. Gasping for breath, I called his name, but he did not answer. Going closer, I placed my hand upon his shoulder, and tried to wake him, for I wanted to think him only sleeping; though from the first something had told me he was dead. He was firm and solid as the stone he leaned against.

This man had never been kind to me on board the *Squid*, and when I saw him there dead, I must in candor own that I felt a momentary sense of triumph, miserable though I was myself, and likely as it seemed that I should follow him very soon. Yet he, who had been one of eight that were willing to sacrifice me, had gone before, to all appearance the greater sufferer.

The man had died in the act of writing. The last feebly written words beneath his fingers were very illegible, but I managed to decipher them: "Beware of harming the stormy petrel. The boy did not die, or we would not have suffered thus; beware of him. I am cold and sleepy; very cold; will write about the boy to-morrow; may curses fall—" But no to-morrow ever came to him in this world.

I took the book from his stony hand, and turning back the leaves, read what he had written. It was a full account of what befell

the crew of the *Squid* after I had been cast adrift. It was an awful record. Ending with an unfinished curse, it began with a deliberate lie, written on a loose sheet, to which eight names were signed ;—the captain's first, and that of the author of the record last. It ran thus :—

"The boy shot a stormy petrel, and then fell overboard. We threw the punt to him, but did not see if he was able to reach it. We could not help him, for when the bird died we were struck by a squall which carried away the topmasts, and we had to look out sharp for our own safety, as the weather came on thick, with a heavy gale, which is blowing now."

This had evidently been written immediately after I was set adrift. They clearly thought themselves safe, and felt sure of reaching home, where they might be questioned about me. The next entry was in a different vein, and was headed with :

"On Gull Island, where we were wrecked yesterday, October 3d."

So the *Squid* had gone ashore before I had been long away from her, and by setting me adrift the crew had really saved my life—at least, so far. I thought of the stormy petrel now as a forgiving spirit, and not as an avenging one. Loving it as I had done in my misery and loneliness, I loved it more than ever now.

The record, after giving some details about the different men, went on to say :—

"After the gale set in we kept on close-hauled, trying to weather the cape, the pinkie laboring heavily, and carrying on an unusual press of sail, considering the strength of the wind ; but we could not reduce our canvas. The sea rose very rapidly ; wave after wave dashed madly over us, and we were helplessly driven to leeward. The wind hauled, too, and headed us.

"With despair we saw it was impossible for us to weather the cape, which loomed like a great black wall with a fringe of white along its base. But the captain, ever on the alert, cool in proportion as dangers thickened, would not lose hope. Not until after his efforts were baffled again and again did he yield to fate. We were completely embayed,

with no possible chance of beating out. There was nothing left but to find a soft place among the rocks to lay the pinkie's bones.

"But there was no such place. The coast was as erect as a house-wall, and very high. There was no break in it anywhere, only an occasional cleft. Into some of these the sea entered ; others were not so deep, and were above the reach of the waves. One lay almost directly ahead of us, and the *Squid* being steered for it, we were borne in on the crest of a great wave, which hurled us with terrific force against the rocks, striking first with our starboard bow. The pinkie did not stick fast here, however, but sheered to port, and shot ahead about half her length on the next following sea, when she struck again, driven in like a wedge, and between two upright walls, the space between which widened but little above for some three or four fathoms, though converging to a point about a ship's length ahead of us.

"I have since looked down the chasm. In the first terrific shock both masts went by the board, but they fell leaning against the wall of the cliff. When we sheered to port I saw the main-mast go over the stern, striking in its fall and knocking overboard the captain, who had stuck to the helm. Then I remember being carried from my feet and pounded on the deck ; that a great weight of water was on me, and that I was swept along by it until violently dashed against the forward bitts.

"Not being seriously injured, I was quickly on my feet again, and, looking up, saw that the fore cross-tree had caught against a jutting rock. The rigging was still dangling from the mast-head. Climbing up by it, I secured a footing on the ledge. My ship-mates followed, and carefully working our way upwards, step by step, we reached a place of safety ; but not a moment too soon. The succeeding waves swept away the broken spar that had saved us from present death."

Here closed the entry in the journal, relative to the wreck ; and I need hardly say that I read it with intense eagerness. The story of the captain's fate smote me heavily, for he alone had no hand in setting me adrift. Convinced that I had been greatly

wronged by them (so far at least as their purpose was concerned), I felt that I could wish the other seven in his place. But, then, where were they? I looked down upon the one stone-dead beside me, and wondered if the end of the other six had been like his.

This thought filled me with so much dread that I could read no more. I looked about me, feeling as if dead men were lying all around. I called loudly, and the echoes of my voice seemed like the answering cries of living men. My impulse was to seek for them, dead or alive, and I hastened down the gorge as fast as my wounded leg would let me; but I had not gone far before my first impression was fully realized. In a sort of cave I found six ghastly bodies huddled together, as if they would keep each other warm. They were but little more than clothed skeletons. Their sunken eyes and cheeks, and projecting bones, told of fearful want and suffering. One had a handkerchief crammed in his mouth; another had fastened his teeth upon his sleeve; and a third had died with a knife clutched in his right hand, as if he would carve a meal from the body nearest him, which he was glaring at, and seemed to be reaching for. It was Bunks, the gentlest-hearted of them all. At this awful spectacle I buried my face in my hands, and, for the first time since landing on the island, felt that I should never get away from it alive. Every hope of rescue left me. Not until I again sought my good angel, the petrel, did confidence revive, and then only a very, very little. The bird would no longer eat my bread. The day before, I had found a few small mussels, but these were insufficient for its wants; and this day none could be found. It seemed less dependent on me than before, and for the first time appeared as if it would be glad to escape.

My stock of bread was running low. I was very miserable. Making a little fire of the well-treasured fragments of my boat, I ate a few crumbs and tried to sleep, but I could not; my thoughts were constantly in that dreadful gorge upon the hill. The cries of my dead comrades seemed to reach me in the mournful voices of the waves.

In my distress I remembered the journal

that I had read with such harrowing emotions, and taking it from my pocket, I began where I had left off, and finished it, reading by the light of my feeble fire. It was a sickening tale of suffering and remorse, too horrible to be repeated here in all its sad details, and therefore I only give the substance of it.

On the first day after the wreck the crew felt no alarm about their future safety. They were looking confidently for the small fleet of smacks which had sailed with us in the spring from Blue Pond, and which they knew could not be very far astern of our pinkie. They knew also that, in pursuing their usual course, they must pass near Gull Island. To men injured as they were to exposure, it was no great hardship to wander about the rocks and keep watch there, even although the wind continued to blow hard. They could obtain nothing from the wreck to eat, however; the falling of the foremast, by which they had effected their escape, having prevented them from holding any further communication with the pinkie; but they found some fresh water, which relieved their first pangs of suffering. The second entry ran:—

"The night was dark, and full as stormy as the day had been; and the tide rose very high, for the moon is new, and the spring-tides are running with full force. The tide may have lifted the pinkie and taken her from the cleft, or perhaps she is pounded to pieces; certain it is, that now at dawn no traces of her are to be seen."

Neither had anything lodged upon the ledges of the cliffs save a single barrel, which might contain bread; but they could not reach it. They were very cold, yet still they slept, having found a cave, the mouth of which they partially closed with stones—the same cave where I found their bodies.

On the following day they began to suffer seriously for want of food. It is terrible to think of the poor wretches perishing in full view of the spire of their native village, almost in sight of their own houses—homes teeming with plenty, and where loving ones were waiting and watching for them day after day, little suspecting how near they were, and yet how hopelessly far off.

The next day their sufferings became more

intense. They knew before that there were no inhabitants on the island, so they made no search, and therefore did not come upon me. Their hope was wholly centred in the Blue Pond fleet arriving from the Labrador. They looked out from the summit of the island toward Blue Pond, and spoke of their wives and those they loved; and they gave messages to each other, to be delivered Heaven would show how and when. Another night of suffering, and then utter despair settled upon them; death stared them pitilessly in the face; but still they crawled up to watch and look out toward their homes once more. It was so hard to die in sight of the familiar church spire.

Then they fell to quarrelling among themselves, and finally, in their frenzy, turned against Book Rat, who exasperated them by coolly keeping his log, and whom now they charged with causing all their woes.

"This may be true," the journal says, "though I think not; but, fearing their anger, I have withdrawn myself from them, and now *will tell the truth* here in my log. The statement signed by the captain and the crew, affirming that the boy fell overboard after shooting the petrel, is false; our intention was to send him to his death. While the captain was below for a few minutes, I incited the crew, and led them to the boy's destruction. For this they blame me now, thinking that the act was an unjust one, because the bird might not be dead. Still, I think it was, and believe that the sacrifice of the boy's life would have insured our safety. We should have hove him overboard at first, as I wanted them to do, and made sure of it. And so the fools would kill me because they have repented, and perhaps they would save their lives by picking my bones afterwards. But I laugh at them. They know not where I am."

The next entry filled me with horror.

"I've seen them, all lying dead together. And now, what they would have done to me I will do to them,—and live."

That he wrote this where I found him, lying against the rock, I could not doubt. He had probably tried to move away, and go to the cave, but could not, and had only strength to write—

"I am very feeble, but growing stronger, and will feast as soon as I have slept."

Then he seemed to revive again, for without another date, and immediately below, he began the curse which, Heaven be praised! was never finished.

Now my bird fell sick. I took him from his cage and carried him along with me for company, when I set out early to the hill where I had found the bodies; there to take my turn of dreary watching for the Blue Pond fleet.

My ankle was still painful; but I reached the summit at last, and commanded an unobstructed view. Not a sail in sight. The wind was blowing half a gale, and my fretting companion seemed to grow more lively, and tried to get away. Once I was almost inclined to let him go, but I could not. It at least was a living creature, something warm and alive, to nestle to my heart during the long, wearisome night. It would be time enough to let it go when the worst came: when not to open its cage would be to leave it to starve, as the rest of us had starved.

Taking some comfort in this resolution, I looked towards the sunset, wondering feebly if it were for the last time, when suddenly a dark object appeared in the horizon.

Intense anxiety sharpens the vision. Soon the object took shape. It was a schooner. Presently I saw another, and afterwards many more. It was the Blue Pond fleet! They would pass near the island.

But no! they neared me very slowly, and by a course which plainly showed that they had been driven off the coast, and were making in from the eastward towards a passage much to the south of Gull Island, too far away for me to signal them.

It is surprising how quickly we think in an emergency on which our life depends. The stormy petrel might save me now! for at once I remembered that he was always in the wake of ships, and not before them, and it seemed to me that he must be there to search for food that the passing vessel had stirred up in the briny waters. There was no thought of superstition now, for might not the bird's hunger inspire him to seek the vessels? The idea was so reasonable, I felt sure he would.

Tearing a leaf from the journal I had taken from the dead man's hand, I wrote with his pencil :

"THE SQUID, OF BLUE POND, WAS CAST AWAY ON GULL ISLAND TWELVE DAYS AGO, AND ALL OF THE CREW ARE DEAD BUT ONE. FOR GOD'S SAKE COME AND SAVE HIM."

Then I snatched the oilskin lining from my hat, wrapped the paper up tightly in it, and having bound it securely around the petrel's neck, I let him go.

How glad he seemed to be to get his freedom once more, as he flapped his wings and skimmed away above the waves. I felt sure now that he would go straight to the smacks. But would the people on board discover the packet on his neck ?

Yes ; hope was supreme now. My petrel would be seen—the billet would attract attention—a boat would be lowered. They would not harm a storm-bird, but they would take the message from his neck ; he would still be my deliverer.

After what seemed an age, one of the ves-

sels hove to, and soon afterwards changed her course, directly for the island.

I signalled. They answered. I waited, and waited, and waited ; then, in a whirl, as it seemed, I found myself in the village, every one crowding around me.

The crew of the *Squid* were all back at last ; I alive, full of mingled joys, anxieties, and busy questionings as to what to go about next ; they sleeping in the little churchyard, at rest under the spire at which they had gazed so yearningly—their future no longer within their own devising.

To this day the petrel may be skimming its way alone, "far out at sea ;" and to this day, thank God, the story of that cruel setting adrift upon the ocean has never been told where the telling would bring the lost ones a reproach.

I had been twice alone ; and each time had its lesson. The first brought man's lesson of superstition ; the second brought God's lesson of charity—and faith.

SONNET.

IN riftless gloom when earth lies shivering cold,
 And tessellated summer-squares with snow
 Are bordered, while the streams impetuous flow,
 Mad with escape from durance, waxen bold,—
 When scudding winds forth sally from the wold,
 Gride with fierce wings the rainy air, and go
 Back to their sounding caves, a coward foe,
 And life peers out of darkness manifold,—
 Upleaps the ghost of pain ! — I hear the groan
 Wrung from my palsied heart as the truth fell, —
 Swift darkness, where my noon of bliss had shone, —
 And, with clinched hands, parched lips, and prayer, "Farewell"
 I breathed,—henceforth to walk in woe and moan,—
 Hope gone—heart dead—and hear their funeral knell !

THE WRITINGS OF GEORGE MACDONALD.

IN something less than three years we have become acquainted with a new name in literature. It has drifted to us across the Atlantic, and with it has come a vague hint of a personality whereof in future we may know more. The works of this hand and brain are mainly in a poetical prose, with an occasional relapse into verse. His books sell largely, and he is better known as "the author of *Annals of a Quiet Neighborhood*" than as George MacDonald.

Lately he appears among us as the editor of *Good Words for the Young*, always, however, forgetting the prefix "Rev.," and carrying that balancing "LL.D." as "the draigon" of his own Robert Falconer carried the weight which steadied her in mid-air. We hear of him as a tall man, of earnest demeanor and shaggy beard, proclaiming now and then in clear and forcible speech his own peculiar doctrines of "righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come." He is reputed to have the ear of his audience on these rare occasions, and certainly, if the humanity of his books is a test, he deserves it.

As far back as *Phantastes, a Faery Romance*, his imaginative style seems to have begun. *Within and Without*, a poem of about the same date, shows more deliberate thought—perhaps more metaphysics than poetry. But these two books, which were at the beginning of his fame (if indeed he had no share in the composition of *The Green Hand, a Short Yarn*), have been entirely displaced to American readers by other and more mature productions.

First, we had as reprints, *Alec Forbes of Houglan*, and *Guild Court, a London Story*. To these succeeded the importation of *The Disciple and Other Poems*, another volume entitled *Unspoken Sermons*, and the *Annals of a Quiet Neighborhood*, with its sequel, *The Seaboard Parish*. Next came *David Elginbrod* and *Robert Falconer*, both reprints; and current literature was at the same date refreshed by a series of articles on the *Miracles of Our Lord*, in the *Sunday Magazine*, and by *Ranald Bannerman's*

Boyhood, and *At the Back of the North Wind*, in *Good Words for the Young*.

In attendance upon these, Mr. MacDonald sent forth a volume of the Sunday Library, uniform with Chas. Kingsley's *Hermits* and Miss Yonge's *Pupils of St. John the Divine*, which was styled *England's Antiphon*. It is a most important contribution to our knowledge of the singers and songs of the English Church.

In all these books there is a vein of consistent, fresh, original thought, often expressed in language extremely apt and powerful. It tends towards the religious at all times, and particularly it tends to that blunt plainness as to hypocrisy and cant and sham of every kind in which our dear departed masters, Thackeray and Dickens, took the lead. But to compare Mr. MacDonald with either, or with both, would be unfair. He has not the same elements in him. He cannot, if he would, write in their light, easy, man-of-the-world style, which, like Saladin's scimitar, cuts deep and to the quick.

As his is now a considerable place among us, I have thought that a *résumé* of his method and writings might aid in a fuller appreciation of the man's actual talent—not to say his genius of a certain sort.

His novels are, with one exception, Scotch in scene, and with a great deal of the dialect about them. Their central figure is much the same—a boy, who, while a hearty, active lad, nevertheless has his fancies and his thoughts. This fine fellow's life possesses many points of humor—especially in *Alec Forbes*—and introduces scenes and pictures which are at times simply exquisite. This education of the hero evolves the æsthetic from its lurking-place within him. A female presence casts a halo of protecting beauty and goodness over his path. He has stalwart male friends—adherents of the cast-iron theology of the North, or else scapegraces of a droll and facetious turn, in whom he detects the good beneath the bad. He generally befriends or finds in the horizon of his career some forsaken boy, of a curious devotedness. Rela-

tives or near friends, of the pure Scottish type, are around him, who, like Falconer's grandmother, have warm hearts under bosoms calmly cold. And, as nearly as words can achieve it, we have a process of photography going on from the day we set eyes upon our principal actor until he goes off the stage, with the closing of the book.

For all this, Mr. MacDonald's abundant observation, fruitful fancy, and thorough sympathy, fit him excellently well. Leaving out such eccentric persons as Count Halko, in *David Elginbrod*, who practises mesmerism and electrical bewilderments, his characters stick to common facts, and invest ordinary things with the charm of spicy conversation, and a minuteness which never degenerates into tedious recapitulation. Wit sparkles in the speech of Cosmo Cupples as naturally as a brook laughs in the sun, and you may be profoundly sure that the talk will ripple freshly up whenever any obstruction appears in the channel.

The books are of their own kind. They are professedly of high intention—the later ones, by which I do not mean our latest reprints, being the best. One cannot read them without being stimulated to something nobler and purer, for they may honestly be called both. They are a mine of original and quaint similitudes, and their deep perceptions of human nature are certainly remarkable. To have realized some of the scenes as he has, Mr. MacDonald must have known the student-life of Aberdeen, and the boy-life of a little Scotch town. Nature, from smallest to largest, must have been carefully under his notice. And in the world, so wide as it is to all of us, he has seen the little flower grow up in a life, or the great storm sweep over it.

This is notably the case in the *Annals of a*

Quiet Neighborhood, and its sequel, the latter being by no means the best. Here he is shown as a close pathologist. Disease of mind and disease of body, as influencing or off-setting each other, he has acutely studied. As a matter of art, the London *Spectator* was right when it called this application of knowledge in this book "something wonderful." The sentences sometimes are like the soliloquy of one thinking aloud upon creation, chaos, and infinity. And of course, as this is from the clergyman's standpoint, Mr. MacDonald is freer, more natural, and (except in *Alec Forbes*) more successful here than anywhere else.

On the whole, Mr. George MacDonald is a power already, and will soon be a greater one. If we fully agree with him, we shall grow enthusiastic over his earnest defence of his ideas. If we differ from him, it will be with the respect due to an honorable opponent who hits hard, and whom it requires skill and brains to meet. Let it stand to his credit, that in an age of loose literature he is, like Scott and Dickens and Thackeray, pure-minded. He writes better English (because more imaginative and loftier) than Charles Reade, or any of that ilk. And while Wilkie Collins outdoes him in plot, he outdoes Wilkie Collins and the rest of the plotters in delicacy and sweetness of touch. But it is already too plain that (unless he gets more leisure) the work which he has done, and which the world has on its bookshelves, will be the best of his doing. Should George MacDonald rise hereafter above this present point, high and good as it is, he will merit and receive distinguished praise. And, as a man hardly at the entrance of middle-life, there is no reason why this should not be. His hand has not lost its cunning, and his eye is still undimmed.

FAIR WEATHER AND FOUL.

SPEAK naught, move not, but listen, the sky is full of gold ;
No ripple on the river, no stir in field or fold ;
All gleams but naught doth glisten, save the far off unseen sea.

Forget days past, heartbroken, put all thy memory by !
No grief on the green hill-side, no pity in the sky ;
Joy that may not be spoken fills mead and flower and tree.

Look not, they will not heed thee ; speak not, they will not hear ;
Pray not, they have no bounty ; curse not, they may not fear ;
Cower down, they will not heed thee ; long lived the world shall be.

Hang down thine head and hearken, for the bright eve mocks thee still ;
Night trippeth on the twilight, but the summer hath no will
For woes of thine to darken, and the moon hath left the sea.

Hope not to tell thy story in the rest of gray-eyed morn,
In the dawn grown gray and rainy, for the thrush, ere day is born,
Shall be singing to the glory of the day-star mocking thee.

Be silent, worn, and weary till this tyranny is past,
For the summer joy shall darken, and the wind wail low at last,
And the drifting rack, and dreary, shall be kind to hear and see.

Thou shalt remember sorrow, thou shalt tell all thy tale
When the rain fills up the valley, and the trees amid their wail
Think far beyond to-morrow, and the sun that yet shall be.

Hill-side and vineyard hidden, and the river running rough,
Toward the flood that meets the Northlands, shall be rest for thee enough,
For thy tears to fall unbidden, for thy memory to go free.

Rest, then, when all moans round thee, and no fair sunlitten lie
Maketh light of sorrow underneath a brazen sky !
And the tuneful woe hath found thee, over land and over sea .

WILFRID CUMBERMEDE.—AN AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL STORY.

BY GEORGE MACDONALD,

AUTHOR OF "ANNALS OF A QUIET NEIGHBORHOOD," "ALEC FORBES," "ROBERT FALCONER," ETC.

INTRODUCTION.

I AM—I will not say how old, but well past middle age. This much I feel compelled to mention, because it has long been my opinion that no man should attempt a history of himself until he has set foot upon the borderland where the past and the future begin to blend in a consciousness somewhat independent of both, and hence interpreting both. Looking westward, from this vantage-ground, the setting sun is not the less lovely to him that he recalls a merrier time when the shadows fell the other way. Then they sped westward before him, as if to vanish, chased by his advancing footsteps, over the verge of the world. Now they come creeping towards him, lengthening as they come. And they are welcome. Can it be that he would ever have chosen a world without shadows? Was not the trouble of the shadowless noon the dreariest of all? Did he not then long for the curtained queen—the all-shadowy night? And shall he now regard with dismay the setting sun of his earthly life? When he looks back, he sees the farthest cloud of the sun-deserted east alive with a rosy hue. It is the prophecy of the sunset concerning the dawn. For the sun itself is ever a rising sun, and the morning will come though the night should be dark.

In this "season of calm weather," when the past has receded so far that he can behold it as in a picture, and his share in it as the history of a man who had lived and would soon die; when he can confess his faults without the bitterness of shame, both because he is humble, and because the faults themselves have dropped from him; when his good deeds look poverty-stricken in his eyes, and he would no more claim consideration for them than expect knighthood because he was no thief; when he cares little for his reputation, but much for his character—little for what has gone beyond his control, but endlessly much for what yet remains in his will to determine; then, I think, a man may do well to write his own life.

"So," I imagine a reader interposing, "you profess to have arrived at this high degree of perfection yourself?"

I reply that the man who has attained this kind of indifference to the past, this kind of hope in the future, will be far enough from considering it a high degree of perfection. The very idea is to such a man ludicrous. One may eat bread without claiming the honors of an athlete; one may desire to be honest, and not count himself a saint. My object in thus shadowing out what seems to me my present condition of mind, is merely to render it intelligible to my readers how an autobiography might come to be written without rendering the writer justly liable to the charge of that overweening, or self-conceit, which might be involved in the mere conception of the idea.

In listening to similar recitals from the mouths of elderly people, I have observed that many things which seemed to the persons principally concerned ordinary enough, had to me a wonder and a significance they did not perceive. Let me hope that some of the things I am about to relate may fare similarly, although, to be honest, I must confess I could not have undertaken the task—for a task it is—upon this chance alone: I do think some of my history worthy of being told, just for the facts' sake. God knows I have had small share in that worthiness. The weakness of my life has been that I would ever do some great thing; the saving of my life has been my utter failure. I have never done a great deed. If I had, I know that one of my temperaments could not have escaped serious consequences. I have had more pleasure, when a grown man, in a certain discovery concerning the ownership of an apple of which I had taken the ancestral bite when a boy, than I can remember to have resulted from any action of my own during my whole existence. But I detest the notion of puzzling my readers in order to enjoy their fancied surprise, or their possible praise

of a worthless ingenuity of concealment. If I ever appear to behave to them thus, it is merely that I follow the course of my own knowledge of myself and my affairs, without any desire to give them either the pain or the pleasure of suspense, if indeed I may flatter myself with the hope of interesting them to such a degree that suspense should become possible.

When I look over what I have written, I find the tone so sombre—let me see: what sort an evening is it on which I commence this book? Ah! I thought so: a sombre evening. The sun is going down behind a low bank of gray cloud, the upper edge of which he tinges with a faded yellow. There will be rain before morning. It is late autumn, and most of the crops are gathered in. A bluish fog is rising from the lower meadows. As I look I grow cold. It is not, somehow, an interesting evening. Yet if I found just this evening well described in a novel, I should enjoy it heartily. The poorest, weakest drizzle upon the window-panes of a dreary roadside inn in a country of slate-quarries, possesses an interest to him who enters it by the door of a book, hardly less than the pouring rain which threatens to swell every brook to a torrent. How is this? I think it is because your troubles do not enter into the book, and its troubles do not enter into you, and therefore nature operates upon you unthwarted by the personal conditions which so often counteract her present influences. But I will rather shut out the fading west, the gathering mists, and the troubled consciousness of Nature altogether, light my fire and my pipe, and then try whether in my first chapter I cannot be a boy again in such fashion that my ghostly companion, that is, my typical reader, will not be too impatient to linger a little in the meadows of childhood ere we pass to the corn-fields of riper years.

CHAPTER I.

WHERE I FIND MYSELF.

No wisest chicken, I presume, can recall the first moment when the chalk-oval surrounding it gave way, and instead of the cavern of limestone which its experience might have led it

to expect, it found a world of air and movement and freedom and blue sky—with kites in it. For my own part, I often wished when a child, that I had watched while God was making me, so that I might have remembered how he did it. Now my wonder is whether when I creep forth into "that new world which is the old," I shall be conscious of the birth, and enjoy the whole mighty surprise, or whether I shall become gradually aware that things are changed, and stare about me like the new-born baby. What will be the candle-flame that shall first attract my new-born sight? But I forget that speculation about the new life is not writing the history of the old.

I have often tried how far back my memory could go. I suspect there are awfully ancient shadows mingling with our memories; but, as far as I can judge, the earliest definite memory I have is the discovery of how the wind was made; for I saw the process going on before my very eyes, and there could be, and there was, no doubt of the relation of cause and effect in the matter. There were the trees swaying themselves about after the wildest fashion, and there was the wind in consequence visiting my person somewhat too roughly. The trees were blowing in my face. They made the wind, and threw it at me. I used my natural senses, and this was what they told me. The discovery impressed me so deeply that even now I cannot look upon trees without a certain indescribable, and, but for this remembrance, unaccountable awe. A grove was to me for many years a fountain of winds, and, in the stillest day, to look into a depth of gathered stems filled me with dismay; for the whole awful assembly might, writhing together in earnest and effectual contortion, at any moment begin their fearful task of churning the wind.

There were no trees in the neighborhood of the house where I was born. It stood in the midst of grass, and nothing but grass was to be seen for a long way on every side of it. There was not a gravel path or a road near it. Its walls, old and rusty, rose immediately from the grass. Green blades and a few heads of daisies leaned trustingly against the brown stone, all the sharpness of whose fractures had

long since vanished, worn away by the sun and the rain, or filled up by the slow lichens, which I used to think were young stones growing out of the wall. The ground was part of a very old dairy-farm, and my uncle, to whom it belonged, would not have a path about the place. But then the grass was well subdued by the cows, and, indeed, I think, would never have grown very long, for it was of that delicate sort which we see only on downs and in parks and on old grazing farms. All about the house—as far, at least, as my lowly eyes could see—the ground was perfectly level, and this lake of greenery, out of which it rose like a solitary rock, was to me an unfailing mystery and delight. This will sound strange in the ears of those who consider a mountainous, or at least an undulating surface, essential to beauty; but nature is altogether independent of what is called fine scenery. There are other organs than the eyes, even if grass and water and sky were not of the best and loveliest of nature's shows.

The house, I have said, was of an ancient-looking stone, gray and green and yellow and brown. It looked very hard; yet there were some attempts at carving about the heads of the narrow windows. The carving had, however, become so dull and shadowy that I could not distinguish a single form or separable portion of design: still some ancient thought seemed ever flickering across them. The house, which was two stories in height, had a certain air of defence about it, ill to explain. It had no eaves, for the walls rose above the edge of the roof; but the hints at battlements were of the merest. The roof, covered with gray slates, rose very steep, and had narrow, tall dormer windows in it. The edges of the gables rose, not in a slope, but in a succession of notches, like stairs. Altogether, the shell to which, considered as a crustaceous animal, I belonged—for man is every animal according as you choose to contemplate him—had an old-world look about it—a look of the time when men had to fight in order to have peace, to kill in order to live. Being, however, a crustaceous animal, I, the heir of all the new impulses of the age, was born and reared in closest neighborhood with strange relics of a vanished time. Humanity so far retains its

chief characteristics that the new generations can always flourish in the old shell.

The dairy was at some distance, so deep in a hollow that a careless glance would not have discovered it. I well remember my astonishment when my aunt first took me there; for I had not even observed the depression of surface: all had been a level green to my eyes. Beyond this hollow were fields divided by hedges, and lanes, and the various goings to and fro of a not unpeopled although quiet neighborhood. Until I left home for school, however, I do not remember to have seen a carriage of any kind approach our solitary dwelling. My uncle would have regarded it as little short of an insult for any one to drive wheels over the smooth lawnly surface in which our house dwelt like a solitary island in the sea.

Before the threshold lay a brown patch, worn bare of grass, and beaten hard by the descending feet of many generations. The stone threshold itself was worn almost to a level with it. A visitor's first step was into what would, in some parts, be called the house-place, a room which served all the purposes of a kitchen, and yet partook of the character of an old hall. It rose to a fair height, with smoke-stained beams above; and was floored with a kind of cement, hard enough, and yet so worn, that it required a good deal of local knowledge to avoid certain jars of the spine from sudden changes of level. All the furniture was dark and shining, especially the round table, which, with its bewildering, spider-like accumulation of legs, waited under the mullioned, lozenged window until meal-times, when, like an animal roused from its lair, it stretched out those legs, and assumed expanded and symmetrical shape in front of the fire in winter, and nearer the door in summer. It recalls the vision of my aunt, with a hand at each end of it, searching empirically for the level—feeling for it, that is, with the creature's own legs—before lifting the hanging leaves, and drawing out the hitherto supernumerary legs to support them; after which would come a fresh adjustment of level, another hustling to and fro, that the new feet likewise might settle on elevations of equal height; and then came the snowy cloth or

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the tea-tray, deposited cautiously upon its shining surface.

The walls of this room were always white-washed in the spring, occasioning ever a sharpened contrast with the dark-brown ceiling. Whether that was even swept I do not know; I do not remember ever seeing it done. At all events, its color remained unimpaired by paint or whitewash. On the walls hung various articles, some of them high above my head, and attractive for that reason if for no other. I never saw one of them moved from its place—not even the fishing-rod, which required the whole length betwixt the two windows: three rusty hooks hung from it, and waved about when a wind entered ruder than common. Over the fishing-rod hung a piece of tapestry, about a yard in width, and longer than that. It would have required a very capable constructiveness indeed to supply the design from what remained, so fragmentary were the forms, and so dim and faded were the once bright colors. It was there as an ornament; for that which is a mere complement of higher modes of life, becomes, when useless, the ornament of lower conditions: what we call great virtues are little regarded by the saints. It was long before I began to think how the tapestry could have come there, or to what it owed the honor given it in the house.

On the opposite wall hung another object, which may well have been the cause of my carelessness about the former—attracting to itself all my interest. It was a sword, in a leather sheath. From the point, half way to the hilt, the sheath was split all along the edge of the weapon. The sides of the wound gaped, and the blade was visible to my prying eyes. It was with rust almost as dark as brown as the scabbard that enfolded it. But the under parts of the hilt, where dust could not settle, gleamed with a faint golden shine. That sword was to my childish eyes the type of all mystery, a clouded glory, which for many long years I never dreamed of attempting to unveil. Not the sword Excalibur, had it been "stored in some treasure-house of mighty kings," could have radiated more marvel into the hearts of young knights than that sword radiated into mine. Night after night

I would dream of danger drawing nigh—crowds of men of evil purpose—enemies to me or to my country; and ever in the beginning of my dream, I stood ready, foreknowing and waiting; for I had climbed and had taken the ancient power from the wall, and had girded it about my waist—always with a straw rope, the sole band within my reach; but as it went on, the power departed from the dream: I stood waiting for foes who would not come; or they drew near in fury, and when I would have drawn my weapon, old blood and rust held it fast in its sheath, and I tugged at it in helpless agony; and fear invaded my heart, and I turned and fled, pursued by my foes until I left the dream itself behind, whence the terror still pursued me.

There were many things more on those walls. A pair of spurs, of make modern enough, hung between two pewter dish-covers. Hanging book-shelves came next; for although most of my uncle's books were in his bed-room, some of the commoner were here on the wall, next to an old fowling-piece, of which both lock and barrel were devoured with rust. Then came a great pair of shears, though how they should have been there I cannot yet think, for there was no garden to the house, no hedges or trees to clip. I need not linger over these things. Their proper place is in the picture with which I would save words and help understanding if I could.

Of course there was a great chimney in the place; chiefly to be mentioned from the singular fact that just round its corner was a little door opening on a rude winding stair of stone. This appeared to be constructed within the chimney; but on the outside of the wall was a half-round projection, revealing that the stair was not indebted to it for the whole of its accommodation. Whither the stair led, I shall have to disclose in my next chapter. From the opposite end of the kitchen, an ordinary wooden staircase, with clumsy balustrade, led up to the two bed-rooms occupied by my uncle and my aunt; to a large lumber-room, whose desertion and almost emptiness was a source of uneasiness in certain moods; and to a spare bed-room, which was better furnished than any of ours, and indeed to my mind a very grand and spacious

apartment. This last was never occupied during my childhood; consequently it smelt musty notwithstanding my aunt's exemplary housekeeping. Its bedstead must have been hundreds of years old. Above these rooms again were those to which the dormer windows belonged, and in one of them I slept. It opened into that occupied by Nannie, our only maid. It had a deep closet in which I kept my few treasures, and into which I used to retire when out of temper or troubled, conditions not occurring frequently, for nobody quarrelled with me, and I had nobody with whom I might have quarrelled.

When I climbed upon a chair, I could seat myself on the broad sill of the dormer window. This was the watch-tower whence I viewed the world. Thence I could see trees in the distance—too far off for me to tell whether they were churning wind or not. On that side those trees alone were between me and the sky.

One day when my aunt took me with her into the lumber-room, I found there, in a corner, a piece of strange mechanism. It had a kind of pendulum; but I cannot describe it because I had lost sight of it long before I was capable of discovering its use, and my recollection of it is therefore very vague—far too vague to admit of even a conjecture now as to what it could have been intended for. But I remember well enough my fancy concerning it, though when or how that fancy awoke I cannot tell either. It seems to me as old as the finding of the instrument. The fancy was that if I could keep the pendulum wagging long enough, it would set all those trees going too; and if I still kept it swinging, we should have such a storm of wind as no living man had ever felt or heard of. That I more than half believed it, will be evident from the fact that, although I frequently carried the pendulum, as I shall call it, to the window sill, and set it in motion by way of experiment, I had not, up to the time of a certain incident which I shall very soon have to relate, had the courage to keep up the oscillation beyond ten or a dozen strokes; partly from fear of the trees, partly from a dim dread of exercising power whose source and extent were not within my knowledge. I kept the

pendulum in the closet I have mentioned, and never spoke to any one of it.

CHAPTER II.

MY UNCLE AND AUNT.

WE were a curious household. I remember neither father nor mother; and the woman I had been taught to call *auntie* was no such near relation. My uncle was my father's brother, and my aunt was his cousin, by the mother's side. She was a tall, gaunt woman, with a sharp nose and eager eyes, yet sparing of speech. Indeed, there was very little speech to be heard in the house. My aunt, however, looked as if she could have spoken. I think it was the spirit of the place that kept her silent, for there were those eager eyes. She might have been expected also to show a bad temper, but I never saw a sign of such. To me she was always kind; chiefly, I allow, in a negative way, leaving me to do very much as I pleased. I doubt if she felt any great tenderness for me, although I had been dependent upon her care from infancy. In after years I came to the conclusion that she was in love with my uncle; and perhaps the sense that he was indifferent to her save after a brotherly fashion, combined with the fear of betraying herself and the consciousness of her unattractive appearance, to produce the contradiction between her looks and her behavior.

Every morning, after our early breakfast, my uncle walked away to the farm, where he remained until dinner-time. Often, when busy at my own invented games in the grass, I have caught sight of my aunt, standing motionless with her hand over her eyes, watching for the first glimpse of my uncle ascending from the hollow where the farm-buildings lay; and occasionally, when something had led her thither as well, I would watch them returning together over the grass, when she would keep glancing up in his face at almost regular intervals, although it was evident they were not talking, but he never turned his face or lifted his eyes from the ground a few yards in front of him.

He was a tall man of nearly fifty, with gray hair, and quiet meditative blue eyes. He always looked as if he were thinking. He

had been intended for the church, but the means for the prosecution of his studies failing, he had turned his knowledge of rustic affairs to account, and taken a subordinate position on a nobleman's estate, where he rose to be bailiff. When my father was seized with his last illness, he returned to take the management of the farm. It had been in the family for many generations. Indeed, that portion of it upon which the house stood was our own property. When my mother followed my father, my uncle asked his cousin to keep house for him. Perhaps she had expected a further request, but more had not come of it.

When he came in, my uncle always went straight to his room; and having washed his hands and face, took a book and sat down in the window. If I were sent to tell him that the meal was ready, I was sure to find him reading. He would look up, smile, and look down at his book again; nor, until I had formally delivered my message, would he take further notice of me. Then he would rise, lay his book carefully aside, take my hand, and lead me down stairs.

To my childish eyes there was something very grand about my uncle. His face was large-featured and handsome; he was tall, and stooped meditatively. I think my respect for him was founded a good deal upon the reverential way in which my aunt regarded him. And there was great wisdom, I came to know, behind that countenance, a golden speech behind that silence.

My reader must not imagine that the prevailing silence of the house oppressed me. I had been brought up in it, and never felt it. My own thoughts, if thoughts those conditions of mind could be called, which were chiefly passive results of external influences—whatever they were—thoughts or feelings, sensations, or dim, slow movements of mind—they filled the great pauses of speech; and besides, I could read the faces of both my uncle and aunt like the pages of a well-known book. Every shade of alteration in them I was familiar with, for their changes were not many.

Although my uncle's habit was silence, however, he would now and then take a fit of talking to me. I remember many such talks;

the better, perhaps, that they were divided by long intervals. I had perfect confidence in his wisdom, and submission to his will. I did not much mind my aunt. Perhaps her deference to my uncle made me feel as if she and I were more on a level. She must have been really kind, for she never resented any petulance or carelessness. Possibly she sacrificed her own feeling to the love my uncle bore me; but I think it was rather that, because he cared for me, she cared for me too.

Twice during every meal she would rise from the table with some dish in her hand, open the door behind the chimney, and ascend the winding stair.

CHAPTER III.

AT THE TOP OF THE CHIMNEY-STAIR.

I FEAR my readers may have thought me too long occupied with the explanatory foundations of my structure: I shall at once proceed to raise its walls of narrative. Whatever further explanations may be necessary, can be applied as buttresses in lieu of a broader base.

One Sunday—it was his custom of a Sunday—I fancy I was then somewhere about six years of age—my uncle rose from the table after our homely dinner, took me by the hand, and led me to the dark door with the long arrow-headed hinges, and up the winding stone stair which I never ascended except with him or my aunt. At the top was another rugged door, and within that, one covered with green baize. The last opened on what had always seemed to me a very paradise of a room. It was old-fashioned enough; but childhood is of any and every age, and it was not old-fashioned to me—only intensely cosy and comfortable. The first thing my eyes generally rested upon was an old bureau, with a book-case on the top of it, the glass-doors of which were lined with faded red silk. The next thing I would see was a small tent-bed, with the whitest of curtains, and enchanting fringes of white ball-tassels. The bed was covered with an equally charming counterpane of silk patchwork. The next object was the genius of the place, in a high, close, easy-chair, covered with

some dark stuff, against which her face, surrounded with its widow's cap, of ancient form, but dazzling whiteness, was strongly relieved. How shall I describe the shrunken, yet delicate, the gracious, if not graceful form, and the face from which extreme old age had not wasted half the loveliness? Yet I always beheld it with an indescribable sensation, one of whose elements I can isolate and identify as a faint fear. Perhaps this arose partly from the fact that, in going up the stair, more than once my uncle had said to me, "You must not mind what grannie says, Willie, for old people will often speak strange things that young people cannot understand. But you must love grannie, for she is a very good old lady."

"Well, grannie, how are you to-day?" said my uncle, as we entered, this particular Sunday.

I may as well mention at once that my uncle called her *grannie* in his own right and not in mine, for she was in truth my great-grandmother.

"Pretty well, David, I thank you; but much too long out of my grave," answered grannie; in no sepulchral tones, however, for her voice, although weak and uneven, had a sound in it like that of one of the upper strings of a violin. The plaintiveness of it touched me, and I crept near her—nearer than, I believe, I had ever yet gone of my own will—and laid my hand upon hers. I withdrew it instantly, for there was something in the touch that made me—not shudder, exactly—but creep. Her hand was smooth and soft, and warm too, only somehow the skin of it seemed dead. With a quicker movement than belonged to her years, she caught hold of mine, which she kept in one of her hands, while she stroked it with the other. My slight repugnance vanished for the time, and I looked up in her face, grateful for a tenderness which was altogether new to me.

"What makes you so long out of your grave, grannie?" I asked.

"They won't let me into it, my dear."

"Who won't let you, grannie?"

"My own grandson there, and the woman down the stair."

"But you don't really want to go—do you, grannie?"

"I do want to go, Willie. I ought to have been there long ago. I am very old; so old, that I've forgotten how old I am. How old am I?" she asked, looking up at my uncle.

"Nearly ninety-five, grannie; and the older you get before you go, the better we shall be pleased, as you know very well."

"There! I told you," she said with a smile, not all of pleasure, as she turned her head towards me. "They won't let me go. I want to go to my grave, and they won't let me! Is that an age at which to keep a poor woman from her grave?"

"But it's not a nice place, is it, grannie?" I asked, with the vaguest ideas of what *the grave* meant. "I think somebody told me it was in the churchyard."

But neither did I know with any clearness what the church itself meant, for we were a long way from church, and I had never been there yet.

"Yes, it is in the churchyard, my dear."

"Is it a house?" I asked.

"Yes, a little house; just big enough for one."

"I shouldn't like that."

"Oh, yes, you would."

"Is it a nice place, then?"

"Yes, the nicest place in the world, when you get to be so old as I am. If they would only let me die!"

"Die, grannie!" I exclaimed. My notions of death as yet were derived only from the fowls brought from the farm, with their necks hanging down long and limp, and their heads wagging hither and thither.

"Come, grannie, you mustn't frighten our little man," interposed my uncle, looking kindly at us both.

"David!" said grannie, with a reproachful dignity, "*you* know what I mean well enough. You know that until I have done what I have to do, the grave that is waiting for me will not open its mouth to receive me. If you will only allow me to do what I have to do, I shall not trouble you long. Oh dear! oh dear!" she broke out, moaning, and rocking herself to and fro, "I am too old to weep, and they will not let

me to my bed. I want to go to bed. I want to go to sleep."

She moaned and complained like a child. My uncle went near and took her hand.

"Come, come, dear grannie!" he said, "you must not behave like this. You know all things are for the best."

"To keep a corpse out of its grave!" retorted the old lady, almost fiercely, only she was too old and weak to be fierce. "Why should you keep a soul that's longing to depart and go to its own people, lingering on in the coffin? What better than a coffin is this withered body? The child is old enough to understand me. Leave him with me for half an hour, and I shall trouble you no longer. I shall at least wait my end in peace. But I think I should die before the morning."

Ere grannie had finished this sentence, I had shrunk from her again and retreated behind my uncle.

"There!" she went on, "you make my own child fear me. Don't be frightened, Willie dear; your old mother is not a wild beast; she loves you dearly. Only my grandchildren are so undutiful! They will not let my own son come near me."

How I recall this I do not know, for I could not have understood it at the time. The fact is that during the last few years I have found pictures of the past returning upon me in the most vivid and unaccountable manner, so much so as almost to alarm me. Things I had utterly forgotten—or so far at least that when they return they must appear only as vivid imaginations, were it not for a certain conviction of fact which accompanies them—are constantly dawning out of the past. Can it be that the decay of the observant faculties allows the memory to revive and gather force? But I must refrain, for my business is to narrate, not to speculate.

My uncle took me by the hand, and turned to leave the room. I cast one look at grannie as he led me away. She had thrown her head back on her chair, and her eyes were closed; but her face looked offended, almost angry. She looked to my fancy as if she were trying but unable to lie down. My uncle closed the doors very gently. In the

middle of the stair he stopped, and said in a low voice,

"Willie, do you know that when people grow very old, they are not quite like other people?"

"Yes. They want to go to the churchyard," I answered.

"They fancy things," said my uncle. "Grannie thinks you are her own son."

"And ain't I?" I asked innocently.

"Not exactly," he answered. "Your father was her son's son. She forgets that, and wants to talk to you as if you were your grandfather. Poor old grannie! I don't wish you to go and see her without your aunt or me: mind that."

Whether I made any promise I do not remember; but I know that a new something was mingled with my life from that moment. An air as it were of the tomb mingled henceforth with the homely delights of my life. Grannie wanted to die, and uncle would not let her. She longed for her grave, and they would keep her above ground. And from the feeling that grannie ought to be buried, grew an awful sense that she was not alive—not alive, that is, as other people are alive, and a gulf was fixed between her and me which for a long time I never attempted to pass, avoiding as much as I could all communication with her, even when my uncle or aunt wished to take me to her room. They did not seem displeased, however, when I objected, and not always insisted on obedience.

Thus affairs went on in our quiet household for what seemed to me a very long time.

CHAPTER IV.

THE PENDULUM.

It may have been a year after this, it may have been two, I cannot tell, when the next great event in my life occurred. I think it was towards the close of an autumn, but there was not so much about our house as elsewhere to mark the changes of the seasons, for the grass was always green. I remember it was a sultry afternoon. I had been out almost the whole day, wandering hither and thither over the grass, and I felt hot and oppressed. Not an air was stirring. I longed for a breath of

wind, for I was not afraid of the wind itself, only of the trees that made it. Indeed, I delighted in the wind, and would run against it with exuberant pleasure, even rejoicing in the fancy that I, as well as the trees, could make the wind by shaking my hair about as I ran. I must run, however; whereas the trees, whose prime business it was, could do it without stirring from the spot. But this was much too hot an afternoon for me, whose mood was always more inclined to the passive than the active, to run about and toss my hair, even for the sake of the breeze that would result therefrom. I bethought myself. I was nearly a man now; I would be afraid of things no more; I would get out my pendulum, and see whether that would not help me. Not this time would I flinch from what consequences might follow. Let them be what they might, the pendulum should wag, and have a fair chance of doing its best.

I went up to my room, a sense of high emprise filling my little heart. Composedly, yea solemnly, I set to work, even as some enchanter of old might have drawn his circle, and chosen his spell out of his iron-clasped volume. I strode to the closet in which the awful instrument dwelt. It stood in the farthest corner. As I lifted it, something like a groan invaded my ear. My notions of locality were not then sufficiently developed to let me know that grannie's room was on the other side of that closet. I almost let the creature, for as such I regarded it, drop. I was not to be deterred, however. I bore it carefully to the light, and set it gently on the window-sill, full in view of the distant trees towards the west. I left it then for a moment, as if that it might gather its strength for its unwonted labors, while I closed the door, and, with what fancy I can scarcely imagine now, the curtains of my bed as well. Possibly it was with some notion of having one place to which, if the worst came to the worst, I might retreat for safety. Again I approached the window, and after standing for some time in contemplation of the pendulum, I set it in motion, and stood watching it.

It swung slower and slower. It wanted to stop. It should not stop. I gave it another swing. On it went, at first somewhat dis-

tractedly, next more regularly, then with slowly retarding movement. But it should not stop.

I turned in haste and got from the side of my bed the only chair in the room, placed it in the window, sat down before the reluctant instrument and gave it a third swing. Then, my elbows on the sill, I sat and watched it with growing awe, but growing determination as well. Once more it showed signs of refusal; once more the forefinger of my right hand administered impulse.

Something gave a crack inside the creature: away went the pendulum, swinging with a will. I sat and gazed, almost horror-stricken. Ere many moments had passed, the feeling of terror had risen to such a height that, for the very terror, I would have seized the pendulum in a frantic grasp. I did not. On it went, and I sat looking. My dismay was gradually subsiding.

I have learned since that a certain ancestor—or was he only a great-uncle?—I forget—had a taste for mechanics, even to the craze of the perpetual motion, and could work well in brass and iron. The creature was probably some invention of his. It was a real marvel, how, after so many years of idleness, it could now go as it did. I confess, as I contemplate the thing, I am in a puzzle, and almost fancy the whole a dream. But let it pass. At worst, something of which this is the sole representative residuum, wrought an effect on me which embodies its cause thus, as I search for it in the past. And why should not the individual life have its misty legends as well as that of nations? From them, as from the golden and rosy clouds of morning, dawns at last the true sun of its unquestionable history. Every boy has his own fables, just as the Romes and the Englands of the world have their Romuli and their Arthurs, their suckling wolves and their granite-sheathed swords. Do they not reflect each other? I tell the tale as 'tis left in me.

How long I sat thus gazing at the now self-impelled instrument, I cannot say. The next point in the progress of the legend is a gust of wind rattling the window in whose recess I was seated. I jumped from my chair in terror. While I had been absorbed in the pendu-

lum, the evening had closed in; clouds had gathered over the sky, and all was gloomy about the house. It was much too dark to see the distant trees, but there could be no doubt they were at work. The pendulum had roused them. Another, a third, and a fourth gust rattled and shook the rickety frame. I had done it at last! The trees were busy away there in the darkness. I and my pendulum could make the wind.

The gusts came faster and faster, and grew into blasts which settled into a steady gale. The pendulum went on swinging to and fro, and the gale went on increasing in violence. I sat half in terror, half in delight at the awful success of my experiment. I would have opened the window to let in the coveted air, but that was beyond my knowledge and strength. I could make the wind blow, but, like other magicians, I could not share in its benefits. I would go out and meet it on the open plain. I crept down the stair like a thief—not that I feared detention, but that I felt such a sense of the important, even the dread, about myself and my instrument, that I was not in harmony with souls reflecting only the common affairs of life. In a moment I was in the middle of the storm—for storm it very nearly was and soon became. I rushed to and fro in the midst of it, lay down and rolled in it, and laughed and shouted as I looked up to the window where the pendulum was swinging, and thought of the trees at work away in the dark. The wind grew stronger and stronger. What if the pendulum should not stop at all, and the wind went on and on, growing louder and fiercer, till it grew mad and blew away the house? Ah, then, poor grannie would have a chance of being buried at last! Seriously, the affair might grow serious.

Such thoughts were passing in my mind, when all at once the wind gave a roar which made me spring to my feet and rush for the house. I must stop the pendulum. There was a strange sound in that blast. The trees themselves had had enough of it, and were protesting against the creature's tyranny. Their master was working them too hard. I ran up the stair on all fours: it was my way when I was in a hurry. Swinging went the

pendulum in the window, and the wind roared in the chimney. I seized hold of the oscillating thing, and stopped it; but to my amaze and consternation, the moment I released it, on it went again. I must sit and hold it. But the voice of my aunt called me from below, and as I dared not explain why I would rather not appear, I was forced to obey. I lingered on the stair, half minded to return.

"What a rough night it is!" I heard my aunt say, with rare remark.

"It gets worse and worse," responded my uncle. "I hope it won't disturb grannie; but the wind must roar fearfully in her chimney."

I stood like a culprit. What if they should find out that I was at the root of the mischief, at the heart of the storm!

"If I could believe all I have been reading to-night about the Prince of the Power of the Air, I should not like this storm at all," continued my uncle, with a smile. "But books are not always to be trusted because they are old," he added with another smile. "From the glass, I expected rain and not wind."

"Whatever wind there is, we get it all," said my aunt. "I wonder what Willie is about. I thought I heard him coming down. Isn't it time, David, we did something about his schooling? It won't do to have him idling about this way all day long."

"He's a mere child," returned my uncle. "I'm not forgetting him. But I can't send him away yet."

"You know best," returned my aunt.

Send me away! What could it mean? Why should I—where should I go? Was not the old place a part of me, just like my own clothes on my own body? This was the kind of feeling that woke in me at the words. But hearing my aunt push back her chair, evidently with the purpose of finding me, I descended into the room.

"Come along, Willie," said my uncle. "Hear the wind, how it roars!"

"Yes, uncle; it does roar," I said, feeling a hypocrite for the first time in my life. Knowing far more about the roaring than he did, I yet spoke like an innocent!

"Do you know who makes the wind, Willie?"

"Yes. The trees," I answered.

My uncle opened his blue eyes very wide, and looked at my aunt. He had had no idea what a little heathen I was. The more a man has wrought out his own mental condition, the readier he is to suppose that children must be able to work out theirs, and to forget that he did not work out his information, but only his conclusions. My uncle began to think it was time to take me in hand.

"No, Willie," he said. "I must teach you better than that."

I expected him to begin by telling me that God made the wind; but, whether it was that what the old book said about the Prince of the Power of the Air returned upon him, or that he thought it an unfitting occasion for such a lesson when the wind was roaring so as might render its divine origin questionable, he said no more. Bewildered, I fancy, with my ignorance, he turned, after a pause, to my aunt.

"Don't you think it's time for him to go to bed, Jane?" he suggested.

My aunt replied by getting from the cupboard my usual supper—a basin of milk and a slice of bread; which I ate with less circumspection than usual, for I was eager to return to my room. As soon as I had finished, Nannie was called, and I bade them good-night.

"Make haste, Nannie," I said. "Don't you hear how the wind is roaring?"

It was roaring louder than ever, and there was the pendulum swinging away in the window. Nannie took no notice of it, and, I presume, only thought I wanted to get my head under the bed-clothes, and so escape the sound of it. Anyhow, she did make haste, and in a very few minutes I was, as she supposed, snugly settled for the night. But the moment she shut the door I was out of bed and at the window. The instant I reached it, a great dash of rain swept against the panes, and the wind howled more fiercely than ever. Believing I had the key of the position, inasmuch as, if I pleased, I could take the pendulum to bed with me, and stifle its motions with the bed-clothes—for this happy idea had dawned upon me while Nannie was undressing me—I was composed enough now to press

my face to a pane and look out. There was a small space amidst the storm dimly illuminated from the windows below, and the moment I looked—out of the darkness into this dim space, as if blown thither by the wind, rushed a figure on horseback, his large cloak flying out before him, and the mane of the animal he rode streaming out over his ears in the fierceness of the blast. He pulled up right under my window, and I thought he looked up, and made threatening gestures at me; but I believe now that horse and man pulled up in sudden danger of dashing against the wall of the house. I shrank back, and when I peeped out again he was gone. The same moment the pendulum gave a click and stopped; one more rattle of rain against the windows, and then the wind stopped also. I crept back to my bed in a new terror, for might not this be the Prince of the Power of the Air, come to see who was meddling with his affairs? Had he not come right out of the storm, and straight from the trees? He must have something to do with it all! Before I had settled the probabilities of the question, however, I was fast asleep.

I awoke—how long after, I cannot tell—with the sound of voices in my ears. It was still dark. The voices came from below. I had been dreaming of the strange horseman, who had turned out to be the awful being concerning whom Nannie had enlightened me as going about at night, to buy little children from their nurses, and make bagpipes of their skins. Awaked from such a dream, it was impossible to lie still without knowing what those voices down below were talking about. The strange one must belong to the being, whatever he was, whom I had seen come out of the storm; and of whom could they be talking but me? I was right in both conclusions.

With a fearful resolution, I slipped out of bed, opened the door as noiselessly as I might, and crept on my bare, silent feet down the creaking stair, which led, with open balustrade, right into the kitchen, at the end farthest from the chimney. The one candle at the other end could not illuminate its darkness, and I sat unseen, a few steps from the bottom of the stair, listening with all my ears,

and staring with all my eyes. The stranger's huge cloak hung drying before the fire, and he was drinking something out of a tumbler. The light fell full upon his face. It was a curious, and certainly not to me an attractive face. The forehead was very projecting, and the eyes were very small, deep set, and sparkling. The mouth—I had almost said muzzle—was very projecting likewise, and the lower jaw shot in front of the upper. When the man smiled the light was reflected from what seemed to my eyes an inordinate multitude of white teeth. His ears were narrow and long, and set very high upon his head. The hand, which he every now and then displayed in the exigencies of his persuasion, was white, but very large, and the thumb was exceedingly long. I had weighty reasons for both suspecting and fearing the man; and, leaving my prejudices out of the question, there was in the conversation itself enough besides to make me take note of dangerous points in his appearance. I never could lay much claim to physical courage, and I attribute my behavior on this occasion rather to the fascination of terror than to any impulse of self-preservation; I sat there in utter silence, listening like an ear-trumpet. The first words I could distinguish were to this effect:—

"You do not mean," said the enemy, "to tell me, Mr. Cumbermede, that you intend to bring up the young fellow in absolute ignorance of the decrees of fate?"

"I pledge myself to nothing in the matter," returned my uncle, calmly, but with a something in his tone which was new to me.

"Good heavens!" exclaimed the other. "Excuse me, sir, but what right can you have to interfere after such a serious fashion with the young gentleman's future?"

"It seems to me," said my uncle, "that you wish to interfere with it after a much more serious fashion. There are things in which ignorance may be preferable to knowledge."

"But what harm could the knowledge of such a fact do him?"

"Upset all his notions, render him incapable of thinking about anything of importance, occasion an utter——"

"But *can* anything be more important?" interrupted the visitor.

My uncle went on without heeding him.

"Plunge him over head and ears in——"

"Hot water, I grant you," again interrupted the enemy, to my horror; "but it wouldn't be for long. Only give me your sanction, and I promise you to have the case as tight as a drum before I ask you to move a step in it."

"But why should you take so much interest in what is purely our affair?" asked my uncle.

"Why, of course, you would have to pay the piper," said the man.

This was too much! *Play* the man that played upon me after I was made into bag-pipes! The idea was too frightful.

"I must look out for business, you know; and, by Jove! I shall never have such a chance, if I live to the age of Methuselah."

"Well, you shall not have it from me."

"Then," said the man, rising, "you are more of a fool than I took you for."

"Sir!" said my uncle.

"No offence; no offence, I assure you. But it is provoking to find people so blind—so wilfully blind—to their own interest. You may say I have nothing to lose. Give me the boy, and I'll bring him up like my own son; send him to school and college, too—all on the chance of being repaid twice over by——"

I knew this was all a trick to get hold of my skin. The man said it on his way to the door, his ape-face shining dim as he turned it a little back in the direction of my uncle, who followed with the candle. I lost the last part of the sentence in the terror which sent me bounding up the stair in my usual four-footed fashion. I leaped into my bed, shaking with cold and agony combined. But I had the satisfaction presently of hearing the *thud* of the horse's hoofs upon the sward, dying away in the direction whence they had come. After that I soon fell asleep.

I need hardly say that I never set the pendulum swinging again. Many years after, I came upon it when searching for papers, and the thrill which vibrated through my whole frame, announced a strange and unwelcome presence long before my memory could recall its origin.

It must not be supposed that I pretend to

remember all the conversation I have just set down. The words are but the forms in which, enlightened by facts which have since come to my knowledge, I clothe certain vague memories and impressions of such an interview as certainly took place.

In the morning, at breakfast, my aunt asked my uncle who it was that paid such an untimely visit the preceding night.

"A fellow from C——" (the county town), "an attorney—what did he say his name was? Yes, I remember. It was the same as the steward's over the way. Coningham, it was."

"Mr. Coningham has a son there—an attorney too, I think," said my aunt.

My uncle seemed struck by the reminder, and became meditative.

"That explains his choosing such a night to come in. His father is getting an old man now. Yes, it must be the same."

"He's a sharp one, folk say," said my aunt, with a pointedness in the remark which showed some anxiety.

"That he cannot conceal, sharp as he is," said my uncle, and there the conversation stopped.

The very next evening my uncle began to teach me. I had a vague notion that this had something to do with my protection against the machinations of the man Coningham, the idea of whom was inextricably associated in my mind with that of the Prince of the Power of the Air, darting from the midst of the churning trees, on a horse whose streaming mane and flashing eyes indicated no true equine origin. I gave myself with diligence to the work my uncle set me.

CHAPTER V.

I HAVE LESSONS.

It is a simple fact that up to this time I did not know my letters. It was, I believe, part of my uncle's theory of education, that as little pain as possible should be associated with merely intellectual effort: he would not allow me, therefore, to commence my studies until the task of learning should be an easy one. Henceforth, every evening, after tea, he took me to his own room, the walls of which were

nearly covered with books, and there taught me.

One peculiar instance of his mode I will give, and let it stand rather as a pledge for the rest of his system than an index to it. It was only the other day it came back to me. Like Jean Paul, he would utter the name of God to a child only at grand moments; but there was a great difference in the moments the two men would have chosen. Jean Paul would choose a thunder-storm, for instance; the following will show the kind of my uncle's choice. One Sunday evening he took me for a longer walk than usual. We had climbed a little hill: I believe it was the first time I ever had a wide view of the earth. The horses were all loose in the fields; the cattle were gathering their supper as the sun went down; there was an indescribable hush in the air, as if Nature herself knew the seventh day; there was no sound even of water, for here the water crept slowly to the far-off sea, and the slant sunlight shone back from just one bend of a canal-like river; the haystacks and ricks of the last year gleamed golden in the farm-yards; great fields of wheat stood up stately around us, the glow in their yellow brought out by the red poppies that sheltered in the forest of their stems; the odor of the grass and clover came in pulses; and the soft blue sky was flecked with white clouds tinged with pink, which deepened until it gathered into a flaming rose in the west, where the sun was welling out oceans of liquid red.

I looked up in my uncle's face. It shone in a calm glow, like an answering, rosy moon. The eyes of my mind were opened: I saw that he felt something, and then I felt it too. His soul, with the glory for an interpreter, kindled mine. He, in turn, caught the sight of my face, and his soul broke forth in one word:—

"God! Willie; God!" was all he said; and surely it was enough.

It was only then, in moments of strong repose, that my uncle spoke to me of God.

Although he never petted me, that is, never showed me any animal affection, my uncle was like a father to me in this, that he was about and above me, a pure benevolence. It is no wonder that I should learn rapidly un-

der his teaching, for I was quick enough, and possessed the more energy that it had not been wasted on unpleasant tasks.

Whether from indifference or intent I cannot tell, but he never forbade me to touch any of his books. Upon more occasions than one he found me on the floor with a folio between my knees; but he only smiled and said—

"Ah, Willie! mind you don't crumple the leaves."

About this time also I had a new experience of another kind, which impressed me almost with the force of a revelation.

I had not yet explored the boundaries of the prairie-like level on which I found myself. As soon as I got about a certain distance from home, I always turned and ran back. Fear is sometimes the first recognition of freedom. Delighting in liberty, I yet shrunk from the unknown spaces around me, and rushed back to the shelter of the home-walls. But as I grew older I became more adventurous; and one evening, although the shadows were beginning to lengthen, I went on and on until I made a discovery. I found a half-spherical hollow in the grassy surface. I rushed into its depth as if it had been a mine of marvels, threw myself on the ground, and gazed into the sky as if I had now for the first time discovered its true relation to the earth. The earth was a cup, and the sky its cover.

There were lovely daisies in this hollow—not too many to spoil the grass, and they were red-tipped daisies. There was besides, in the very heart of it, one plant of the finest pimpernels I have ever seen, and this was my introduction to the flower. Nor were these all the treasures of the spot. A late primrose, a tiny child, born out of due time, opened its timid petals in the same hollow. Here then were gathered red-tipped daisies, large pimpernels, and one tiny primrose. I lay and looked at them in delight—not at all inclined to pull them, for they were where I loved to see them. I never had much inclination to gather flowers. I see them as a part of a whole, and rejoice in them in their own place without any desire to appropriate them. I lay and looked at these for a long

time. Perhaps I fell asleep. I do not know. I have often waked in the open air. All at once I looked up and saw a vision.

My reader will please to remember that up to this hour I had never seen a lady. I cannot by any stretch call my worthy aunt a lady; and my grandmother was too old, and too much an object of mysterious anxiety, to produce the impression of a lady upon me. Suddenly I became aware that a lady was looking down on me. Over the edge of my horizon, the circle of the hollow that touched the sky, her face shone like a rising moon. Sweet eyes looked on me, and a sweet mouth was tremulous with a smile. I will not attempt to describe her. To my childish eyes she was much what a descended angel must have been to eyes of old, in the days when angels did descend, and there were Arabs or Jews on the earth who could see them. A new knowledge dawned in me. I lay motionless, looking up with worship in my heart. As suddenly she vanished. I lay far into the twilight, and then rose and went home, half bewildered, with a sense of heaven about me which settled into the fancy that my mother had come to see me. I wondered afterwards that I had not followed her; but I never forgot her, and, morning, mid-day, or evening, whenever the fit seized me, I would wander away and lie down in the hollow, gazing at the spot where the lovely face had arisen, in the fancy, hardly in the hope, that my moon might once more arise and bless me with her vision.

Hence I suppose came another habit of mine, that of watching in the same hollow, and in the same posture, now for the sun, now for the moon, but generally for the sun. You might have taken me for a fire-worshipper, so eagerly would I rise, when the desire came upon me, so hastily in the clear gray of the morning would I dress myself, lest the sun should be up before me, and I fail to catch his first lance-like rays dazzling through the forest of grass on the edge of my hollow world. Bare-footed I would scud like a hare through the dew, heedless of the sweet air of the morning, heedless of the few bird-songs about me, heedless even of the east, whose saffron might just be burning into gold, as I ran to

gain the green hollow whence alone I would greet the morning. Arrived there, I shot into its shelter, and threw myself panting on the grass, to gaze on the spot at which I expected the rising glory to appear. Ever when I recall the custom, that one lark is wildly praising over my head, for he sees the sun for which I am waiting. He has his nest in the hollow beside me. I would sooner have turned my back on the sun than disturbed the home of his high-priest, the lark. And now the edge of my horizon begins to burn; the green blades glow in their tops; they are melted through with light; the flashes invade my eyes; they gather; they grow, until I hide my face in my hands. The sun is up. But on my hands and my knees I rush after the retreating shadow, and, like a child at play with its nurse, hide in its curtain. Up and up comes the peering sun; he will find me; I cannot hide from him; there is in the wide field no shelter from his gaze. No matter then. Let him shine into the deepest corners of my heart, and shake the cowardice and the meanness out of it.

I thus made friends with Nature. I had no great variety even in her, but the better did I understand what I had. The next summer, I began to hunt for glow-worms, and carry them carefully to my hollow, that in the warm, soft, moonless nights they might illumine it with a strange light. When I had been very successful, I would call my uncle and aunt to see. My aunt tried me by always having something to do first. My uncle, on the other hand, would lay down his book at once, and follow me submissively. He could not generate amusement for me, but he sympathized with what I could find for myself.

"Come and see my cows," I would say to him.

I well remember the first time I took him to see them. When we reached the hollow, he stood for a moment silent. Then he said, laying his hand on my shoulder,

"Very pretty, Willie! But why do you call them cows?"

"You told me last night," I answered, "that the road the angels go across the sky is called the milky way—didn't you, uncle?"

"I never told you the angels went that way, my boy."

"Oh! didn't you? I thought you did."

"No, I didn't."

"Oh! I remember now: I thought if it was a way, and nobody but the angels could go in it, that must be the way the angels did go."

"Yes, yes, I see! But what has that to do with the glow-worms?"

"Don't you see, uncle? If it be the milky way, the stars must be the cows. Look at my cows, uncle. Their milk is very pretty milk, isn't it?"

"Very pretty, indeed, my dear—rather green."

"Then I suppose if you could put it in auntie's pan, you might make another moon of it?"

"That's being silly now," said my uncle; and I ceased, abashed.

"Look, look, uncle!" I exclaimed, a moment after; "they don't like being talked about, my cows."

For as if a cold gust of wind had passed over them, they all dwindled and paled. I thought they were going out.

"Oh, dear, oh, dear!" I cried, and began dancing about with dismay. The next instant the glow returned, and the hollow was radiant.

"Oh the dear light!" I cried again. "Look at it, uncle! Isn't it lovely?"

He took me by the hand. His actions were always so much more tender than his words!

"Do you know who is the light of the world, Willie?"

"Yes, well enough. I saw him get out of bed this morning."

My uncle led me home without a word more. But next night he began to teach me about the light of the world, and about walking in the light. I do not care to repeat much of what he taught me in this kind, for, like my glow-worms, it does not like to be talked about. Somehow it loses color and shine when one talks.

I have now shown sufficiently how my uncle would seize opportunities for beginning things. He thought more of the beginning than of any other part of a process.

"All's well that begins well," he would say. I did not know what his smile meant as he said so.

I sometimes wonder how I managed to get through the days without being weary. No one ever thought of giving me toys. I had a turn for using my hands; but I was too young to be trusted with a knife. I had never seen a kite, except far away in the sky: I took it for a bird. There were no rushes to make water-wheels of, and no brooks to set them turning in. I had neither top nor marbles. I had no dog to play with. And yet I do not remember once feeling weary. I knew all the creatures that went creeping about in the grass, and although I did not know the proper name for one of them, I had names of my own for them all, and was so familiar with their looks and their habits, that I am confident I could in some degree interpret some of the people I met afterwards by their resemblances to these insects. I have a man in my mind now who has exactly the head and face, if face it can be called, of an ant. It is not a head, but a helmet. I knew all the butterflies—they were mostly small ones, but of lovely varieties. A stray dragon-fly would now and then delight me; and there were

hunting-spiders and wood-lice, and queerer creatures of which I do not yet know the names. Then there were grasshoppers, which for some time I took to be made of green leaves, and I thought they grew like fruit on the trees till they were ripe, when they jumped down, and jumped for ever after. Another child might have caught and caged them; for me, I followed them about, and watched their ways.

In the winter, things had not hitherto gone quite so well with me. Then I had been a good deal dependent upon Nannie and her stories, which were neither very varied nor very well told. But now that I had begun to read, things went better. To be sure, there were not in my uncle's library many books such as children have nowadays; but there were old histories, and some voyages and travels, and in them I revelled. I am perplexed sometimes when I look into one of these books—for I have them all about me now—to find how dry they are. The shine seems to have gone out of them. Or is it that the shine has gone out of the eyes that used to read them? If so, it will come again some day. I do not find that the shine has gone out of a beetle's back; and I can read *The Pilgrim's Progress* still.

(To be continued.)

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY.

THAT which appears to be the first "topic of the time," to a magazine beginning its existence, is, naturally, itself; and perhaps the editor will find no better place and opportunity to present his offering to the public than here and now. *HOURS AT HOME*, whose unpretending dress and suggestive title had grown familiar to the eyes of many thousands of American families, died in October—died, not of disease, not of old age, not of decay—died simply that *SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY* might live. *PUTNAM'S MAGAZINE*, which has embodied in its pages not only the old Knickerbocker culture and prestige, but the free spirit of modern progress and the broadest literary catholicity, dies a month later, or, rather, merges the gathered resources of its life in the new magazine. Its founder and publisher, than whom no man holds a higher place in the popular esteem and affection, passes into our hands the garnered tribute of its character and fame, and yields to us the vantage ground he has so honorably won. It would not in-

terest the public to know by what steps the two magazines have made their way to this change. It is sufficient to say that it is heartily entered upon by all parties, and that it is adopted with the conviction that such changes have occurred in the popular demand that a great success is not possible if sought only by the old means and methods. So, while *SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY* hopes to retain among its friends and patrons, all the friends and patrons of the old magazines, it confidently looks for a broader field, more thoroughly occupied, and for a more fruitful and grateful prosperity.

As a new title has seemed desirable for a magazine proposing to strike out a path for itself, the titles of both the old magazines are left behind as the names of completed series. The privilege of selecting this title has been fraught with rare pleasure to the editor, for it has furnished to him the opportunity to honor one of the strongest personal friendships of his life, and to give befitting recognition to a name that, as the head of a large publishing house, has been associated

for many years with what is purest and best in American literature. This magazine needs no higher aim than to be worthy of the name it bears, and can achieve no better honor than to do its part to maintain the position which the house represented by it holds before the Christian people of the country.

It is an exceedingly pleasant reflection to the editor that he and those for whom he prepares this magazine are not strangers. In books, newspapers, periodicals, and public addresses, he and they have met many times during the last twenty years. In that period he has experienced much of their kindness, and they have had abundant opportunity to become acquainted with him. To their generous confidence he appeals in presenting to them this new enterprise. He asks them to believe that it is his purpose to obtain for them the best reading that money will buy, to furnish the finest illustrations procurable at home and abroad, and to make a magazine that they will all desire to possess, and will all feel the richer for possessing. It would be easy to publish a list of those who have promised to favor us with their contributions—and a proud list it would be—but we prefer to let every number act as pledge for its successor. The magazine will be as good as we can make it, and increasingly good as the means are gathered more thoroughly in hand, and usage shall instruct in the handling.

The feature of illustrations has been adopted to meet a thoroughly pronounced popular demand for the pictorial representation of life and truth, and in the well-assured belief that there is no person, young or old, learned or illiterate, to whom it will be unwelcome. With this popular auxiliary we shall try to make a magazine that is intelligent on all living questions of morals and society, and to present something in every number that will interest and instruct every member of every family into which it shall have the good fortune to find its way.

REPUBLICANISM IN EUROPE.

WE trust that the friends of popular government in America will build no high hope and expectation of the establishment of their principles and practice in Europe upon the changes that for several weeks have been in progress there. France has proclaimed a Republic, and America has given it quick recognition. There may have been nothing else that France could do; for the Empire was dead in the hearts of the people, and no new despot was at hand, with power to turn the crisis to personal account. The Republic proclaimed, there was no proper course for the first republic of the world to pursue but to extend to it the right hand of recognition. The end will prove, however, that both acts were formalities, growing out of circumstances which neither France nor America could control. The French Republic paves the way to a new despotism, which America will be obliged to recognize with the same show of cordiality that has marked her greeting of the present government.

There are two causes working powerfully throughout

Continental Europe—powerfully and effectually—to bind its people to monarchical institutions. The first is the interests and prejudices of the educated and powerful classes, and the second is the low intelligence and low morals of the masses. Nearly all the men of Europe who have practice in politics—who are accustomed to lead and govern, and manage the machinery of power—are men of aristocratic associations. Their titles, their position, their influence, and frequently their wealth, depend upon the existence and integrity of monarchical institutions. If, in any popular uprising, these institutions sink, these men join in the new order of things for the simple purpose of getting the lead, and taking the country back to the ancient order, whenever it may become safe to do it. The fact that the adherents of imperialism and monarchy are so prominent and busy in the affairs of the French Republic is full of menace to the new government. They do not intend that the Republic shall be permanent. On the contrary, they intend that it shall last only long enough for the accomplishment of their own schemes, in restoring some old form of power. The Orleans princes and their friends are on the ground and in the Republic: for what?

But France, even if her leading men were sincere republicans, is entirely unable to maintain a republic. Such a government can only be permanent in a country where intelligence is universal, where thought is free from priestly domination, and where men have faith in God and in each other. We have seen in the history of the Empire how much a French ballot means, and what it is worth. Its decisions are proved to be entirely within the control of the man or men in power. The men who have just voted their satisfaction with the Empire and the changes introduced into its administration are, to-day, shouting for the Republic, and will to-morrow shout for any new despot who may step upon the dead body of the Republic to reach his throne. It is a sad and hard thing to say of any country, but it is true, that there is not enough of intelligence, principle, and virtue in France to sustain a republic. A French peasant, who does not know a letter of the alphabet, and who takes his law from his priest, is a very different person from the American farmer or mechanic, who takes his newspaper and magazine, and reads and judges for himself. In America, men trust each other; in France, there is no faith in men; and none, for that matter, in women. Without this faith, a republic is not possible. Without it no people can govern themselves, and it is not best that they have the opportunity to do so. The Empire has been ten thousand times better for France for the last twenty years than any government could have been, springing directly from the people. A people that cannot govern themselves must be governed, and there is nothing in the history of the French people to prove that they have the capacity of self-government. The national destinies have been placed in the national hands repeatedly, and they have always been surrendered, after the briefest holding, to one

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who had the power to order them in the interests of despotism.

What can justly be said of France in this matter, can be said as justly of the other great peoples of Europe. Republican institutions are as impossible in Spain and Italy as in France. A Republic in France, holding its life for a year, would inevitably create great popular disturbances in the countries named, but they would be disturbances that could lead to no great results for liberty. The strength of the republican element in Spain has already shown itself, and is found to be inadequate to inspire and mould the national destinies. Italy is weaker than Spain. Both countries are cursed by a priest-ridden peasantry, of whom it is not possible to make the material of a republic. Why should Americans rejoice to witness these popular uprisings for free institutions, when they know that their only result will be the closer enslavement of the masses, and the martyrdom of the few who have the intelligence to know the right, and the faith and heroism to give their lives to it? Before a permanent republic there must come education, morality, religion. The old ideas of military glory, of governmental pomp and pageantry, and of caste and class distinctions, must be superseded by an intelligent apprehension of the glory of peace, a healthful love of simplicity, and a thoroughly practical recognition of the equality of men. There will be spasmodic revolts against tyranny in all countries, and republics will rise for a day on the ruins of despotic power, but such ruins alone make no fitting foundation for free governments. "*Vive la République!*" "*A bas l'Empire!*" till the Republic dies a natural or a violent death, and then "*Vive!*" whatever may come.

PAPA AND THE DOGMA.

It must be sweet to the old Pope to feel that, although he has failed in everything, the dogma of his infallibility is safe. France, his long-time champion, recalls from his capital the troops that have protected him from his own subjects, and bites the bitter dust at the feet of a Protestant power. The King of Italy, whom he hates, rides into Rome as the French troops march out; but he is too late to interfere with the dogma, even should he think it of the slightest consequence. The powers that dictate the policy of Europe to-day are powers that have no respect for his Holiness. They are powers born of Protestantism. Education and freedom from priestly domination have made them great, while an infallible church has so sucked the life and manhood out of the other States, that they all sink into second and third rate powers. France, Spain, Italy, Portugal, Austria,—how much influence have they in the affairs of Europe? Just as much as they get by breaking away from the traditional policy and the prescriptive authority of Rome, and no more. The Pope has failed to make his subjects happy, failed to make them prosperous, failed to secure their affection, failed to educate them, failed to hold his capital,

failed to enlighten the masses under his influence in all the Catholic countries of Europe, failed to make them moral and religious, failed to secure their unity against the aggressions of Protestant power, failed to do anything for human progress, failed utterly as a temporal ruler; but he can congratulate himself that the dogma of his infallibility is safe. Happy man!—and so easily pleased!

SEX AND WAGES.

THE *Christian Union* contains, in a brief article on this subject, the following words: "We feel intuitively that when a woman does the same work as a man, she should have the same pay." The words look fair, and sound well, and seem good; yet it somehow happens that intuitive feeling has very little to do in settling the knotty problems of the world, and nothing at all to do in settling this. We all know that always, in all countries, the average wages of women have been lower than those of men. To what is the fact attributable? Legislation has not determined it: public sentiment has not established it. There is a law somewhere in which it has its birth and finds its perpetuation. The rapacity of power in the hands of brutal men is responsible for the oppression of woman, here and there, in the matter of wages, as it is for the oppression of man; but it has nothing to do with the general fact to which we allude. Nor is the "law of demand and supply," of which so much is said, primarily or principally active and determining in this matter. But there is a law, easy to find by the candid observer, and impossible to be set aside, which establishes the inequality that *The Union* deplores. It is the law that that instrument or agent of labor which has the higher value shall command the greater return for use and operation.

The owner of the mastiff that turns a churn cannot expect to receive for his work as much as the man who furnishes a horse to perform the same service. The horse is a hundred times more valuable than the dog as a motive power. It is the dog, and not the horse, that settles the price at which churning can be done. We may "feel intuitively" that the dog ought to command the price accorded to the horse, but the fact is that the horse must come to the dog's price, or lose his work at the churn entirely. The illustration is homely, and, perhaps, extreme, but it has the advantage of being forcible. Let us try another. The cheapest penknife a man can use is one that has a single blade, adapted to the making of pens. If he insist on having one that bears not only a penknife blade, but also a gimlet, corkscrew, toothpick, glove-buttoner, screw-driver, file, saw, lancet, and hoof-hook, he must pay for it the market price. He must not expect that because he proposes to use only the penknife blade, he can buy it at the price of the penknife.

It is entirely legitimate to divide laborers into three classes, viz., men, women, and children. There are points, undoubtedly, in which woman is superior to

man, but man is certainly her superior as a laborer. He has the larger, stronger, and harder frame, and is free from many of the disadvantages which woman as a laborer is obliged to encounter. In agriculture, he clears the forests, breaks up the land, and cultivates and reaps. He quarries or cuts the material of houses, and builds them. He lays railroads all over a continent, and furnishes them with engines and cars, and operates them. He constructs ships and steamers, and navigates them. The great work of production and commerce is done almost exclusively by man. If woman spins, man makes the spindle and the power that drives it; if she weaves, he invents and builds the loom. In short, he is just as much more valuable than a woman, as a laborer, as a woman is more valuable than a child; and it is this fact which determines that his wages shall be greater than woman's. It is pretty generally understood that women are quite as good teachers as men, yet we know that as a rule they do not get the same wages that have been paid to men in the same office. We may "feel intuitively" that they ought to have the same, but only in exceptional instances will they have. The more generously woman is paid for her labor, the better will all generous men be pleased; but the truth is, that the labor of neither men nor women is paid generously in this world, as a rule. Both must be content with justice; and justice determines that man, as the most capable and valuable laborer, shall receive most for his time. There are some kinds of work that boys can do as well as men, but nobody claims that because a bobbin-boy, in a mill, can do as much and as well as a man at his particular work, he should therefore have a man's wages, or even a woman's. His just wages are those which his value as a general laborer will command—no more, no less. Man is responsible for many sins against woman—sins for which we are glad to see him called to account—but for this law he does not happen to be accountable. Human legislation can no

more change it than it can modify the phases of the moon. No new power assumed by, or bestowed upon, woman, will aid her to overthrow it. Her value as a laborer is limited, and her wages will be determined by her value as a laborer at large. If woman could build a house or a steam engine, a ship or a bridge, she could command a man's wages at teaching school, but she cannot, and she must take the wages of a woman.

It is curious to notice in this connection how, in the realm of creative art, this law is immediately set aside. The moment the body is counted out—the instrument of labor—everything becomes equal between men and women. The authors of *Lothair* and of *Adam Bede* stand upon the same ground. The Poet Laureate and Mrs. Browning flew wing-and-wing until she soared above him and was missed. Rosa Bonheur commands as fine a price for her pictures as the proudest of her countrymen whose works adorn the walls of the Luxembourg gallery. Miss Hosmer and Miss Foley are the associates and equals of Rogers, and Story, and Mozier. Where in America is the masculine equal of Mrs. Stowe, the novelist? No: when it comes to simple brains, and any form of creative art, the sexes are on common ground. Whenever woman has a special gift of God, through which she works for the world, no one inquires for her sex that its value may be graduated. No tenor ever commanded such reward as has been poured into the lap of Jenny Lind. If Miss Dickinson could not get as much for teaching school as a man, she can get as much as a man in the exercise of her special gift upon the platform, and no man thinks of quarrelling with the fact. The tests of the labor market touch only common endowments, with relation to the common work of the world, and so long as man alone has the power to deal with the rough forces of nature, and to practise the arts of production and commerce, so long will his time be adjudged of greater value than woman's.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS ABROAD.

LONDON, OCT. 1.

THE past month has been almost an entire blank for literature of all kinds. Independent of the usual dulness of the autumn, the competition of political news has been so great that books have had but a small chance of receiving any attention, and publishers have wisely postponed their issues until a more convenient season. History has been making so fast that all other subjects seem insignificant when put in comparison with the great series of events now transacting at ten hours' journey from London. The Battle of Ages—the true "World's Debate"—commencing, as far as authentic history is concerned, with the irruption of the Cimbrî and Teutones across the Rhine, B.C. 101, (though this was probably only one of a series of

similar movements stretching far back into pre-historic times), is renewed under our own eyes. The sword of Marius and the Roman Legions then stayed the deluge of Teutonic conquest, and gave the ascendancy to the Romanized Celtic races, since maintained by them with varying fortunes for two thousand years. Now the tide has turned, to all appearance; and it is morally certain that the events of the last six weeks must exercise an influence of the highest importance on the tone and spirit of all that constitutes civilization, mental culture, art, science, &c., as well as on the more material objects of national unity, strength, and preponderance, for the whole future of Europe, and consequently, of the world. At this moment, every person of common intelligence must be deeply con-

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cerned at the fate now apparently imminent to the city of Paris. All seems dark; clouds gather round the devoted city, shrouding it from view. Negotiations have failed, and the Queen City seems cut off from outward succor. It will be a disgrace to the age if it is exposed to the horror and devastation of a bombardment. Never, perhaps, since the first siege of Rome by Alaric, has there been concentrated in one place so great an assemblage of property exposed to destruction and so impossible to be restored. For the last twenty years the material prosperity coinciding with the existence of the Second Empire has caused an abundance of money, and a consequent lavish expenditure on objects of art, such as the world had never before seen. In this respect London cannot for a moment be compared to Paris, and the reason is obvious. The town house of an English nobleman is generally a mere brick box "between the street and a stable yard," (as Gibbon describes his London residence). He is only at home at his country-seat, with its spreading lawns and waving woods, where the treasures of art in Great Britain must be sought for, scattered through the kingdom from "Land's End" to "John O'Groat's House." In France the case is entirely different. The French nobility, under the old or new régime, were alike indisposed for a provincial sojourn. The Court and the delights of a city life have always acted as an irresistible attraction drawing to the capital all that could dignify or refine the national existence.

The recent extraordinary increase in the value of everything connected with the Fine Arts is well known. Its cause may be traced to the inexhaustible market afforded by Paris; the riches of its public galleries and libraries are acknowledged by all. The treasures of a similar character in private possession are inappreciable. From the restoration of the Bourbons, in 1815, to about 1850, England (with occasional fluctuations) was the chief market for the choicest pictures, statuary, coins, gems, books, manuscripts, and objects of *virtu* of all kinds, and very precious collections were usually sent there when they were to be dispersed. But for nearly twenty years past this state of things has been reversed, and France has shown greater liberality and more lavish resources in the encouragement of all that relates to the cultivation of ancient and modern art than any other country. The book trade of France in particular may be mentioned as one completely localized in Paris. With the single exception of the well-known great Catholic book factory of *MM. Mame & Cie.* at Tours, the capital monopolizes almost the entire supply of books to France, and to a great portion of the world where the French language is current, or studied as classic. The system of trade in France tends to the building up of large and permanent concerns, annually adding to their extent and resources. For example, the house of *F. Didot Frères* dates from 1713. Looking at the grandeur of their enterprises and the value of their stock, they may be called the first publishers in the world. The capital of the firm of *MM. Hachette & Cie.* is stated (within bounds) at six millions of francs,

and others of equal importance might be mentioned. The destruction of establishments like these, such as may happen at any moment during a bombardment, would be utterly irreparable, and is frightful to contemplate. It is only to be hoped that the chance of such catastrophes may speedily pass away,—but, alas! for the vanished glories of "The Parks and Gardens of Paris," their record must be sought in Mr. Robinson's book, now doubly valuable.

The quietude of the book trade in England will have a great effect on the supply of illustrated works for Christmas; very little of the kind is announced yet, and photography still seems in the ascendant as a means of execution for books of the kind. One of the most elegant books of this character is the illustrated edition of Thomas Hood's well-known poem, *Miss Kilmansiegg and her Precious Leg*. The beautiful drawings in outline embellishing the volume have fairly taken the public by surprise. A name is appended to them on the title-page entirely unknown to fame—"Thomas S. Seccombe, R.A." Now as R.A. has generally but one meaning in all matters of art—"Royal Academician"—people rubbed their eyes, wondering who the new dignitary could be. It turns out, however, that in this case R.A. means "Royal Artillery," and that the illustrations are drawn by a captain in that service, simply an amateur, and not a professional artist. Regarded in this light, they "are really wonderful." For invention, richness of fancy, knowledge of form, insight into character, and delicacy of execution, they stand alone, and almost make a school by themselves. The book is altogether got up in a beautiful and unique style, and will be one of the most attractive of the coming season.

In the barrenness of the present it is necessary to look forward, and it is pleasant to see some promise ahead of future performance in the announcements of the leading publishers, who are now gradually putting forth their programmes for the winter. Lovers of standard English literature will be glad to know that the long expected edition of *Alexander Pope's Works* will at least be commenced shortly, by the appearance of a volume every alternate month from November 1st. It will be enriched by the labors of Mr. Croker, Peter Cunningham, and the actual Editor, Rev. Whitwell Elwin, who has succeeded these two gentlemen, deceased, in its superintendence. The quantity of new matter respecting the poet and his times that turns up to diligent investigation, after nearly a century and a half, is remarkable. More than 500 entirely new Letters by Pope, suppressed passages of his Satires, various readings from his original MSS., etc., etc., will give it the value of a new work, to all who are interested in the Augustan age of Queen Anne. *Lord Byron, a condensed Biography, with Critical Essay on Byron's Place in Literature*, translated from the German of Carl Elze, introduces us to a new name that awakens no association in ordinary ears; but as the book is announced by Mr. Murray,

we may be sure that it is a contribution of some importance to the elucidation of the noble poet's career.

In travels, until something authentic is heard from Dr. Livingstone and Sir Samuel Baker, the chief interest of adventure centres in Eastern Asia. There, it is remarkable that the advancing supremacy of Mohammedanism, as a conquering and civilizing power, has thrown open to Europeans regions hitherto totally inaccessible. In the Arabian Nights, Kashgar and Tartary are generally represented as the home of wicked magicians and idolaters, far beyond the knowledge of true believers, and during the Chinese rule the same mystery hung over the far distant territory. Now an enlightened disciple of the Prophet reigns at Kashgar and is anxious to cultivate European trade through India, and to secure friends against the advancing power of Russia. In evidence of this change of relations, we have promised for publication: *A Visit to High Tartary, Yarkand, and Kashgar (formerly Chinese Tartary), and Return Journey over the Karakorum Pass, by Robert Shaw, with Map and Illustrations.* Mr. Shaw, who has received the Geographical Society's medal for his successful explorations, is the first Englishman known to have visited this region; nor is there any record of his being preceded by any European, with the possible exception of Marco Polo; and it is a coincidence that a new and copiously annotated edition of the old Venetian traveler is promised, edited by the most competent of all scholars, Colonel Yule, well known by the volumes of early voyages to China prepared by him for the Hakluyt Society, entitled *Cathay and the Way Thither*. Another portion of the Chinese Empire will be illustrated by the Rev. Alexander Williamson, B.A., who is publishing *Journeys in North China, Manchuria, and Eastern Mongolia, with some account of Corea*, in 2 vols., small 8vo. Other books of travel promised are: *A Voyage round the World, touching at Australia, Java, Siam, Canton, &c., by the Marquis de Beaumont, translated under the superintendence of the author*, 2 vols.; *Notes of a Cruise in the South Sea Islands in 1865*, by Julius Brenczli; and, coming nearer home, the *Alpine Scrambles of Edward Whymper, 1860-69, with maps, 100 illustrations from his own Sketches and Chapters on Glacial Phenomena on the Alps and in Greenland*.

Ecclesiastical History, in its various branches, still keeps its place among the studies that engross a large portion of the attention of thinkers of all countries. Nor, when the smoke of battle-fields clears away, will the bloodless revolution lately brought about in Italy fail to be regarded with a degree of interest it can scarcely excite at present. The great contribution to the history of the Papacy, Baron Hubner's *Memoirs of Pope Sixtus the Fifth*, is about to appear in English, translated, with the author's sanction, by N. E. Jerningham. Though originally written in French by a German, the book received the highest praises

of French reviewers for the vigor, gracefulness, and purity of its style, and the author is now translating it into his native language on account of the favorable reception it has met with. The last words traced by Montalembert were in commendation of this work, a few hours before his death, to the author, who had sent him a copy of vol. I previous to publication. *The Gallican Church; Sketches of Church History in France, from the Concordat of Bologna, 1516, to the Revolution*, by Rev. Henley Jevons, M.A. (author of the *Student's History of France*), will open new ground to the English reader, who will also find novelty in the forthcoming work by Mr. Bray: *The Revolt of the Protestants in the Cevennes, with some Account of the Huguenots in the Seventeenth Century*. The collected *Literary Essays* of the late Dean Milman, about to appear in one volume 8vo, relate mostly to kindred subjects, as "Savonarola," "Life of Erasmus," "Popes of the 16th Century," "Clement XIV. and the Jesuits," &c. *The Life and Times of the Rev. John Wesley, M.A., Founder of the Methodists*, is a work undertaken in the laborious spirit of the olden time. "For seventeen years," the author, the Rev. Luke Tyerman, says, "materials have been accumulating in my hands; my own mass of original MSS. is large. Thousands of Methodist letters have been lent to me. Hundreds, almost thousands of publications, issued in Wesley's lifetime and bearing on the great Methodist movement, have been consulted." His aim has been to collect, collate, and register plain unvarnished facts, and to make Wesley his own biographer without any preconceived plan or philosophy of the subject. The work will form three large octavo volumes, to appear from October 1st to March, 1871. The first separate English edition of one of the most venerable remains of post-apostolic Christian antiquity, *The Shepherd of Hermas*, translated, with introduction and notes, by C. H. Hoole, M.A., is promised in one vol. 12mo. Readers of Baron Bunsen's *Hippolytus and his Age*, will remember his high estimation of this book.

There is little promised in Theology proper; what is most looked for is Canon Liddon's new book, *Elements of Theology*, expected for the autumn; but uncertain as to its appearance from the great demands on the author's time and professional services. As a preacher, Mr. Liddon is almost realizing the stories of mediæval ministrations, and their effect—the crowds of hearers that follow his steps—mark the rise of a new day for the Church of England. *First Principles of Ecclesiastical Truth*, in one volume 8vo, will be published by one of the most eloquent of the Independent denomination, J. Baldwin Brown; and the Rev. Orby Shipley has just ready *The Four Cardinal Virtues, in Relation to the Public and Private Life of Catholics,—Sermons preached at St. Alban's, Holborn, in 1870*. The issue of the *Speaker's Commentary* seems to be retarded; it is scarcely expected to make its appearance before the next year.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS AT HOME.

IN literature we are just now at low tide—out of season, or between the book seasons—and the reviewer is tempted to imitate those pious ladies who scrupulously stay away from church two or three Sundays because the old bonnet is out of date and the new one not quite in. More and more, literature is coming to be affected by the season. Three months ago, for example, we were quite overwhelmed by guide-books. The anxious seeker for summer rest and recreation was puzzled by the impertinence, on the one hand, of a guide in red edges, who plucked his right sleeve and pointed to the White Mountains, and on the other of a writer in tucks, who offered a premature interment in the Kentucky Cave. Half a dozen others, in different dresses, were quite as eager to show him the delights of other places; while the steadfast McFetridge, like an immutable finger-board, was directing him to Europe,—and one medical gentleman offered him the consolation of a little work to prove that seasickness is inevitable. With the guide-books came the flood-tide of summer literature and "railway reading," but the titles of the books are forgotten, and the books themselves lie in dusty oblivion, with warped covers and dingy leaves, on the window-seats of deserted hotels.

Three occasional topics have this year lent some life to the dull season. Innumerable lives of Dickens have been issued, and new editions of his novels in every conceivable shape, and with every sort of title, have been sent out to supply those unhappy people (are there any left?) who have neither a "Household," nor a "Globe," nor a "Charles Dickens," nor a "Red Line," nor a "Blue Line," nor any other kind of a line edition. Next to Dickens, the Council of the Vatican has excited attention during the summer. "When you run out of subjects," said an old divine to a young one, "just attack the Romanists." And many an exhausted writer has been helped to a subject by the dogma. But the chief topic that has kept a little life in literature during September has, of course, been the great war, which, besides a deluge of war maps and newspaper articles, has given us some books, and there are yet many more to come. For the waves of a great commotion show their white caps first in the columns of the daily and weekly papers, next they appear in the magazines, then they dash upon the great rocks of the quarterlies, and expend themselves upon books last of all. It has been an unusual summer, in which three great topics have kept literature somewhat alive in its season of annual faintness, its ordinary period of aestivation. Just now we hear only the murmur of the incoming tide called the "fall trade," and on this flood-tide the new magazine is launched.

THEOLOGICAL AND RELIGIOUS.

The Brighton preacher who made little impression on the general public during his life has had an ever-widening audience, and the Harpers have given us a

cheap popular edition in one volume of his *Sermons*, which, though little more than briefs, are certainly the freshest and most delightful compositions of the kind in the English language, almost indeed the only *Sermons* that in our day can be called popular reading. And they have done the same for the *Life, Letters, Lectures and Addresses of Rev. Frederick W. Robertson*. For who indeed can read the *Sermons* without wishing to know the man? And no man was ever more fortunate in a biographer. Letters never were more full of fresh thought than these. For instance, writing to a young person in answer to a question about the devil, he says: "Our salvation does not depend on our having right notions about the devil, but right feelings about God." On page 266 we find the key to that which, liberal as were his opinions, always makes him seem more than half evangelical, when he says that he finds that he scarcely loves any one else but Christ. He was always a profound worshipper of the Christ, and his religious thoughts centred in the wonderful life of Jesus.

De Pressensé, the eloquent leader of French Protestantism, has taken in hand to contend against French skepticism with its own favorite weapon, Church history in a popular form, and we have not quite a translation, but an edition in English, reconstructed under the author's eye, of *The Early Years of Christianity* (Charles Scribner & Co.). The first volume is devoted to "The Apostolical Era." We cannot enough admire Dr. De Pressensé's mode of treating his theme. "We have endeavored to recognize always the authority of history," he says, "that is to say, of facts accepted, as we find them before they have undergone any transformation from the spirit of system." This method, alas! has not often been followed in treating Church history, and De Pressensé's volume is consequently a most refreshing one. He is not so graphically minute, of course, in his limited space, as are Conybeare and Howson, but he is more rapid, more eloquent, more fluent in his narrative. We hardly know whether the book will be considered more important for its historic or its theological character, since the author goes to the writings of Paul and deduces thence the theology of Paul with all the independence of a man who has never heard of creeds. It is his bold self-emancipation from preconceived dogma, from the "spirit of system," to use his own locution, that makes this not only a most vivid and eloquent piece of history, but one of the most significant theological works of the day.

PROSE FICTION.

It is a curious fact that a public that can appreciate originality in theological thought and statement, as ours has shown itself capable of appreciating Robertson, for instance,—a public that at the same time loves nothing so much as good fiction,—should not have given a better welcome than we have to George MacDonald,

one of the most original of thinkers, one of the best of novelists. He does not describe his characters so well from the outside as Dickens does. The image of the visible person is quite clear to the reader, yet never so distinct as in the case of those who people the pages of *Boz*. But you know the hearts of Macdonald's characters; his people are earnest. Dickens's people are never religious, never have any subjective anxieties; but Macdonald's generally fight their warfare within. You are quite as much interested in their inward fight of faith as in their outward struggle for success. Herein he is a far greater writer, because a greater thinker than Dickens. Judged by all the best canons of art, he has no equal as a writer of the highest sort of fiction: what we may call the psychological novel, if the name were not enough to frighten away readers. For indeed he does not write for philosophers. *David Elginbrod*, that wonderful work, and *Alec Forbes*, and *Guild Court*, and his fairy romance *Phantastes* cannot fail to interest any reader, cannot fail to charm any thoughtful reader. The Harpers have published a few of his books, and lately Loring has given us an indifferent edition of *Robert Falconer*, in cloth, and this is all that has hitherto been done to reproduce in this country the works of one who is recognized in England by the highest class of readers as one of the choicest spirits of the age. This last story is the life of a thoroughly noble but peculiar Scotch lad, and there is a wonderful fascination in the details of battle with the hard theological problems that puzzle his childhood and drive him later into skepticism, from which he comes back again to a purer faith and a noble and Christian philanthropy.

In *The Three Brothers* (D. Appleton & Co.) we have one of Mrs. Oliphant's quiet, interesting, natural, and every way healthful stories, in which there are no abnormal characters, no harrowing prolongation of plot and counterplot, and no improbable transitions. A father's will puts his sons on a seven years' probation before they are allowed to know the disposal of the property, and their behavior, adventures, and attachments form the plot of an excellent story.

Of all the studies of childhood and the character of children, we hardly know a better one than *Misunderstood*, by Florence Montgomery (A. D. F. Randolph & Co.), in which a volatile boy is the subject of the narrative. It is not a book for children, but a study of nature for adults; not many will read the closing chapters without tears, and few parents without receiving instruction.

In *The Choice of Paris* (Hurd & Houghton), Mr. S. G. W. Benjamin has produced a simple romance of the Homeric days. There is not much creative power shown in it, but it is quite an interesting reproduction of the classic story as derived from the old legends, with such filling in as Levantine travel and the author's imagination have been able to suggest. The best praise it can have is to say that it is simple, and that a good taste has prevented Mr. Benjamin

trifling with the form of legends so sacred in their association, that they fetter the imagination of a conscientious writer more strongly than historic facts.

EDUCATIONAL.

Long vacations, like everything else, have an end, and as they end in September, school-books fill the vacuum in the trade in what may be called literature proper. So lucrative is this trade when it is successful, that the publishers of popular school-books are beginning to feel the claim that the public have upon them, and to expend money freely in making good books better.

Before the question of the relative importance of physical science and the humanities drops out of public attention, if it ever does, we wish that some one would call attention to the fact, that we do not generally teach the classics with any reference to the humanities or the divinities that are in them. They are merely foils upon which to develop the pupil's memory of paradigms and construction,—material for parsing. Is it supposable, that if Homer had not yet been discovered, any bright student engaged in solving the problems of syntax which the *Iliad* offers would ever suspect his glorious qualities? We notice in the excellent *First Lessons in Greek* (Chicago, S. C. Griggs & Co.), that Prof. Boise protests against the injurious extent to which the system of parsing is carried. And it is because students learn so little of the classics while using them in college, that the *Ancient Classics for English Readers* (Lippincott), by W. Lucas Collins, M.A., are becoming so popular in England and America. Here are little thin volumes devoted to the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*, in which the graduate or the non-graduate may learn in English what he should have learned in Greek and Latin.

If it is a pity to teach the classics entirely from a grammar-school stand-point, it is a thousand pities to have our own English literature, the true source of humane culture to English-speaking people, used as "chopped feed," if we may be allowed a bucolic figure of speech. Yet this is the plan of the author of *Literature of the English Language*, F. Hunt, LL.D., (Iverson, Blakeman, Taylor & Co.), who gravely proposes to have the extracts in his stout duodecimo "thoroughly committed to memory." But the selections themselves are exceedingly good.

Now that the rational system of teaching geography, as represented by Prof. Guyot and Mary Howe Smith, bids fair to triumph after a hard-fought battle, we are glad that the publishers (Charles Scribner & Co.) have improved two of their series with maps certainly unequalled by anything ever before done for school children.

HISTORY.

The American publishers of Froude's brilliant *History of England* have just issued volumes XI. and XII. of their "Popular Edition," completing the work in that cheap but not inelegant, and very serviceable form.